Johnson Of The Mohawks

A Biography Of Sir William Johnson, Irish Immigrant, Mohawk War Chief, American Soldier, Empire Builder

Arthur Pound
Richard E. Day

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JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS

A Biography of SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON, Irish Immigrant, Mohawk War Chief, American Soldier, Empire Builder

BY
ARTHUR POUND
IN COLLABORATION WITH
RICHARD E. DAY, LITT. D.

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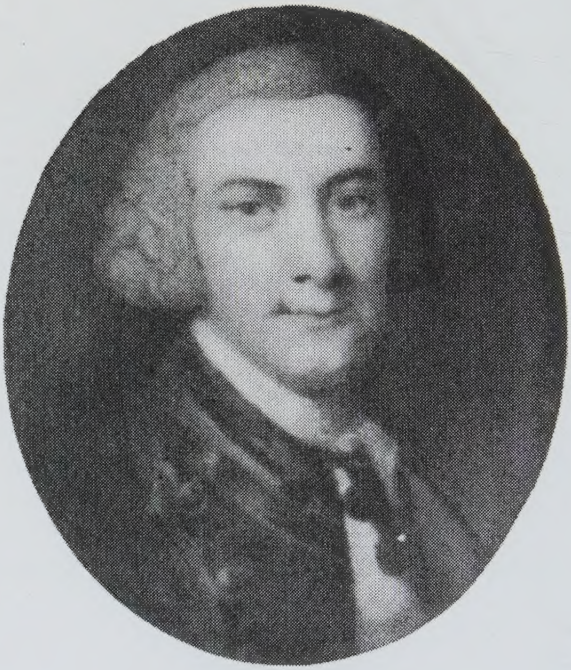

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON, BART.

From a miniature painting in the Public Archives of Canada, hitherto unpublished. It reveals Johnson at forty to forty-five years of age, probably shortly after the honors and emoluments of his Lake George victory were showered upon him by King and Parliament.

TO

MARY MADELON POUND

PREFACE

AMONG publishers of biographies it has become the fashion to tell the public how many years their devoted authors spent in writing and preparing their works, a practice which is justified by the number of hastily rewritten narratives of great lives which have been thrust out as good stories with little pretense to original research or close study. It is my privilege to record the fact that this volume represents the fruits of some twenty-five years of work on Johnson manuscripts by a devoted servant of their custodian, the State of New York.

Dr. Richard E. Day began his work in colonial history shortly after joining the historical staff of the State in 1899. In 1902 he undertook the compilation of the important Calendar of the Johnson manuscripts, published in 1909. Fate brought to this publication a unique and vital service, since it preserved the essentials and sequence of the Johnson correspondence after the destructive fire in the State Capitol, in 1911, had destroyed or reduced to mere fragments one-third of the large collection of manuscripts. Dr. Day's digest of the vanished papers, in the Calendar, supplied the links between those preserved from the flames. There remained the delicate and immensely exacting task of restoring as far as possible the partially burned documents, supplying the missing words and phrases where such were indicated by the decipherable text, and preparing the whole collection for publication in a manner which would reveal precisely the steps taken in reconstruction, in order that no scholar would ever be misled at any point by these necessary labours.

Six volumes of the Johnson Papers, so prepared, have been published by the State of New York, and three remain to be published, with the work partially done. As these volumes each contain 900 large pages, it will be seen that the task of editing would have been colossal, even if the letters had been in perfect order instead of being defaced by fire. Other Johnson documents have been brought in recent years from Canada, England and other American collections, and added to the original deposits accumulated by gift to and purchase by the State. The settled opinion of scholars versed in the minutiæ of documentary research is that this enormous task has been most scrupulously and intelligently done.

For nearly twenty-five years Dr. Day worked steadily on the Johnson Papers, retiring recently as the acknowledged authority on the life of William Johnson. At intervals during these years he was called to lay aside the Johnson manuscripts for relatively short periods to accomplish other and more urgent tasks for the State Historian's office, notably the analytical index of the Public Papers of George Clinton, Revolutionary general and first governor of the State of New York, published by the State in 1911-14. Among his other publications are six books of verse, and numerous papers on historical subjects in the *Quarterly Journal* of the New York State Historical Association.

Such long devotion to a single historical figure is perhaps rare in American scholarship. The almost continuous pursuit of this research reflects profound credit on the State of New York, and the various State Historians under whom it has been prosecuted. We acknowledge with deep gratitude the assistance of Dr. Alexander C. Flick, present State Historian, and his staff. This task of presenting William Johnson to a busy world, which has well-nigh forgotten him, could not have been thoroughly done except for Dr. Flick's cordial and inspiring aid.

In the complexities of Indian lore, we have relied greatly on the publications of Arthur C. Parker of the Seneca nation, Curator of the Municipal Museum at Rochester, New York. We are also indebted to him for special information on certain phases of Six Nations history and legal status.

Acknowledgment is made to the Public Archives of Canada, the Albany Institute of History and Art, the New York Historical Society, the Bostonian Society and other groups and individuals for permission to publish illustrations, and their assistance in other directions.

ARTHUR POUND.

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JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS

JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS

CHAPTER I

KEEPERS OF THE MOHAWK PASS

THE world over, the strong hold the passes, take toll of traders' caravans and exercise dominion from their citadels. This was as true in the stone-age America of pre-discovery Indians as in the contemporary Middle Europe of the robber barons. By common consent the most powerful folk on this continent when whites began to covet its interior were the Five Nations of Iroquois, settled on the easy pass from the Atlantic to the Mississippi basin and the Great Lakes—that well-advertised water level route along which to this day so much of Mid-America's wealth, goods and credit flow and roll toward eastern ports and counting houses.

One end of the Iroquois "Long House"—these lovers of symbolism likened their country to their abodes—rested on the mighty falls of Oniagara, the sunset edge of Seneca territory. The other rested on or near the lesser falls of Cohoes—"a canoe falling"—on the Mohawk river, which stream takes its name from the notable tribe which held the eastern portal of the pass and first made contact with French, Dutch and English. All the waterways of eastern America could be reached, with short canoe carries, from this superb seat of empire.

Less than three centuries ago this valley of the Mohawk, now concerned with carpets, radios, milk, chewing gum, typewriters,

bacon, silk slippers, electric power, dynamos and underwear, held the stockaded camps and suburban hunting grounds of these able-minded savages, the Mohowaugs or flesh-eaters. Here women raised corn and children while their men took their ease between hunts and raids, but all northeastern America was a Mohawk range at need or in revenge. Quebec, Georgian Bay, the Carolinas were on Mohawk itineraries; even the Mississippi occasionally echoed the whoopee of their young men out to see the world and taste, literally, the delights of slaughter. Acknowledged by the other Indians as the elder brothers of the Confederacy, the Mohawks exercised moral sway in the councils of the strongest Indian bloc on the continent. Even when the Senecas, far removed from the deadly attrition of the rum- and disease-bearing whites, numbered twelve hundred fighting men against a feeble Mohawk remnant of three hundred, the Senecas still listened to their elder brothers, the Mohawks. Whoever held the Mohawks in hand held Mid-America in hand, as Pontiac discovered in the grim year of 1763, when Sir William Johnson and his brothers by adoption managed to keep all but one of the Six Nations [1] out of the most bitter Indian war the British fought in America.

Invading whites found these Mohawks strong, proud, numerous, sober, cruel, cannibal, and dirty; they left them, en route to Canada after espousing the British cause in the Revolution, few, weak, broken to beggary, and quite cleanly and Christian. No more did they torture or eat human flesh and they had learned to appeal to the King's justice instead of to tomahawk and trade musket. Drunkenness, disease, and battle had reduced their numbers; their lands had largely slipped away from them either through bargain sales or fraudulent entries. Nevertheless the remnant of the Mohawk Nation had one reason to go their way proudly to our welcoming northern neighbor; whether in strength or weakness, the Mohawks never broke

their covenant with their "white brothers," as runs the trusting phrase. For a hundred and fifty years the Mohawks remained true to their alliance with the Dutch and the English who took over New Netherlands. Senecas and Cayugas to the westward might yield to the blandishments of the easy-spending French; even the Onondagas might lean in that direction; but the Mohawks could be depended on, even when discouraged by British generals on the run from shadows and by colonial statesmen bickering endlessly among themselves.

Except for Mohawk steadiness, the existing framework of America assuredly would be otherwise than it is. If the Midland speaks English instead of French and is in indissoluble Union with the Atlantic seaboard in those latitudes most favorable for the development of a powerful people, these bases of American strength are in no small part due to Mohawk courage and fidelity. The French drove straight toward empire under absolutism more effective in both war and diplomacy than the shifting ministerial system of Great Britain and the yeasty young democracies already bubbling toward republicanism on this side of the water. French were the outlets of America's two greatest watersheds. From New Orleans they controlled the Mississippi; Bourbon lilies lifted in air throughout a tremendous arc of posts and missions from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Established at St. Louis, Fond du Lac, Michilimackinac, Detroit, Montreal, they sought to pin the English to the seacoast by shortening their line from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. But across the obvious route between Lake Ontario and the headwaters of the Ohio stretched Iroquois country. Alternately the French tried to win these stubborn savages or break them; sometimes they nearly succeeded, but in the end were always pulled up short by the Covenant chain in faithful Mohawk hands.[2]

. . . . . .

Staunch though the Mohawks were by nature, they nevertheless required attention. Treaties of alliance soon wear out unless cemented over and over by wise men bearing gifts. The tribesmen were grand raw material for diplomats to work on, simple enough to believe in white superiority and steadfast enough to prefer an old bargain to a new one; nevertheless they would not let their willingness to bleed and die for Merrie England be taken for granted. After they saw that they held the balance of power, they came to look upon brightening the Covenant chain as a profitable pursuit. Condoling with the survivors for their dead also brought in plenty of wampum, the Indian money of account which orators of that era, with more regard to the feelings of their hearers than those of the present, passed out liberally in belts during a speech.

These forest folk, moreover, were shrewd enough to understand that white justice had its quirks; therefore they liked to tie up to some Big White Chief whom they could trust. By preference they sought one who knew their customs and understood their involved relationships of clan, tribe, and confederacy. Discovering such a just and understanding person they appropriated him, adopted him into blood brotherhood and established him as a court of appeal in their disputes and a tribune to speak for them before assemblies, governors and kings. Thenceforward this worthy could call neither his time nor his home his own, for even as the Mohawk yielded fealty he demanded service. If he opened his heart and hearth to another, he expected like attention in return. Finding a white champion for the tribe was, literally, a life-or-death business for red men holding valuable real estate in the face of a growing white population, whose traders followed main chance rather than treaty obligations, and in whose veins land hunger raged like a pestilence. Equally was it a life-or-death business for the whites of the advance guard, because the friction of

races created sparks which needed prompt attention and sensible treatment lest they should burst into conflagrations in which isolated settlers and traders would be helpless, however certain victory might be in the end for their kindred.

In the contacts of Mohawk and white while the Covenant endured, three whites stand forth as mediators between the races, as champions of rough-and-ready justice for Indians, as statesmen nursing a civilization slowly shouldering the primitives out of the way. All three may be called empire-builders in the best sense of the word. While leading their own people to dominion over the inefficiently used lands of less civilized folk, each insisted upon fair play for the Indians as the price of opportunity for the whites. They tried to hold back the deluge of settlers long enough to prepare the Indians for the inevitable new order by introducing them to steady labor, fixed agriculture, education and Christianity. Whether this swift evolution would prove too much for stone-age man and eliminate him as effectually as trade rum and trade bullets, is a question moderns may well ask in the light of our knowledge of the intimate relations between folk ways and folk welfare. Seventeenth and eighteenth century whites in America, however, never asked that question, and with good reason; they were too busy going somewhere after something. The best that the Indians could hope for was a valiant friend at the court of white man's justice.

Two of these notable Mohawk champions were Dutch, the third Irish. First came Arendt van Curler, the lovable commissary of the Patroon of Rensselaerwyck, who gets credit in Iroquois lore for negotiating the original Covenant, usually dated 1638. Van Laer's researches prove that Van Curler did not arrive at Rensselaerwyck until that year and he was then only eighteen years old, so that he could hardly have fulfilled the leading rôle even if 1638 is the correct date. It seems more

likely that the Covenant with the Mohawks was struck by the servants of the West India Company much earlier, perhaps before 1620. However, here was one who earned the affection of the Indians, the regard of the French and the respect of the English. With Peter Schuyler, Van Curler goes far to redeem the up-country Dutch from the charges of gross materialism so frequently leveled against them. In memory of Van Curler, the Mohawks called all succeeding governors of the province "Corlaer" [8]—a finer compliment no man hath in all history.

Peter Schuyler, first mayor of Albany, next wore the crown of Mohawk champion. He was head, in his day, of the illustrious Albany family of that name, and granduncle of the Revolutionary general, Philip. As adopted brother, Quider, Peter often had to leave the solid Dutch town at the head of Hudson navigation and fare forth to bury the hatchet or dig it up at the behest of the ministers of a German king of England, rather a silly business for a Dutchman. And yet, there were the trade and comfort of his neighbors and the peace and safety of their women and children to be considered, no less than the policies of England. So he departed his pleasant house to traverse icy trails and powwow interminably in tribal council rooms. He it was who took the Mohawk chiefs to Queen Anne's court in 1710.

Next in the Iroquois succession of liaison officers to the King comes William Johnson, an Irish immigrant trader who saved the colonial frontier in a grave crisis, and thereafter held the most important pass on the continent for the English through thirty challenging years. Not one of these three effective servants of British power in New York was English, and if one looks further afield in Indian affairs, William Penn appears to be the only Englishman to hold gates ajar in a big way for the peaceful penetration of America by the whites under the royal standard. In the grand roster of Indian

champions—George Croghan, Daniel Claus, Conrad Weiser, Christian Frederick Post, Henry Montour, and Guy Johnson—the failure of England to register impressively suggests that the psychology of a ruling nation proved ill suited to gentling of the haughty (when no rum was in sight) red man. Subject could call to subject, while the master remained strangely tongue-tied. At a time when English officialdom smacked more than it does today of overbearing pride and truculent force, it remained for Dutch, German, Irish, and French subjects of the English King to make a hero of him in the hearts of his rude subjects on the frontier. The Georges were always more popular with the Mohawks than at home, a triumph of diplomacy to which the English contributed little. New York, at least, had its share of lazy governors and grabbing governors, while until the coming of Amherst their hearty, red-faced generals, spurning advice from colonials, seemed to relish leading both regulars and colonials to slaughter. In due course, these gentlemen of state and arms, some gallant, some craven, will find place in this story. But theirs will be strictly minor parts in a grand drama; the major rôles go to men of other breeds who managed, somehow, to soften the effects of the cupidity of officials, the stupidity of generals, the too frequent brutality of lieutenants and the almost continuous insolence of enlisted men toward both red and white Americans.

Third in succession to paramount influence over the Mohawks, William Johnson entered in 1738 the valley which he held so long for the English. He died there in 1774, on the very eve of the American Revolution, after gaining enormous wealth and prestige. His was a nature so opulent that he became a statesman without ever seeming to become too well aware of it. Merrily he entertained, blithely he philandered, gaily he danced and wrestled with the Mohawk braves in his youth, and without a trace of shame on his lordly countenance

he ran the gamut of his half-breed children, patting each head without loss of dignity. Probably he is the only squaw man in American history who never lost caste by reason of his consorts. Farmer, trader, citizen, soldier, orator, diplomat, he traversed the whole range of frontier responsibilities to emerge a baronet, the second created in America, and rich beyond any American of his time. If there had never been an American Revolution, or if the Revolution had failed, he would now be the center of myths as thick as those surrounding George Washington. Even more than Washington he would have needed a faithful liar like Weems and would have found him, no doubt, the better to exalt his strengths and gloss over his weaknesses.

. . . . . .

It is perhaps worth while to examine the reasons for the neglect of Johnson, historically. His English King gave him some jolly English gold, a patent of nobility and 80,000 acres of land for services rendered, and one British cabinet after another published its full faith and confidence in his administration of Indian affairs in America, yet British history in the main passes Johnson by. Perhaps this is because Johnson was Irish and pushed Irishmen ahead when he could, without hurting his own business or the King's. But like the characters in *Pinafore* he frequently said "I am an Englishman" when he was defending his own rights or those of other British subjects against the restrictions and exploitations of the neighboring Dutch. On this far frontier Johnson valued "the rights of an Englishman" exactly as Paul, a Jew, valued his Roman citizenship. Notwithstanding these rhetorical outbursts, however, Johnson retained a sympathy for the politically weak, and a flair for dramatic action and resounding rhetoric in their defense, which are Irish traits. When coupled with trustworthiness and industry, as in his case, they frequently become

the bases of historic personality. Scholarship so hidebound that it denies Sir Peter Warren a place in the sun of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* may also have blundered in neglecting Johnson because of his Irish origins. The authors can say this without a blush since both are of undiluted English blood, the sons of Englishmen born, the one in Wiltshire, the other in Somersetshire.

American history pays too little heed to Johnson's memory for a more obvious reason. It is still considered bad form to celebrate the services of the British founders of this commonwealth, even when those services were fundamental in giving the inhabitants of the thirteen colonies a basis for political stability and geographical expansion. In Johnson's case this patriotic negative receives support from the fact that his son, his nephew, and many of his descendants, took the field against the Revolution. Sir John Johnson is, indeed, the leading Tory villain, because he led invasions from Canada into the Mohawk and adjacent valleys, putting feeble frontier settlements to fire and sword. Without attempting to defend the son, beyond saying that his Indians were somewhat naturally excited by the prior burning of the unusually well-built Indian town of Oquaga by the other side, we submit that Sir William Johnson had been dead four years before "Johnny" ran wild through the valley, and there is neither justice nor wisdom in visiting the sins of the children upon the fathers.

Another reason for the long neglect of this great figure in American history arises from the long dominion of Massachusetts in the writing of the nation's history. William Johnson never stood well with Massachusetts folk, their leaders and writers. His expansive and expensive way of life, his wines and stables, and above all his unconventional domestic arrangements in lieu of proper marriage, all ran afoul of Puritan ideology. Taking coppery women to wife, in defiance alike

of the color line and Holy Writ, might be condoned in London, because it smoothed the path for British policy among the formidable relatives of Caroline Peters and Molly Brant, but in Boston and Salem—saints and ministers of God defend us from such impieties! Then there was that wretched, long-drawn-out quarrel with Governor Shirley of Massachusetts after Braddock's death had crisscrossed their lines of authority, a quarrel which would never have started if there had been efficient staff work in that campaign. Johnson won his point but the bruises remained on New England public opinion for years. New England officers under Johnson, at Lake George, played low politics against him while their leader lay sick and wounded after the victory, and would have ruined his military reputation beyond repair except for his sagacity in calling a council of war at every turn to place responsibility squarely upon the cabal itself. This adverse state of mind in what was then the most important northern colony—and then, as now, the most vocal—still colors the statements of historians. Parkman, for instance, scorns Johnson far beyond his deserts, and Parkman is the fugleman of colonial history, especially where whites meet Indians. Nearly every editorial writer, we suspect, has read enough of Parkman to glory in his prose and absorb his prejudices.

Finally, there is the restraint which certain phases of Johnson's life exercise upon, making his name a household word in either Britain or America, both countries where the domestic virtues are exalted, and a respectable private life is expected of every high public servant. Better a blundering statecraft than an unconventional statesman—such is the verdict of democracies which enjoy the spectacular onslaughts of war more than the quieter triumphs of policy. We recognize that no truthful presentation of Johnson can make of him a schoolboy hero or a subject for essays by members of women's culture clubs—too

many queer mistresses and queer children hang to the tail of the toga in which the spirit of William Johnson walks the corridors of Time.

Thus William Johnson remains largely unknown, and where known misunderstood, in the nation to which, without any idea of the outcome, he gave a determining twist. The best Johnson biography, that of William L. Stone, appeared in 1865; while reasonably accurate considering the material then available, it is rather heavy-going and concentrates on Johnson the statesman without much attention to that vital person, Johnson the man. The biographies published since have been too definitely attempts to regularize the conduct and popularize the memory of their subject to command the respect of scholars. Amid the dense public ignorance of Johnson's masterly rôle in our history, it is easy to comprehend the temptation to sweeten the subject and cram it down the gullet of the mob to the author's profit. We feel under no such obligation, but on the other hand we can draw on far more Johnson correspondence than Stone could, because the State of New York, with praiseworthy industry, has published six large volumes of the Johnson papers and has permitted us to use additional Johnson papers not yet published, some of which have been painstakingly gathered by the State's agents in Canada and England. The materials are now available for a new life of Johnson, at full length and in the spirit of modern biography, which seeks to trace motives as well as acts, the struggles of the soul in all its moods and passions as well as the march of events on the mighty stage where the captains behave themselves before folks.

CHAPTER II

THE DOOR TO THE WEST

THE American West begins in many places but nowhere more convincingly than at Schenectady, New York. Somewhere in the twenty miles of sand plains which separate Albany from that hard-to-spell town, the traveler passes from East to West, from the land of our beginnings to the land of our becomings.

As he proceeds over this short span of picturesque, but almost barren country, he leaves behind him two vast importancies—tidewater and mountain ranges. Tidewater he will not see again until he reaches the Pacific; the next mountain range to cross on his way to the western ocean will be some part of the Rockies. There, at last, he will again behold clean, down-rushing streams which testify to high birth and lofty nursing; but in the Midland of America, between the ranges east and the ranges west, what sluggish brown immensities move silt to sea! Earth, in that vast trough, rules the scene completely, placidly, and monotonously—at least to those accustomed to lifting lines in their landscapes. But where silt has a chance to settle, as in blue basins which the ice age left, then is Mid-West water lovely to the eye and gratifying to that sixth sense of man—the economic sense. For on those sheltered inland waters goods and men travel cheaply; of water are roads made before they can be cut through forest and swamp. On networks of these lakes and rivers floated to seaboard the furs which were America's first dependable export;

on them now iron moves toward coal, wheat toward Europe and motor cars toward far countries.

As one goes west stone surrenders the quiet mastery it wields in the East. At Albany one leaves a land where gravity drags heavily at the heels of the toiling man, where mountain isolation develops quaint variants of type and customs, where there are definite limits to working space, fertility, natural riches, to everything in short, except the Puritan punch. The possessors of that punch were certain to pour through the Albany gateway toward the West as soon as the bars against migration were down, the French whipped and the Iroquois brought low. What marvels of fertility their pious eyes then beheld! "God Almighty, what's become of all Thy stones?" asked Brother Loved-of-the-Lord Bradshaw, standing beside his plow on Ohio prairie. No fast stone, indeed, from Bradshaw's plowpoint to Colorado; except for river breakdowns and a few detours he could plow a furrow clear to the distant Kansas.

In silty valleys power grows no less than corn; behold Egypt and Babylon, and the stir they have made with their wars and cultures, artists and lawgivers. But they were heathen; until this one the faithful have never been vouchsafed a valley broad enough for their ambitions, on which may be reared vast populations safe from starvation by reason of anything happening on salt water. Moreover, this empire may be built with some profit to the husbandman and artisan, because this is to be a society of freemen (barring blacks in bondage). Here men hold lands of a writ-and-wit government of their own contracting. No divine right for them henceforth except the divine right of private property. Through force of habit Brother Bradshaw claims divine origin and approval for everything he has a hand in making, including Presidents and the history of his country, but never will he admit that anyone can be born

to rule him, keeping him out of the rewards of his toil and such of his neighbor's as he can compass.

Through long association with stone east of the Hudson, the westward movers could scarce believe their good fortune on the prairies and so continued to take life hard. Until immigrant waves from Europe began to follow through the Mohawk Valley and Erie Canal, the original stock remained immensely prolific. Thus the stage was set in the Midland of America for more production and less sales resistance than can be found elsewhere on the planet. Here were space without barriers, depth of fertile soil, a hardy population attuned to toil and thrift; instinct, too, with a morality suitable to a sound economic order. Speaking the tongue, too, of the eastern seaboard and a Mother Country whose sons rule, buy and sell far and wide. Bond of speech spells also in this case bond of capital. Grumble and borrow, grumble and lend, grumble and not lend occasionally, grumble and not pay often—thus West and East tied themselves together with ink on ledgers no less than with blood in battle. They could do this because common language meant, at the bedrock of social character, other similarities of scruple and custom, descendant rules of law and basal respect for property rights. British King, English lords, American shippers and merchants, saving Vermonters and borrowing Buckeyes might disagree in all else; but they agreed on these fundamentals—private property is good and contracts are, or at least should be, sacred. With the capital-hungry West assured of a preference on capital in its best markets of supply, the Land of Big Vistas was marked by destiny as the Land of Big Business.[1]

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For nearly half the Atlantic seaboard the easy way westward, even before the Erie Canal was built, lay through the

Mohawk Valley. The highest grade on that route—a trifling one of some 300 feet—occurs at West Albany, almost as safe a neighborhood two hundred years ago as it is today. On all the other routes settlers had to battle heavy grades in sparsely settled wildernesses, where a breakdown might spell disaster. On the Albany route he was sure of prompt succor, though at a stiff price. Not for nothing did Albany burghers gleefully count and record the number of immigrant wagons daily passing through town and nightly hitched to the rails along Market Street. Albany traders will appear again in this story as stock villains in the play of statecraft, damned by every one from militiamen to generals, with such unanimity of opinion that the scales of history are weighted against them. Being Dutch, they took the wars of their British sovereigns too lightly to stop supplying the Indian allies of their theoretical enemy. Being merchants, they were content to say it in ink on their ledgers and so left no apologies. Peter Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, who visited the section twice for botanical research, might reasonably be considered a neutral and detached judge, yet his journal of the year 1749 contains this indictment:

> The behavior of the inhabitants of Albany, during the war between England and France, which was ended with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, has amongst several other causes contributed to make them (the inhabitants of Albany) the object of hatred in all the other British colonies, but more especially in New England. For at the beginning of that war when the Indians of both parties had received orders to commence hostilities, the French engaged theirs to attack the inhabitants of New England which they faithfully executed, killing everybody they met with and carrying off whatever they found. During this time the people of Albany remained neutral and carried on a great trade with the very Indians who murdered the inhabitants of New England. The plate, such as silver spoons, bowls, cups, etc., of which the Indians robbed the houses of New England, was carried to Albany for sale. The people of that time bought up the silver vessels, though the names of the owners were graved upon many of them, and encouraged the Indians to get more of them, promising to pay them well and whatever

they would demand. This was afterward interpreted by the inhabitants of New England as if the Albanians encouraged the Indians to kill more of the people who were in a manner their brothers and who were subjects of the same crown. Upon the first news of their behavior, which the Indians themselves spread in New England, the inhabitants of the latter province were greatly incensed, and threatened that the first step they would take in another war would be to burn Albany and the adjacent parts. In the present war it will sufficiently appear how backward the other British provinces in America are in assisting Albany and the neighboring places in case of an attack from the French or Indians. The hatred which the English bear against the people of Albany is very great, but that of the Albanians against the English is carried to a ten times higher degree. This hatred has subsisted ever since the time when the English conquered this country, and it is not yet extinguished, though they could never have gotten such advantages under the Dutch government as they have obtained under that of the English for in a manner their privileges are greater than those of Englishmen.[8]

Not a pretty picture, this of Old Albany counting beaver skins, shaving notes, buying stolen property, and tempting savages to rapine and murder on isolated white families, while the King's soldiers and the settlers roundabout slogged through desperate campaigns to save the colony and its frontier homes. Against the traders the case admits of no defense at this late day, and as the traders usually dominated the city government, the record of the latter adds little relief. However, the muster rolls of Albany county militia for these same years show hundreds of Dutch names. A return of the company commanders of the first battalion, Albany county militia, presumably for August, 1749, shows the following Dutch surnames, all still borne by their descendants found in the Albany district: Winne, Pruyn, Rosenboom, Hogeboom, Van Hoesen, Witbeck, Halenbeeck, Hoghteling, Van Arenam, Lansing, Van Der Heyden.[9] These officers had under them 337 private men, no doubt mostly Dutch also, because at this date Uitlanders (foreigners) in Albany were few. Therefore it can be said that the grisly

picture painted above is by no means true in detail; the number of Albany profiteers, who gave the old town a foul name throughout the colonies, was no doubt far smaller than the number of Dutch who rallied to the colors and did their full duty in every crisis. William Johnson hated the Dutch traders and fences as hotly as anyone; but, as commander of Albany militia, he never found fault with the rank and file under him and frequently praised various Dutch officers. Then, as later, one greedy profiteer could offset the patriotic labors and absorb the fruits of the privations of a score of loyal citizens. It is doubtful, too, if Massachusetts frontier families ever possessed plate enough to meet the requirements of Kalm's tirade.

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However, once the westward moving pioneers of mid-Atlantic escaped from Albany, they were not long in reaching the head of Mohawk navigation at Schenectady, beyond which lay a smiling country and unsmiling Indians. As soon as the Indians could be conveniently eliminated, the big drive on the open spaces would begin. But these particular Indians were too tough and too well organized to be elbowed aside. Moreover, they were allies of the King, had friends at court and a quite substantial one on the ground. Therefore the big drive had to wait until William Johnson had tamed the Indians, and until the colonists had shouldered King George and all the King's men off the American scene.

Whether the pioneer came early to seek a home near the Mohawk itself, or whether he passed through the valley on his way to the Genesee, the Cuyahoga or the Kansas, nevertheless he could hardly reach Schenectady without realizing that he had entered upon a kindlier dispensation of Nature—a warmer soil (*see* Kalm who knew his soils) and a warmer welcome. Geography made Schenectady a frontier town early and kept it a

frontier town till late. On the map the Mohawk Valley ends where the river enters the larger Hudson through a delta called "the Sprouts" by the unpoetic Dutch. Troy, which collared America early, lies below this confluence, with Cohoes nearby but across the river. At Cohoes the Mohawk's waters used to glide beautifully some seventy feet down a steeply inclined plane of prickly rock. We are painstakingly definite in timing this descent in the past, because the sightseer must now dodge behind elderly mills to gaze, disillusioned, upon an almost dry, gray precipice, while above the fall is an abattis of rocky spines occupying the space once frothy with rapids falling twenty feet in the mile. This break in navigation completely interrupted water travel, even for mastodons which could not navigate Cohoes potholes successfully and so grace with their bones some of our gayer museums. Red man and white, therefore, cut across the pine-dotted sand plains which occupy the Mohawk's last bend, the former leaving his elm-bark canoe and the latter his flat-bottomed bateau at the place called Skanetade, meaning "through the pines." Of this Indian place-name, poetic in sound and meaning, the Dutch hacked out "Schenectady" which may be beautiful to Dutch ears but sounds strangled to the rest of us. But that error was an afterthought, for the Indians called the first settlement "Corlaer" in deference to Arendt van Curler, the founder, who led settlers hither from Albany in 1661. In due course this trail of the carry through the pine woods became a road, and bateaux—blithely spelled "battoes" in Johnson's time—carried goods from Schenectady to Little Falls, where there was another and shorter carry, and hence to Wood Creek, Oneida Lake, the Oswego River, Lake Ontario, Niagara, the Detroit, and Michilimackinac. Or, with a right turn at Oswego, skilled battoemen could shoot the rapids to Montreal and Quebec, as they did to good purpose under Jeffrey Amherst.

Although Schenectady no longer outfits water commerce and shifts cargo for a living, the soul of the first Corlaer still goes marching on. His settlement boasts sloganly that it hauls and lights the world, which is a fairly large order in itself; in addition quite a section of the continent sit up nights to listen to its radio broadcasters. One of the strongholds of mass production, it is the gateway to the New West of Big Business as it was the gateway to the Old West of Big Vistas and Big Chiefs. There you will find these sure marks of Mid-West puissance—the conveyor system, a popular knowledge of real estate values and no unions in the great industrial plants.

Though Schenectady began its push toward these glories as early as 1661—the year young Louis XIV became his own prime minister in France and just after Charles II returned to England from banishment—nevertheless it remained a frontier town for a full century after Albany, only twenty-two miles away, had become a safe seat of wealth and trade. Although Albanians grew hawky whenever French and Indians went on the warpath, the cold fact is that the ancient town at the head of Hudson navigation has never been sacked. Nay more, it has never been besieged. A rare safe place, Albany, with two protecting rivers, a water route for reserves to rush there from the south and plenty of woods and mountains roundabout. Too many hills and trees for Baron Dieskau and Johnny Burgoyne and many another gentleman with a European reputation earned at the cannon's mouth. Massacres in all directions—Deerfield, Esopus, Saratoga, German Flats; but never one at Albany. A tomahawk dent in the staircase of the Schuyler Mansion, then outside the town but now well inside, is the only Indian scar Albany can show for more than three hundred years of history (and that may be faked). But Schenectady, just across the sand plains, was put to the torch and tomahawk in 1690, and scalping parties circled through its environs when-

ever the French sent scouts south. Albany might grow old counting its guilders but Schenectady had to sleep on its arms and keep its powder dry, which may be the reason, at bottom, why Albany one fatal day turned its back on the General Electric Company while Schenectady took the risk and the profits of welcoming that establishment.

Both Detroit and Schenectady appear in this tale as frontier posts. One is as Middle Western as the other—as Middle Western, let us say, as Indianapolis, where the John Herron Art Institute sometimes obliges local manufacturers by letting them display their building hardware and other profitable Hoosier products in those spaces not being used at the moment for the display of less useful materials. When one contemplates the production present and to come of the Middle West, the intense practicality and easy coöperation of its people, and the enormous natural resources and conveniences at their disposal, keeping the Mohawk gateway ajar for English law, language and ideals is seen to be one of the determinants of this age and possibly the most important single task of the American Colonial Era.

There seems something prophetic in the name by which the Mohawks adopted the Irishman who held the gate to the West open. Warraghiyagey they called him, "he who does much business" or, more freely, "Chief Big Business."

CHAPTER III

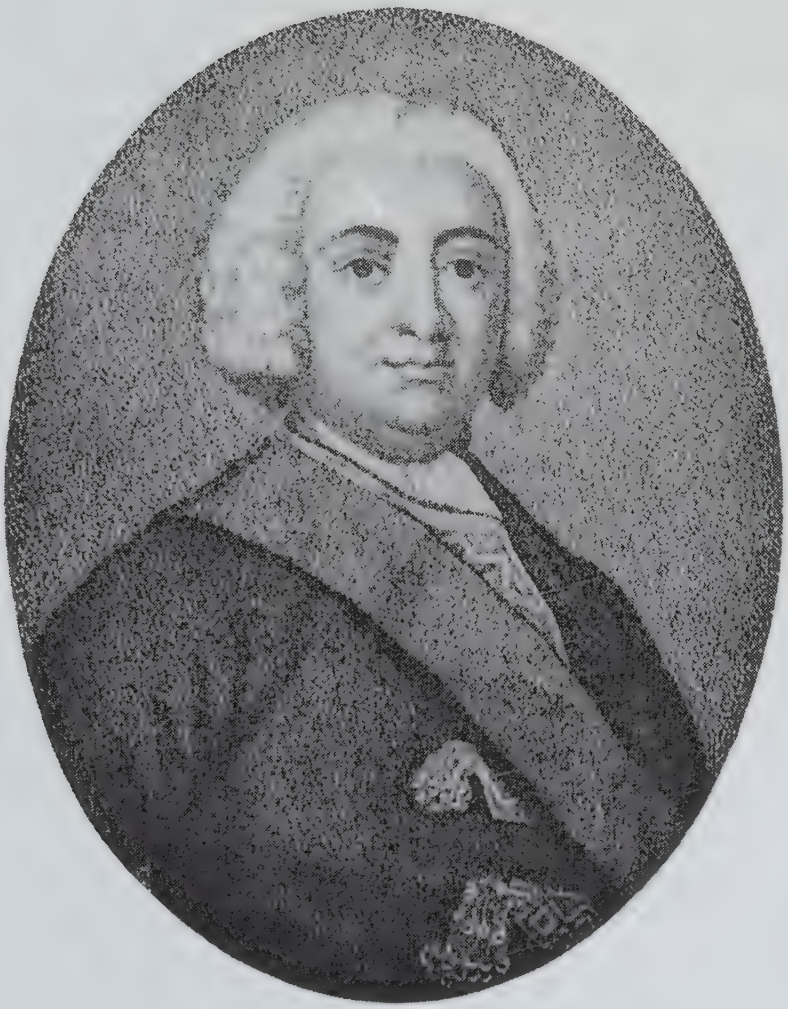
WILLIAM JOHNSON ARRIVES IN AMERICA

WHOEVER tries to write a biography is sure to find himself crying, "There ought to be a life of So-and-So." Each probe into the mysteries of departed personalities brings the biographer to some enigma where he hungers for yet one more "Life." But even on its merits we insist there ought to be a life of Peter Warren, uncle, patron, and importer of William Johnson. As complete a sea dog as ever enriched himself with captured pistoles, Peter Warren cruised up and down the Atlantic as captain, commodore, and admiral, doing in Frenchmen and Spaniards properly and profitably. Warren commanded the naval forces at the spectacular capture of Louisburg by the New Englanders in 1745; before that he was such a fixture in these parts as commander of the fleet on the American Station that he built the finest house in New York at Number One, Broadway—a plot of land now estimated to be worth $21,000,000. There he entertained as only a captor of prize vintages can entertain. This house, which stood until 1882, was, at various stages of the Revolution, the residence of Generals Lee, Putnam, Washington, Howe, Clinton, and Carleton. The Captain's country house in Greenwich Village was a rural show place. All in all, quite an extraordinary life was that of Sir Peter Warren, Bart., K.B. and M.P., with $2,000,000 in prize money to his credit.[1]

Such a book might illumine the boyhood of William Johnson. Taking early notice of his sister's sturdy son, Warren drew his

nephew to this continent to develop what would be advertised today as a gigantic real estate operation—own your own farm! Having taken a flier in Mohawk Valley land, during one of the early booms, Captain Warren needed some one to bring the dove of profit down to earth. The gallant captain bought this land—13,000 acres of it—from Mrs. Cosby, widow of the late governor of the Crown Colony of New York, for the trifling sum of £110, less than four cents an acre. Even at that incredibly low figure it represented a neat profit for the Cosby estate, as the Governor gave only a stroke of the pen for it, his pleasant, taking way being to appropriate one-third of the acreage covered by each and every patent he signed. But even Judge Horsmanden, who began his long career of law by assisting Cosby in these grafts, thought Captain Warren had obtained a bargain. "How she became so infatuated I know not—but so it is," he says, the more mournfully because the Captain, waxing prosperous on prize money, had been on the Judge's list of possible customers for near-by lands at higher rates. On this abysmally cheap land Warren's nephew took root to such purpose that within twenty years he became Sir William Johnson, Baronet, sole superintendent of Indian Affairs in North America, and royal warden of the marches on the western frontier of the northern colonies.

A biography of Warren might let us into some of the secrets of Johnson's boyhood, vanished now almost without trace, and of a pedigree curiously befogged. The gallant seaman's sister married Christopher Johnson; among many other children this twain begat our William. But of their highly productive family life we can discover precious little, beyond the fact that the Christopher Johnsons were distinguished more by respectability than by wealth. In a country where "station in life" is a fixed pole of existence, an earlier investigator, pressing hard on Sir Peter's naval victories, might have resolved all doubts on the



SIR PETER WARREN

Johnson's sailor uncle, the Admiral, who brought him to America.

childhood and education of this his nephew. But alas, there is no Warren biography, nor even a Warren sketch in *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Monarchies, it seems, are sometimes as ungrateful as republics. So the youth of William Johnson remains almost a total blank.

However, the mind of Man, like Nature, abhors a vacuum, and upon this blank space myth and fable have sprawled their simple masterpieces of the imagination. We are asked to believe the usual tales of royal lineage, youthful prowess and tender romance. Burke's *Peerage* of 1912, by which time the Johnsons of Canada, by way of America, had become meat for heralds, which the Johnsons of Smithtown in 1715 were not, carried the blood stream down from Irish royalty, the O'Neills, of Dungannon, giving way to the McShanes (sons of Shane or John) and so to Johnson. That is to say: Thomas McShane, the son of John O'Neill, of Dungannon, County Tyrone, married Frances Fay, daughter of Thomas Fay, of Derrynagare, Westmeath. Their son, William, wearied, it seems, of the McShane patronymic and called himself Johnson. This was enough, one would think, to keep the young man wifeless in seventeenth-century Ireland, but not so; he took to wife Anna, daughter of James Fitz Simmons, of Tullinally, Westmeath. Their son, Christopher, married Anne Warren, the Captain's sister, and begat, along with five daughters and two other sons, our William. Thus in three generations occurred as many shifts of name, by means of which the royal O'Neill has been watered down to plain Johnson.

This would be almost too good to be true even if backed by bulky records. But the first recorded claim of any Johnson on the O'Neill descent appears in 1774, when Peter Warren Johnson, William's younger brother and a dear boy to the day he died at an advanced age, was granted use of the arms of the O'Neills of Tyrone upon registering this pedigree in the

Office of Arms of Dublin Castle. This he did at least a century and a half after John O'Neill is supposed to have started his descendants on the rough and rocky road to Johnsonhood, by way of McShane. The editors of Burke's of 1842 were not impressed to the point of reproducing this monarchist pedigree, although the Johnson reputation must have been stronger then than later, since Sir John Johnson had died, full of years and royal honors, only twelve years before. This omission may have roused the third baronet to action, as O'Neill arms from Dublin were registered at the Herald's Office in London in 1843. Not until 1912 did this royal pedigree of the Johnsons "make" Burke's. *The Baronetage of England,* published 1771, says merely that "Sir William Johnson is descended from a good family in the kingdom of Ireland." This notice, appearing in Sir William's lifetime, represents the net of contemporary opinion on his sources, and we gather that it must have satisfied him completely, because when his position required a coat of arms he carefully placed two lusty red men thereon, in open recognition of the foundation of his fortunes.

From John O'Hart's *Irish Pedigrees* we gather that the Johnsons came to Ireland in Cromwell's time. The name appears in the rhymed list of the Cromwell settlers printed in Volume II, but not in the earlier lists given there. The Warrens, however, are in all the early lists. It seems incontestable that they had been seated in Ireland at least ten times as long as the Johnsons, the first Warren arriving with Strongbow in 1172. Like his chief, who was more Norman than English, the first Warren's loyalty ran to the King rather than to England itself, and the strength of this tie marked the house for centuries. We know that it held with especial force the Warrens of Warrenstown, the branch from which came William Johnson's mother. The Warrenstown Warrens, though presumably Protestants, clung

to King James to the bitter end, in the struggle in which his supporters were mostly Catholic and his foes mostly Protestant. Three of the Warrenstown Warrens—Michael, James and Patrick—were attainted for treason in 1694. The first of these, Michael, who fathered Sir Peter Warren and whose daughter, Anne, became Johnson's mother, served as an ensign in the King's Regiment, which fought for James all through the Irish War, and was defeated with him at the Battle of the Boyne. Escaping from the attainder, probably by paying a heavy fine, Michael lived until 1712, three years before his illustrious grandson was born. Michael's wife was the widow of Lord Aylmer when the Jacobite soldier led her to the altar. Through this maternal grandmother, who was a Plunkett by birth, Johnson acquired ancestors and cousinly connections in at least four ancient Irish families famous in the history and letters of the island—Plunkett, Fitzgerald, Butler and de Bourke. The Warrens, of course, became widely scattered in their more than seven hundred years of Irish residence, important branches being listed in Carlow, Dublin, Down and Armagh, as well as in Meath and Westmeath.

Probably the Johnsons, like the Warrens, had become Irish in everything but Episcopalianism by the time the two families joined through the marriage of Anne Warren and Christopher Johnson. While one Englishman may start a family and a domestic religious loyalty going in Ireland, very many Irish folk will contribute to their product a few generations later.[8] Certainly William Johnson never thought of himself as English except for strictly practical purposes; his social reactions remained as Irish as County Meath. There were English traits in the man, to be sure, but they were as peaks in an ocean of Irish feeling.

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How this blank in the early Johnson history tempts the legendaries! Buell says that the Christopher Johnson who fathered William in 1715, at Smithtown, County Meath,[3] was an officer in Cadogan's Horse from 1692 to 1708, his crippled condition as well as his local magistracy being due to gallantry in the famous charge at Oudenarde, but we are skeptical of all that for two reasons. Both William and Warren Johnson were, at various times, soldiers; yet they do not mention their sire's military record and heroism. The other is that Christopher Johnson died in 1763, seventy-one years after his Buellish muster into Cadogan's Horse. On the theory that he could scarcely have joined Cadogan's as an officer when under twenty, he would have been past ninety at his death, old enough to rouse some mention of his extreme longevity in the family letters. Moreover, on Buell's supposition, he could hardly have begun fathering his family of eight before his thirty-seventh year and his last sibling could hardly get itself born before Christopher had reached his fifty-seventh milestone. For a crippled magistrate of no sizable fortune this seems tall work indeed, even though he was an old soldier and had a youngish wife. For a person in his position, good station but no great wealth, the accumulation of such a bouncing family would seem to be an adventure of youth rather than of age, to be undertaken on the sunny rather than on the shady side of forty. However, Buell is probably right in concluding that Christopher Johnson was somebody, and not merely, as is claimed elsewhere, "an obscure Irish schoolmaster and a cripple." Even in eighteenth-century Ireland the daughter of a family so eminent in British naval history would hardly be permitted to marry into a family of no importance. We can agree that Christopher Johnson came of good family and had been a soldier, but we hesitate to believe his service lasted from 1692 until Oudenarde in 1708.

Then there is the usual tale of William Johnson's revolt against authority, a tale which dogs the undocumented great of all times. Sturdy young William, unfairly trounced by a schoolmaster, turned upon that mistaken pedagogue and gave him a taste of his own birch. In Buell the standard tale receives a high polish. Young William, early manifesting his independent character, refused to be pointed for the army or navy, and declared his intention of becoming a lawyer. Fancy any boy, at fourteen, choosing barrister black instead of Guard's red, a tome instead of a sabre so gallantly wielded by his pa at Oudenarde or elsewhere! Nevertheless, Buell insists that William, riding down the family objections to the law as a career, was sent to the Academy at Newry, "where he soon immersed himself in Latin conjugations and the Anabasis." Certainly he studied Latin somewhere to good purpose, and accounting as well. At Newry, so runs the story, he turned upon the moderator who sought to chastise him, as a result of which social error he was not only expelled from school but taken before a magistrate on a charge of aggravated assault and battery, fined seven guineas, and put upon limits for twenty-one days. This is indeed gilding the lily of myth: ordinarily it is enough that the famous one shall have been expelled for his impulsive behavior; but here is assault so atrocious, athletic prowess so mighty and ill-directed, that the civil authorities must act. And, of course, when the doughty William arrived at home, his crippled parent, then about sixty, administered the beating "in which the robust pedagogue had so signally failed." Od's blood, what a man this Christopher must have been in his prime at Oudenarde or somewhere in Flanders.

The only fault we can find with this heroic phase of the Johnson epic is that it lacks verification. We hope it is true, but we doubt it, as we are forced to doubt likewise the touching romance which decorated the Johnson literature of the early,

obscure period, and which was tenderly revived by Max Reid. Reid, who seldom checked local tradition by reference to facts, tells us sadly how young Johnson, a noble figure of young manhood on the eve of departing for America, loved a sweet colleen who was to have been his bride. Drogheda is supposed to have been her abiding place. But alas for love's young dream, William must away to wild and distant America, since the young man's parents are dead against marriage. After a tragic interview in a flowery lane, he leaves her swooning on the grass, and strides away toward his high destiny. Thus gently is explained Johnson's failure to marry in his social class—a stumbling block to correct persons who enjoy elevating William Johnson to heroic proportions and who frown at flaws in his behavior. Since he could not have his true love, he had to console himself irregularly, taking to wife and ultimately to wedlock a German servant girl whom he bought outright, and then to wife but not to wedlock, at least in the white man's manner, two Indian women in succession.

This tale of the lost Irish sweetheart, torn from him by parental harshness, lacks any shred of supporting evidence. Moreover, it is so obviously an answer to the prayer of one who reveres Johnson but fain must regularize his status, that we thoroughly disbelieve it. Not that William Johnson, in his early twenties, would have been either out of love or out of sweethearts. But there was a bit of caution as regards matrimony in this amorous man in the years of record, and presumably it was there in his unrecorded youth also. Philander he might, but he avoided commitments; indeed, he had almost uncanny ability in avoiding them, with the result that he marched down the years at the head of his ever-growing and vastly mixed family, which included ten half-breed children duly recognized and perhaps others unrecognized, except by himself. Though always reticent on the subject of his rela-

tions with women, plenty of his personal correspondents, whose letters to him are easily accessible, mentioned his gay doings in this quarter or that—at Oswego, at Detroit, at New York City. But no hint is to be found in family letters from Ireland of a youthful betrothal, of a lorn and lovesick maiden dying of a broken heart, or any other significant trace of an Irish courtship, the unlucky outcome of which influenced William Johnson in his unconventional love life.

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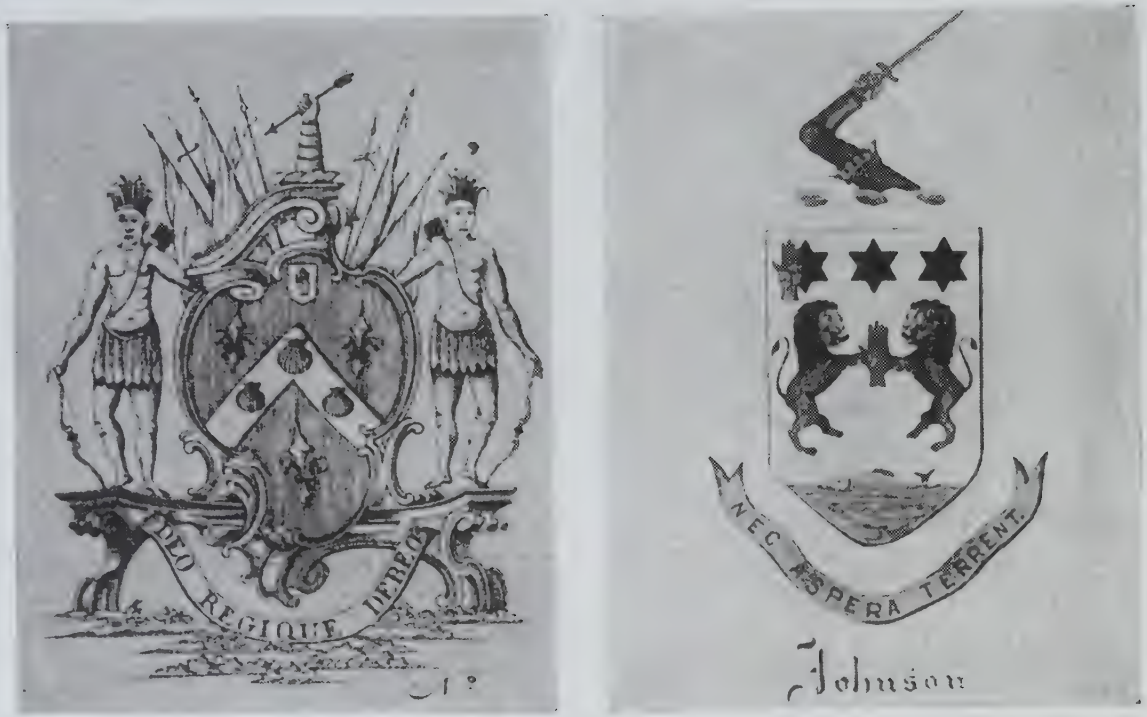
As far as anyone knows or is ever likely to discover at this period, William Johnson arrived in America in the year 1738, at the age of 23, and he came unattached and fancy free. Even the year of his coming has been disputed; but in 1764, in reporting to the Lords of Trade at London, Johnson says he arrived in 1738, and that date squares with the remainder of the record. New York was then a minor port, so it is not surprising that young Johnson entered America at Boston and went to New York before striking up country on his uncle's business in the Mohawk Valley.

Gallant Captain Warren had acquired, in addition to American land, an American wife—Susan De Lancey. This alliance gave Warren's young kinsman an inside hold on one of the colony's great political families, the De Lanceys, descended from a Huguenot gentleman who, fleeing from persecution at home, settled in New York in 1686. There he married into the Van Cortlandts, one of the great manorial Dutch families, and down to the Revolution the De Lancey's functioned as the political branch of the Van Cortlandt connection. James De Lancey united profound learning with a lust for power so decided that it lured him into strange company and inconsistent behavior. Serving as chancellor, chief justice and lieutenant governor, he also bossed the Assembly in his contests with different

governors. By harassing royal governors and exalting the Assembly toward complete control of the public purse he encouraged those leveling tendencies which finally bore fruit in the Revolution, and which his tory relatives tried to stem after his death. Lacking fixed principles of statesmanship, bending all the weight of his intelligence and winning personality toward power for its own sake, he resembles Aaron Burr, yet was even abler. In him the social graces of the aristocrat and the poise of the philosopher mingled, as in the dazzle-coat of a camouflaged transport, with the intrigues of a schemer and the arts of a demagogue. James De Lancey, and his "fat rascal" brother, Oliver, seem to step direct out of the supple politics and exaggerated postures of Italian Renaissance into the stuffy scene of little new New York.

To this pleasant and powerful De Lancey clan came young William Johnson, as a kinsman, early in 1738. Small, dull and dirty as the city was at that time—as late as 1789 it lacked a bathtub—it was nevertheless a gay place compared to Smithtown or Newry. In New York he stayed for some months, entering into the festivities of the De Lancey circle with that whole-hearted gaiety which continued to be his until his declining days, a jollity remarked by all beholders. Neither bodily pain nor hardship nor the dignities of state ever were able to quench Johnson's Celtic love of a laugh and a frolic, a dance and a masquerade. Given half a chance, he would be "the life of the party" anywhere, in New York at twenty-three as at one of his Adirondack hunting seats at fifty-three. We are greatly mistaken if he did not become, in those few months, the adored of many a miss in that then relatively unsophisticated seaport. Tall and rugged, but already carrying himself with an air of distinction, fancying himself a bit in his new clothes and neat linen, broad of shoulder and brow, with large gray-blue eyes, a nose which bespoke command and a mouth



THE JOHNSON COATS OF ARMS

Left—The coat of arms which Sir William ordered Michael de Bruls of New York City to draw, some time after his elevation to the baronetcy. From his bookplate.

Right—The coat of arms filed at Dublin Castle in 1774 by Captain Peter Warren Johnson, brother of Sir William.

which suggested merriment yet spoke wisdom—Johnson looked every inch a conqueror. And this galaxy of masculine charms was soon to depart for the inhospitable shores of the impossibly distant Mohawk, there to run the gauntlet of Indian furies and the privations of the wilderness! Yet this young man shall make those Indian furies into his willing guards and pluck from the wilderness a living like a lord's. No fine lady shall ever snare this man.

Even as no New York belle could win for long this well-connected and personable William, so also James De Lancey could not hold him for long. The welcome he received from a family so hospitable and a man so eminent must have impressed a youth with no great experience of life; one less sure of himself might well have become a De Lancey worshiper. Probably De Lancey rather laid himself out to capture young Johnson, for the leading politician of the colony was no mean reader of men, and even at twenty-three William Johnson must have given promise of honors to come. It would do even the powerful De Lancey no harm to have a stout partisan on the Mohawk frontier, and especially one who had the funds and prestige of Uncle Peter Warren behind him. Nevertheless, when Johnson, after equipping himself bountifully in New York City, boarded a sloop for the sail up the Hudson toward his wilderness home, he was fancy free politically, as well as sentimentally. While De Lancey and Johnson more than once pulled together, their very natures gave each other the lie direct. When the first clash of interests came a few years later, Johnson unhesitatingly sided with Governor Clinton in the contest between that executive and the Assembly dominated by De Lancey. The quarrel so begun lasted in full heat until De Lancey, become chief executive, changed his tune on the moot issue of the proper defense of the colony. Thereafter, until De Lancey's retirement, when the two coöperated

in public business, it was chiefly because the opportunism of the professional politician, De Lancey, chanced to coincide with the principles of the statesman, Johnson. Ten years after their first meeting, Johnson, the frontiersman, trader and "squaw man" could be found taking, instinctively, the statesmanlike rôle in every crisis, while the suave city lawyer and officeholder rarely sank his personal aims in the welfare of the commonwealth and the safety of its citizens.

Johnson, in New York, still dependent upon the bounty of a relative for a frontier opportunity and entirely without trial in affairs, no doubt envied this youthful chief justice, only twelve years his senior and yet with seven years' service on the supreme bench already behind him. There burned in the youth bound for the Mohawk, certain appetites and capacities common to American youth from that day to this—desire for recognition, for place and dignity, willingness to sacrifice greatly in public service. If he had mentioned these on the eve of his departure for his Mohawk shore, no doubt the sophisticates in his company would have smiled wisely. Not every one could be a De Lancey! And yet the crude newcomer outstripped the graceful politician in the race of power long before the latter died in 1760, and, while De Lancey means so little to posterity that no biography of him has been written, Johnson still goes marching down the corridors of fame, bulking ever larger with each reading of the documents of his era and each new study of his stirring times.

CHAPTER IV

FRONTIERSMEN ALL

JOHNSON brought up river from New York a substantial and well-selected equipment, including "a set of mill irons" and a "run of stone." Several mechanics and a few settlers accompanied him. During the tedious three days' journey by sail and sloop, the young immigrant must have marveled, as Hudson had done before him and as Talleyrand was to do later, at the varied aspects of that noble stream—its palisades on the Jersey shore, its broad, lake-like reaches in the Tappan Zee, the angle at West Point near the Dunderberg, and the Catskill vistas opposite Rhinebeck and Germantown, settlements departed some years since by those strange beings, the Palatine Germans who were already on the Mohawk.[1]

At Albany Johnson hired the Patroon's wagons to carry his goods the forty-odd miles to his home site, and felt cheated because of the poorness of the beasts he bought or hired from agents of the same gentleman, thus being inoculated early with the widespread colonial opinion that Albany was a nest of robbers. But Captain Warren advised him to say nothing of the fraud, because the Patroon might visit his displeasure on the De Lanceys. It was the business of James De Lancey to keep the Patroons and the lesser Lords of Manor at ease.

If his party had been going farther west, Johnson would have followed common practice by transferring his goods and party from wagons to bateaux or scows at Schenectady. These light-draught vessels were poled upstream and guided down by as rough a clan of hairy buckoes as a romancer ever celebrated.

Blithely and belligerently they did their grinding toil in all weathers, triumphing over everything but ice. Drunk or sober, fighting with one hand and poling with the other, occasionally called upon to take cover and defend a portage as violently as if they had been sworn in as soldiers, these were indispensable men, upon whose brawn and courage depended trade, victory and the march of empire. Capable of extraordinary feats of strength and valor, they sometimes affrighted women with their blazing oaths, and one of the compensations of their highly uncomfortable existences seems to have been the bliss of scaring tenderfeet with gory tales of the wild West, even as the cowboys of the plains still delight in doing. Johnson must have listened with amazement to these sagas; but in due course he was to master these serviceable Calibans, lead them on desperate courses and hear them quarrel for the privilege of poling his battoes. That first summer probably one of the diversions of the evening would be to walk along the Mohock —thus Johnson ever spelled it—listening to the crew of a down-bound battoe singing "the Mohock Maid," forerunner of the touching ballad, "Sweet Eloise, the Belle of Mohawk Vale," sung on Erie canal boats at the height of traffic, along in the fifties, by hordes of immigrants following the one water route to the fat lands of the interior. The chorus of this once highly-esteemed lyric follows, but we are assured that the battoe songs were not all as proper:

> O sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides
> On its clear winding way to the sea;
> And dearer than all storied streams on earth besides
> Is this bright rolling river to me.

For company, at the outset, Johnson had a cousin, Michael Tyrrell, familiarly "Mick" in the family circle and "dear Mick" to Uncle Warren, just as Johnson himself was "dear Billy" to that affectionate sea dog. "Dear Mick" was to see a bit of the

world with his uncle, and plenty of red-hot action; presently he went cruising as a midshipman along the Spanish main, picking up French and Spanish prizes regardless, and coming into "173 pieces of eight" as prize money. Mick describes these adventures in a letter of May 28, 1741, detailing with especial gusto the bloody repulse at Cartagena, where he served as a lieutenant of infantry. His flow of fancy and language indicates that Tyrrell must have been a choice companion indeed in those first lonely months. Captain Nelson, in command at near-by Fort Hunter, had been mentioned to Johnson by his uncle; no doubt he joined Billy and Mick in some of the revels in which lonely frontiersmen are, of all men, most privileged to indulge. Through the occasional glimpses which one gets of hilarious parties in letters of a somewhat later period, the inherent jollity of these Irish cousins, cast away on the frontier, is too well authenticated for us to believe that they left larking behind them entirely when they set foot on Mohawk shore. On the contrary, we feel reasonably sure that they made the most of whatever diversions were at hand, both convivial and flirtatious. The Reverend Mr. Barclay, missioner at Fort Hunter, exerted a good influence, but the social center of the neighborhood was probably Douw Fonda's Tavern, across the river, instead of the clergyman's cottage.

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After all, they were young, far from home and fair game for the frontier madness—that acute stage of social maladjustment which, throughout the breadth of America, has made the ever-westering frontier a scene of lawlessness, tense individualism, direct action, gambling, brawling, and loose sex relations. There is something in the free air of the frontier which intoxicates the children of settled habitats when they first imbibe it. From pious shopkeepers, harried and oppressed at home, the

Puritans changed rather quickly into raging landgrabbers, falling, as Holmes' immortal pun saith, "first on their knees and then on the aborigines." Men who would still have been touching their hats to their betters if they had stayed at home became, in the new country, Indian hunters by conviction, and for short campaigns their colonial offspring were perhaps the most terrible fighting men ever let loose on this planet. If you want to thrill at heroism, read the accounts of the capture of Louisburg in 1745, by the sons and grandsons of witch burners.

The frontier fever was no respecter of race or tongues; the Dutch in New Amsterdam and Rensselaerwyck also revealed themselves as changelings on the frontier. In spite of the Patroon's commandment to cleave to the old ways and walk in the light of the Lord, rendering Him his just dues and tithes meantime, these traditionally respectable Dutch went loco as quickly as the transplanted English. The court minutes of Rensselaerwyck and Fort Orange, translated by Van Laer and published by the State of New York, amply reveal this breakdown of social morale in the face of freedom. Men and women who in Maastrict or Gelderland—though the Patroon's Gelderlanders were a rough lot even in the land of their birth—might go the pious round without a question of a crime, here in the New World crowded the courts with all manner of excesses and eccentricities of behavior—atrocious assault, slander, maiming of beasts, theft in every conceivable form, as well as refusal to pay rents, tithes and dues. While the Dutch settlements did not entirely escape the witchcraft craze, the Dutch folk went in for less esoteric crime. In vain did the authorities prate about proper procedure in a "land of justice," a phrase writ large in the minutes at Director Slichtenhorst's behest; poor Slichtenhorst, likely to have his sword of office taken away from him by a drunken democrat when he attempted to restore public order. These unlovely exhibitions of human depravity have been

explained on the basis that "dukes do not emigrate," while peasants do; likewise, that the loosening of the bonds of social decorum was a necessary prelude to loosing the political bonds which tied the colonies to monarchy. Even so, this proletarian temper made frontier life difficult for all who had a stake in public order, for employers, men of property, and leaders lacking the arts or desires of the demagogue.

The Dutch, bitten by frontieritis, ran toward mayhem and larceny; oddly enough, though naked Dutch Anabaptists had stormed city halls at home, few demonstrations of religious ecstasy occurred in New Netherlands, perhaps because of the cold in winter and the black flies in summer. But in some other Caucasian tribes represented in the colonies, the unsettling influence of the frontier exalted religious superstitions into frenzies. The Puritans went in for witchcraft, overthrew the witches, and then thought better of the whole mad business; but belief in witchcraft persists among some Pennsylvania Dutch (Palatine Germans) to this day. Aberrant energy among the New Englanders manifested itself also in quaking and shaking. Even when prosperity had cured the Friends of their muscular signs of inward grace, they remained odd folk and a trial to their neighbors. New York and Virginia found Pennsylvania's unwillingness to defend her share of the frontier anything but reassuring.

Strange folk these Palatine pioneers also proved themselves to be, with a touch of that fanaticism in them which lingers long in the blood of those who fly a beloved homeland for the sake of a more beloved religion.[2] In their Hudson Valley settlements these bitterly poor, but proud, folk quarreled with their landlords, and in the Schoharie Valley quarreled with their Indian hosts, their landlords, and the peace officers from Albany; we shall not relate what happened to an Albany sheriff laid low by German fraus on the Schoharie. In the Mohawk Valley,

where their descendants live equably to this day, the Palatines steadied down, perhaps because they had no rent to pay there (the piety of property is rarely as heady as the piety of poverty). Nevertheless, in Johnson's day, they were still odd folk who fatalistically refused to take precautions when warned to prepare for Indians and who needed shepherding in every crisis. Grand soldiers, when under stern discipline, the Palatines of Pennsylvania largely manned that glorious regiment "The Royal Americans," originally the 62nd, later the 60th Foot. When Revolutionary hostilities began, the Mohawk Palatines rose to crisis magnificently, again having something immediate to fight for, and under the leadership of their own Nicholas Herkimer or Hercheimer, as Johnson knew his father, Han Yost, the Mohawk Germans fought the desperate and decisive action at Oriskany. No lords for them but the Lord of Hosts!

But these reflexes of freedom, while bothersome to administrators and discouraging to established clergy, are mere whimsies when compared to the ruthlessness roused by the sight of acres and treasures to be had for nothing, or at least for nothing more than the bother of dispossessing Indians. By hook and crook, by arms and treaties, by fake surveys, by making whole Indian villages drunk and bribing their headmen, by political pull and false entries used against peoples without written records—in every devious way known to civilized man, the business of alienating Indian lands went on. Officials and politicians, lawyers and surveyors played the game safely behind the lines, while the agile frontiersman, thoroughly convinced that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, played it in the open. Despite these depredations, the pioneer of ax and musket remains a romantic figure of colonial history, and deservedly so; yet the atrocities of border warfare were by no means all on one side. Every Indian victory was called a massacre by the whites and every white victory was called a massacre

by the Indians. The vendetta of the bloodthirsty Paxton men, chasing harmless Indians through eastern Pennsylvania and bulldozing public officers in an effort to slaughter those innocents in cold blood, reveals the whites in a mood which called for many victims obscure and unsung. The Indians had to go; their doom as landlords was sealed the moment the white—in council the shrewdest, in battle the fiercest, in appetite the most acquisitive of all the races of men—landed in force on these shores; but there are decent as well as indecent ways of compassing the inevitable. William Johnson, while opening a way for the whites, stood all his days for fair play in establishing white rule, for compensation, for proper surveys, for the sanctity of treaties, for the education of Indians as opposed to their extirpation. As a Crown servant he contended without ceasing against the land-hungry, gone well-nigh mad with the sight of open spaces.

For a few years this young pioneer observed the vagaries and opportunities of frontier life from the viewpoint of the private citizen. Thereafter, in an ever-increasing degree down to his declining years, he added to the ordinary burdens of business the ordering of a motley assortment of mutually antagonistic whites and Indians with one another. But in the meantime, during this brief respite from public responsibilities, he did what most of his neighbors did. That is to say, he made money, increased his holdings, and begat the first of several families in the strangest matrimonial frame ever to enclose an American public man.

CHAPTER V

HE FOUNDS A BUSINESS

We have gazed, which is more than Captain Peter Warren, its sometime proprietor, ever did, upon the land to which he sent his "dear Billy" nephew, that hearty youth who, henceforth, would need all his good nature in battling snow, distance, flood, the wily French and the suspicious Indians. The tract lies on the south side of the Mohawk, on the westerly edge of what is now South Amsterdam, the "over the water" suburb of a sizable manufacturing city addicted to rugs and carpets. Like most textile mill towns, Amsterdam itself looks gamely forth upon a world which insists on cloth, and its southern suburb is nothing to cheer the souls of any save strictly local optimists. The headlands which mark the breaking down of the upland plateau to the valley level here approach the river more closely than on the opposite, northern side. One sizable creek, the south Chuctanunda, descends from the plateau, providing a steep grade for travel between the two tillable levels. The land, now a stony, deeply gullied clay, no doubt was once fertile enough; the whole area, in the years of Mohawk populousness and pride, is listed as corn lands on old maps, indicating that the clearings were clumsily tilled and planted to corn at intervals by the patient women of the tribe. But this particular spot may never have been planted until "dear Billy" arrived, since there are many better sites for agriculture near at hand. Pleasanter, too, for residence. At this point the north side of the river, being open to the south and protected from north and northwest winds by the hills, possesses so many

advantages of climate and topography that it has been the favorite for residence and travel from the very beginnings of settlement. On the northern shore are the larger towns, the better highways; the main lines of the great railroad system pass there, while the south shore has only a weak appendage. Likewise, the north shore has the through highways; no doubt Captain Warren, had he inspected his purchase, would have recognized the advantages of the north shore for residence, travel and spring planting; for everything, in short, but the growing of trees, in which pioneers are not interested. His "dear Billy," after wrestling briefly but successfully with the difficulties of his relatively dismal situation at Warrensbush, transferred his seat of operations to the north shore a few miles farther west, a change not at all to uncle's liking and stirring family animosities for thirty years to come.

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A letter from Captain Warren at Boston (November 20, 1738), quotations from which appear in Stone's *Life and Times,* reveals the state of this settlement at Warrensbush at the close of its first season.[1] With reports of Johnson's progress in hand as the 26th and 30th of October, both of which letters, unfortunately, seem to have gone the way of most correspondence, the Captain counsels his farmer nephew as well as a sailor could. Although both men were later to grow rich, at this stage their means were so restricted that they moved cautiously. In addition to getting trees girdled and land under cultivation, Johnson built a house, opened a general store, and had already begun to locate settlers. This required surveying and subdividing the tract, journeys to the county seat at Albany, and providing shelters for the newcomers as well as for himself and his laborers. The first settlers were mainly Irish from his own neighborhood; other workers, no doubt,

were drawn from the Dutch and Palatine Germans, the latter settled sparsely in both the Mohawk and Schoharie valleys. Young Johnson must have run a smart race with grim winter that first season, yet at the end of October he reported himself as well, "going on briskly" and standing well with his neighbors. He was to go on briskly for thirty years to come, in spite of wounds, illness and the rigors of the frontier, and to the end he remained immensely popular with all strains of this mixed population in the Valley.

After noting with pain that Johnson has been obliged to draw on New York for more money than he directed, Captain Warren declares roundly in his letter of advice that he will not go beyond two hundred pounds a year on the settlement, or six hundred pounds in the three years thought necessary to dispose of the land or place it in a self-supporting condition. With a fine disregard for the sparse population of the Valley, this seafarer says sagely: "The smaller the farms, the more the land will be sold and the better the improvements will be." For one who had never seen the Mohawk he proffered rather too detailed advices: "I hope you will plant a large orchard in the Spring. It won't hinder your Indian corn nor grass, as you will plant your trees at a great distance." Sailor Warren also told Farmer Johnson to girdle the trees in such wise that square fields, edged with hedgerows would be left, "which will keep the land warm, be very beautiful, and subject you to no more expense than doing it in a slovenly, irregular manner." At this counsel of perfection from the salt-water farmer, his willing, strong-thewed nephew may well have gone forth from his hut to converse in strong language with Dame Nature. We, who have looked upon the hills and gullies and eroded flats of what was once the lower part of the Warrensbush tract, can comprehend how little landscaping could be done there in 1738 on two hundred pounds a year. Later, on the broader spaced

and sunnier northern exposure, William Johnson, with ample funds at his disposal, was to give the rapacious, land-minting agriculturists of the frontier an object lesson in the art of combining good tillage with pleasant prospects, but neither the time nor the place was yet ripe for such an esthetic program.

In his instructions on the subject of trade, the worthy Captain is more practical. He has ordered "a pretty good cargo" of English and Irish goods, which he catalogs, wide in variety but small in amounts. The proceeds are to be immediately reinvested, "till you with your increase will have a very large stock of goods of all kinds proper for the country. Pray let me know what rum and all things sell for there, such as axes and other wrought iron. These I would send from hence; if I found the profit great I would soon have a thousand pounds' worth of goods there. As for what skins you can procure, I will send them to London and the produce of them shall be sent to you in proper goods." This business, inaugurated with this small capital, grew eventually to great volume on the usual basis of bartering fur-bearing skins for goods. The small trading post at Warrensbush soon had a branch at Oquaga, and within five years William Johnson was one of the great traders of the Mohawk, with wholesale operations extending far beyond the valley of his residence. This Indian trade was the bedrock upon which rose the Johnson fortune, the largest colonial fortune of its day and one which, if held intact to the present, would outstrip in size any American fortune of today. But this fortune grew not merely because the Johnson stores had large stocks and for those times, a quick turnover. The Warren-Johnson policy, stated briefly in the last paragraph of this long letter of the Captain's, had something to do with the case: "Keep well with all mankind. Act with honor and honesty. Don't be notional, as some of our countrymen are often foolishly."

It was by keeping well with the Indians, dealing justly with them in store and council, and avoiding those condescensions which Britons so frequently brought to mixed people on the American frontier, that Johnson rose from pioneer employments at Warrensbush to heights of power without equal in colonial America.

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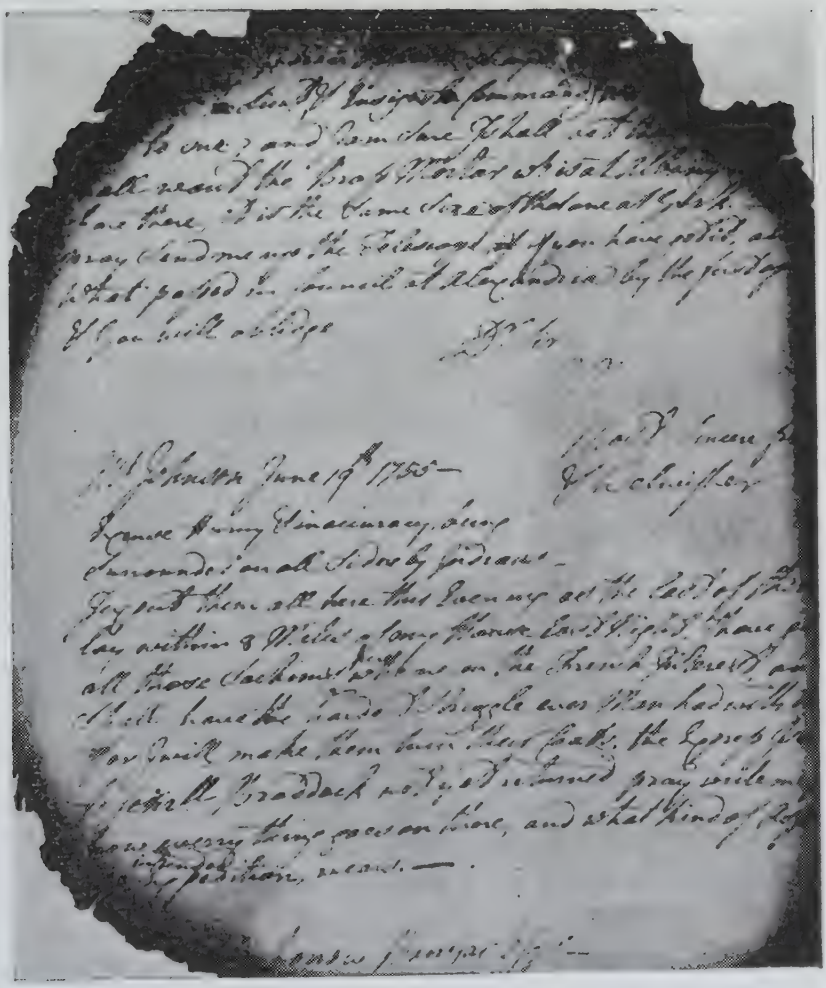
In 1739 William Johnson made two momentous purchases. The first was land over the river, on the north side, along which for obvious natural reasons the path of empire worn deep by the hobnails of soldiers and the wheels of emigrant wagons, would take its westward way. Captain Warren, waxing wroth at this summary show of independence, burst forth at his nephew in a letter of April 20, and had to be mollified in these words on May 10, from which we may gather that, even at twenty-four, Johnson was something of a diplomat. In fact, all his life he proved able to explain things neatly and convincingly in letters. This first "apologia" hardly reveals the consummate style of the later letters, in which dignity and hard sense join most convincingly; but it does show, at least, the tact which was to mark Johnson's entire career.

I had the favour of yours of the 20th of April (he writes to his "Dr Uncle") wherein I find you are displeased att my purchaseing the land Which in Everry Bodys Opinion is a good Bargain, and Can any time I please Sell it for the Money And More So that I hope, Dr Uncle yl not continue yr Opinion when yu See it and know My Design (wh is this) to have a carefull Honest Man there Who Will Manage the farm, wh will at least Clear I am sure £30 Annum, Moreover the Chief thing is a fine Creek to build a Saw Mill on, haveing Loggs Enough att hand, half of wh Creek belongs to Me, so that I intend after a little time, please God, to build a Mill there, wh May Clear £40 Annum, and that without Much trouble, so that the Income of that may Enable me the better to go on in the world, though I must Acknowledge Dr Uncle that wt great favores yu were pleased



A specimen Johnson letter as it came through the New York State capitol fire of 1911. This is from Johnson to Banyar, June 19, 1755. It reveals Johnson greatly hurried, surrounded by importunate Indians, and preparing for the Crown Point campaign. The signature is enlarged.

to do me, was a Sufficient Beginning And am with all the Gratitude Imaginable Contented with it, and for the future shall be no way Expensive nor troublesome to yu.[8]

Of course (he reassures his uncle) he had no intention of moving over there, "never had the least notion in the World of it," but it would be the "properest place on the Whole River" for a storehouse and shop, "by reason of all the High Germans passing by that way in the Winter, and all the Upper Nations of Indians, whose trade is pritty valuable." But trade, says the young man, figuratively stepping on the absentee avuncular toes, cannot be prosecuted on the basis of moth-eaten stockings, which Uncle and his agent sent forward in the last consignment. If Dr Uncle would but come hither, he could see for himself how things are and rejoice every one, including some "who are Inclined to Come and Settle On the land, but wait yr Comeing." Thus Uncle is neatly put back in his place as an absentee partner; in fact, Captain Warren never found time to visit his Mohawk appanage, going shortly in quest of French and Spanish prizes, of which there were enough, incredible as it may sound, to gain for him a fortune of more than two million dollars in the next ten years of sailoring.

Two other items in this report of progress to the absentee partner deserve mention. Dear Billy has already fixed upon Oquaga, on the Susquehanna, as an outlet for Johnson goods. As between Oswego and Oquaga he votes for the latter, because so few traders go there, and he would start operations in August, with a thousand dollars' worth of assorted merchandise. This Oquaga post proved to be splendidly located, returning profits year after year. Oquaga itself escaped nearly all the terrors of frontier life until 1778, when the officers of colonial troops who destroyed the settlement declared it to be the finest Indian town they ever saw. The inhabitants of Oquaga, while mostly Iroquois, hailed from all the Six Nations,

the lately come Tuscaroras being most numerous. Thus reports of the fairness of Johnson's trade at Oquaga quickly traveled throughout the entire Confederacy; and, when the Indian folk fixed on Johnson as their champion, they knew, from their experience of the man in commercial transactions, that they were building on the solid rock of character.

For Indians to discover square dealing in a trader was, in itself, something to cause tall talk around the council fires. The ordinary profits of this double-edged trade of goods, many of them knickknacks, for furs, were large, four to one at least, but still not large enough for the ordinary trader who swelled his profit account by all manner of swindles. Johnson followed from the very outset, however, his uncle's advice to "act with honor and honesty" toward Indians as well as toward whites.

Of the white customers many were traders who eventually carried Johnson goods across lake and woodland as far as the Ohio and Lake Huron. This trade, done mostly on long terms and under conditions which made remitting a long, uncertain process, called for more and more money, so that even after William Johnson became rich, he was frequently short of cash. One reason for this was his policy of carrying his reserves in London rather than New York. Johnson flour early and often went to the West Indies and Johnson furs early and often went to London; but Johnson money seldom returned. Proceeds of overseas sales remained in large measure with the old banking house of Sir William Baker. Although this balance was drawn upon to pay for importations of Indian goods manufactured abroad, nevertheless, his balances at Baker's were growing lustily even when he was being squeezed for capital at home, a neat illustration of the difficulties which distance and the slow pace of his century thrust in the way of this pioneer business man. No really heavy drain hit this

account until his eldest son, John, went abroad to be schooled, fêted, knighted and thoroughly spoiled for frontier purposes, during which lush interval "Johnny" became the toast of the town on his father's London accumulations. William Johnson, however, was not the first thrifty pioneer to build a fortune by sound trade policies only to have it dissipated by errors in parental policies. To the Indians William Johnson was uniformly kind and just; to his son he was merely kind.

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In his report to his patron (still the long letter of May 10, 1739) Johnson replies to the Captain's queries concerning the possibilities of the rum trade by saying that the Rev. Henry Barclay, in charge of the Church of England mission at Fort Hunter, had petitioned the Assembly for an act prohibiting the rum trade with the Indians. Whether our young trader is letting his heavy financial partner down easy, or whether he is really disappointed in the prospect of no rum dealings, he permits himself an unjust criticism of that eminent Indian missionary, saying that Barclay secured Indian names to his petitions without the Indians being aware what they were signing. The truth is that the Indians, with a whiff of rum in the offing, probably told the new white trader what they thought he wanted to hear. However, it did not take Johnson long to see that the missionary was right in trying to suppress the rum trade. In time, Johnson became the chief advocate against the vicious trade which undermined the morale of his Indian wards, a long fight against appetite and avarice which deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER VI

HE BUYS A WIFE

THE other important purchase which William Johnson made in 1739, in addition to starting the Oquaga trade, was a woman. In this acquisition, perhaps the most serious item in the whole adjustment of civilized man to frontier life, he proceeded with extreme directness. He bought his woman, took her home with him, and lived with her as man and wife. Whether he married her at once, as Johnson defenders insist, or on her deathbed, to legitimize her children, may never be known with absolute certainty.

We incline to the deathbed view, because, in the absence of all evidence to the contrary, it seems to fit the inferences of the letters, the situation of the chief actors, and valley tradition. Johnson was not the man to marry and say nothing of it, denying a wife a position to which she had a legal right. That he married her is plain enough, for he speaks of his "beloved wife Catherine" in his will [1] and directs that her remains be laid beside his in the church at Johnstown. Though he had other consorts, and refers to one of them in the same document, Catherine only is named as "wife." But there is no mention whatever of her as wife during her lifetime. Moreover, Micky Tyrrell, writing from the West Indies in 1741, refers to her casually in asking to be remembered to "Dr. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. Dillon, Catty and all that inquire for me." [2] We submit that if Catherine Weissenburg had then been lawful "Mrs. William Johnson," she would have headed the list and carried some more dignified appellation than "Catty." Micky was a well-

brought-up youth, a gentleman and officer, writing to one who he knew could be more than a little touchy at the withholding of any deserved dignity, especially with reference to a wife, if he had possessed one. To Micky Tyrrell, who was probably at Warrensbush when his cousin bought Catty of their neighbors, the Phillipses, she was merely a servant girl with whom her master, after the custom of the times and the place, took liberties. Later, after her first child arrived, in 1740, her position in the household must have become obvious to all, generally accepted, and to that extent regularized.

Another reason why William Johnson was not likely to marry his purchased servant girl promptly is that neither she nor the community would have insisted on it. On a frontier anything may happen, and so it is possible, but not probable, that the young woman was the daughter of the Reverend Jacob Weissenburg, a Lutheran minister of hazy whereabouts mentioned in Buell's Life. Aureoles of sanctity clung tightly to the heads of the ordained in those days; moreover, on the frontier ministers of the gospel have scarcity value, and while their advices may not be heeded, the men themselves are usually respected, even by the most uncouth, on the grounds of learning if not of religion. We doubt, therefore, if any minister, Lutheran or whatnot, would have bound out his daughter, still in her teens, for service in a frontier family, or accepted calmly her transfer to a bachelor. A minister who did so would have difficulty, we fancy, facing his flock thereafter. Such ministerial conduct, indeed, would have shocked the frontier sense of proportion far more than her later purchase by a bachelor. Probably the girl was a poor relation of the minister's, but even so the fact that he raised no row over the transaction seems incredible to us.

It is difficult for later generations, inured to broad liberties and accustomed to emancipated women, to reconstruct the point of view of an indentured woman servant in the Crown colony

of New York nearly two hundred years ago. By the indenture its subject remained in bondage for a stipulated period, during which time he or she belonged to the master almost as completely as a slave belonged to a master during the milder periods of human slavery. There would hardly be a shadow of difference between the life of an indentured white servant in a Northern household and the life of a slave of the same age and sex in a kindly Virginia family. Indeed, in the latter colony, where both forms of bondage existed side by side for a time, it was frequently observed that masters treated their slave blacks somewhat better than their indentured whites. The blacks would be ever with them; the white would some day end their servitude and depart. Why curry a runaway horse? [3]

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On the frontier, necessarily, caste differences shaded down in the general democracy of feeling; yet New York, with its old feudal manors and continuing split in language and loyalty, ever remained less democratic than its neighbors. A girl, indentured for service early, would soon be brought to the servile point of view indispensable to her position. Picture, then, this hearty German lass at seventeen or eighteen with no prospect of escaping servanthood for years and doomed to menial labor of a severity unknown off the frontier, where hands were always too few for the tasks. How she must have hungered for affection, for a home of her own! With as much, or more, need of a man as Johnson had for a woman, behold her blush as this rugged neighbor, in the very flush of his young manhood, takes notice of her. Perhaps he strode into the Phillips' house, two miles down stream, and found her scrubbing the floor, her pink arms in a froth of bubbles. Perhaps he rode by and saw her making hay; Maud Mullers have always exerted a fascination for leading citizens. At any rate he beheld a desirable woman,

clean and wholesome, in whose arms one could forget weariness, homesickness, the gruelling fight against earth and forest, stick and stone, vast distances and the tricks of men civilized and uncivilized. And she beheld a man, handsome in a virile, commanding way, already a leader who goes where he likes and says what he likes, but always in a gentle voice to which all listen. The Johnson voice was ever one to melt citadels of reserve in both stoic Indians and well-placed belles, "ladies" Catherine would have called them, without a trace of resentment or a hope of equality.

You may be sure that in the negotiations over her papers, over herself, her heart was all for the new master, and away with the old. Come what may, a woman could live a woman's proper life with such a man—proper in the sense of accord with nature if not with prevailing custom. Come what may! What came was by no means all sweets and sunshine, but the usual hard lot of woman on the frontier—work, worry, childbirths one, two, three, an early fading and an early death. But, after all, many a woman at ninety has lived less than Catherine Johnson had lived when she passed away at twenty-five, the wife, at last, of a great man. Even thus early those qualities which drove Johnson toward his high destiny must have been evident; at least the woman of his choice scarcely could have missed them, nor could she fail to comfort herself—after the pleasant manner of the sacrificial sex in the distinctly male eighteenth century—that she was helping her man grow toward a fuller flowering. Probably this woman had drawn from her adversities and solitudes enough philosophy to be faintly amused at the deathbed marriage; since she had possessed the substance of marriage, why should she fret over the details of a matter so soon to be presented for immediate review at the judgment seat of the good old German God, who is reported to have said, "Be fruitful and mul-

tiply!" If God did not understand her strange plight, then she would have to point to her children and her home and the frontier she had helped to tame—good works all, though done in sin!

Both Griffis and Buell, the popular biographers of Johnson, ignore alike local tradition in the valley and the inferences of correspondence when they report Johnson's marriage to Catherine as of 1739—a week after her purchase, according to Buell. Griffis recites that in 1862,[4] when the bones of Sir William were moved in Johnstown Church, his dust yielded a plain gold ring inscribed on the inside, June. 1739. 16, and says, "this date may have been that of his marriage." If Catherine's dust had yielded this ring, there might be better reason for considering it a ring denoting some sort of union, although the passing of a ring could scarcely constitute a sufficient marriage when the friendly Reverend Mr. Barclay of the Church of England could have been found only a few miles up river at Fort Hunter.

The ring may commemorate a common law marriage but there is no evidence to indicate that a ceremonial marriage ever was performed in 1739. Indeed, we have only Sir William's word for it in his will that Catherine ever became his wife; and while, considering the man's habit of truth-telling, we believe him as to the fact, there are circumstances to report which indicate that the ceremony did not take place until toward the very close of her life.

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In this connection we are forced to note a natural enough tendency on the part of Sir William's descendants to cloud the essential facts concerning their first ancestress in America. One descendant even declares for twenty years of wedded bliss —'39 to '59—absurd! Important folk like the Johnsons, baronets and all that, can scarcely be expected to relish descent

from an unwed servant girl, whatever her charms of person and character, whatever her devotion to her master and her children. But local tradition in the valley says "deathbed marriage" and the letters, both in their inferences and silences, support the local tradition. On no other hypothesis can the early years of Johnson's life in America, especially the long estrangement from his parents, be squared with the status of wife which he accords Catherine in his will. The descendants of William Johnson and Catherine Weissenburg might as well give up all hope of reforming their great ancestor and his spouse at this late day, and accept Catherine for what she was, a woman overtaken by a strange destiny who managed, somehow, to invest her unwedded life with all the traditional sanctities. Even if Sir William lied politely in his will, which is altogether unlikely, these biographers would still be able to see in Catherine an heroic woman, deserving of more credit for, by and of herself than her husband or descendants ever accorded her.

In Johnson's day the New Englanders, by somber conviction ever "holier-than-thou," lifted their hands in horror at Johnson's way of life. Johnson's neighbors, for reasons cited, paid scant heed to those irregularities which distressed Puritan minds so unduly, but the spokesman for New England prejudices, Francis Parkman, permitted this heritage of prejudice to color his whole view of Johnson's career. In his *Montcalm and Wolfe,* the great master of American colonial history introduces this pitiless sentence into a description of Mount Johnson:

> Here—for his tastes were not fastidious—presided for many years a Dutch or German wench whom he finally married; and after her death a young Mohawk squaw took her place.[5]

Since Parkman departed these earthly scenes, we mortals have revised certain of the older social judgments on love and marriage. It is now possible to discuss calmly relationships which lack benefit of clergy without putting one's self altogether

beyond the pale of decency; in fact a large part of modern fiction dwells gaily upon such unions. Without seeming to cheer the conduct of our subject, since he married late he might better have married early, we bespeak from the old-fashioned —the new-fashioned will give it gladly—a sympathetic understanding of this relationship. This union of the rising country magnate and his servant girl was not without its idyllic love notes, its tranquil domesticity, its constructive virtues. Both might have gone further, the environment being what it was, and have done far worse by themselves and society.

First, there is the frontier influence to consider. The more primitive the environment, the more dependent the sexes are upon one another, not merely for amusement, but for life itself. A farmer "baching it" is a sad human maladjustment; he needs a woman in every sense of the word, to do for him, to mend for him, to tend for him. So also does a woman of the countryside need a man to battle the elements for her, to master animals, to fell trees, to break roads for her feet—to perform all those feats of strength and endurance which she, by reason of weakness or concentration on other tasks—cannot well do for herself. Such a merger is as much a union for mutual defense as anything else; it is a marriage of utility and the harsher the environment the more important the results. Whether such a union has the blessing of the church or state is not as important, fundamentally, as whether the man is industrious and the woman thrifty and fruitful; at least, the latter qualities are those which subdue wildernesses and turn frontier valleys into populous arteries of travel. All the better if their possessions combine these solid virtues with clerical blessings and statute regularity; but the latter, when all is said and done, are in the nature of social after-thoughts; man and woman had to make a start without them and, after ejectment

from Eden and introduction to the battleground of this world, under certain primitive conditions, they can get along without them fairly well to this day—provided, of course, there are few neighbors or relatives to bother over them.

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How Johnson felt about Catty must be interpreted from his silence and his deeds, for he says nothing whatever about her in his letters. In view of the situation this is not to be wondered at; moreover, he did not expand as the prolific letter-writer of the colonial era until he acquired secretaries and copy books, long after Catherine's death. But by balancing his clearly revealed traits against the background of his times, we may perhaps deduce the main trends of his mind during those six years before he married his wife upon her deathbed.

Let us recall that William Johnson was born to a respectable station in life, and had highly placed connections in a colonial society which, like the English society it aped, set more store by appearances than realities. George II possessed almost as many mistresses as Charles II, but, unlike the latter, he did not have their pictures painted at the expense of the people. For one thing, the Georgian mistresses were uglier than the favorites of Carolus Rex; but, more determining still, the temper of the times had changed. While mistresses were still deemed necessary for public men, they existed as private instead of public charges. The flaunting days were done. If a conventionalized Georgian were weighing the matter of adding a mistress to his entourage, he would consider the question from a strictly practical point of view, without reference to esthetics or morals. So, when William Johnson, a Georgian male of some importance, found, in an environment where no one cared, a personable female of no importance, it seemed more natural for him to

make a mistress of her than a wife. That was the way the thing was being done as between men of importance and women of no importance in his day and generation, which was neither the best nor the worst of the countless generations of mankind.

Also, he must have considered the possibility of his returning to Ireland. Later on, Johnson may have come to realize that he was a fixture in the Mohawk Valley, never to see again his native land, and only at long intervals to breathe the air of colonial cities and salons. But in 1739, when he bought Catherine Weissenburg, her papers and her charms, her maidenly blushes and her loving heart, he had been on the Mohawk scene but a year. Probably he was bored with life and with himself, feeling the power to do mighty deeds without, as yet, the opportunity to do them. Both mentally and socially he was unsettled, not sure what the future had in store for him, uncertain of the future of the district itself. What if that old world, with its hard conventions and stern family obligations, should lay hold of him again, should drag him back? Would a frontier mate answer his needs in that stilted environment? Perhaps it would prove his duty, after all, to marry a lady.

"Ah," we seem to hear the skeptics say, "all that may apply to this first affair, but for William Johnson this was only one of three decidedly unconventional unions. Why didn't he marry one or both of his successive Indian consorts—those pretty Indian princesses of his?"

Well, we have equally interesting theories in regard to those affairs also, which we will give, together with such information as we can gather concerning the later home life of Johnson, in succeeding chapters. In the meantime, it is necessary to record the Johnson drift into public life, which was to win him fame at the price of health and domestic concord. Johnson, honest trader and presumably proud parent (for

Catherine, poor soul, had not been idle) was soon to be inducted into the public life of the frontier at the insistence of Indian customers, impressed alike by the young man's honesty and his understanding of the complicated natures and customs of the not so simple red man.

CHAPTER VII

HIS NEIGHBORS THE IROQUOIS

GENERALIZING on the primitives is considerably safer than generalizing on moderns. For one thing they are not usually in position to contradict errors, but this does not apply in the case of the Iroquois, who have their scholars as greatly to be feared by the unwary, as their warriors were of old. However, there is a better reason why we can generalize on primitives more safely than on moderns. The occupations of the former —and toil is a mighty molder of mankind—were relatively simple and undiversified. Thus, even out of comparative ignorance, we can speak with more authority of the "average Iroquois" than anyone can speak of the "average American." Americans may be anything from Nordic to Bantu in race, anything from Orthodox Hebrew to Free Roller in religion, and in daily activity anything from an unskilled laborer to a specialist in electronic research or in the stocks of the Great Illuminated Products Corporation. Though they had their minor differences, the Iroquois, in contrast to modern diversity, were refreshingly one in race, faith, feeling and employment.

Of the Iroquois boy his parents and kindred expected that he would grow into a hunter and warrior capable of bringing home abundant skins of his quarries and abundant scalps of his enemies. In these manly arts he must be hard enough to stand torture without flinching, and tough enough to digest anything chewable. If he chose he could regale himself on raw enemy, but to reduce that enemy to a menu basis, the Iroquois had to be swift of foot, sure of hand and strong of arm, and in addi-

tion stand well with both the Great Spirit and the latter's servants in the animal and vegetable world. In his book *The Age of Gods* Christopher Dawson gives this condensation of the religion of the hunting phase:

> But the hunter lives always in a state of utter dependence on Nature (mysterious external powers). Nature is always and everywhere his mistress and mother and he is a parasite living on her bounty through her elder and wiser and stronger beasts. Hence the religion of the primitive hunter is characterized by universality and vagueness. . . . He is a kind of primitive pantheist . . . who sees everywhere behind the outward appearance of things a vague, undifferentiated supernatural power which shows itself alike in beast and plant, in storm and thunder, in rock and tree, in the magic of the shaman and in the spirits of the dead.

Though the special guardian animal can be appealed to with more hope of direct aid, still the good will of any animal may be worth cultivating. Thus Alexander Henry, trapper, heard the warriors of a distant tribe ask a large snake they met to influence the great Sir William Johnson in their behalf.

In addition to deserving well of all the mysterious powers of nature, the growing Iroquois was expected to obey the war chiefs in battle, abide by decisions of the sachems in council, and hold his folk and their institutions superior to all other folk and institutions. To rear a loyal warrior was the prime, but by no means the only, duty of motherhood vested with all power over her young until the boy should become a man. Then, if he acquitted himself well in battle and showed wisdom, he might become a war chief or, better yet, one of the fifty Confederate Lords, provided he came of a clan of Royaneh lineage. This uniformity of training and singleness of aim, dominant through generation after generation, produced men who tended to act and react like each other, to an extent and degree difficult for us specialized moderns to comprehend. The romantic freedom of the forest, the celebrated liberties of

man in a state of nature, the joyous anarchy of the open spaces —none of these delightful absurdities of sedentary philosophers could be realized by stone-age minds drilled under the stern necessities of famine and fear. Each Iroquois grew up, therefore, under rigid controls which enforced social regularity so thoroughly that he never doubted that divine warrant set him and his kindred apart as "original men" in a world of inferior beings similarly shaped and colored.

However, the Iroquois enter history as something more than hunting tribes. When Champlain introduced his nation and race to the Mohawks by firing his arquebus at them—an introduction properly rated as one of the supreme blunders of history—they were in transition toward settled agriculture. Their women tilled the soil faithfully but inefficiently with rude implements, raising chiefly maize on lands cleared by girdling the great trees of the primeval forest. Although they did the tree-girdling for their women, the men had not been broken either to steady labor or settled domesticity; theirs was still the right to ramble in quest of food and foes. Nevertheless, it is evident that the agricultural interest was on the way up and the hunting interest on the way down. Stout men-children were occasionally given agricultural names and of these, two at least, Cornplanter and Farmer's Brother, managed to rise to leadership in spite of their peaceful matronymics. Woman's enormous influence in Iroquois life must have been steadfastly used in favor of the more secure way of life; moreover, hunting was no sinecure but beastly hard work and doomed to grow ever harder.

So we find that, while the traditional animal guardians still claimed their ritual dues, the more earthly manifestations of the Great Spirit—soil fertility and plant growth—were already the mainsprings of meaningful ceremonies. There was the Maple Festival when the sweet sap flowed, the various Berry

feasts, the Little Festival of the Green Corn, the Planting Thanksgiving, the Great Festival of the Ripe Corn and the Harvest Thanksgiving, pleasant medleys of work, religion and play. A time came when hunters consented to clear the fields by removing the trees they had girdled, when old men were expected to help the women, instead of merely standing around and giving advice, and when the Indian prophet, Handsome Lake, heard the Great Spirit speak distinctly in the whispering of the corn leaves. Cruelly hurried toward agriculture by relentless pressure on their hunting grounds, the remaining Iroquois are now farmers; but if left to themselves they probably would have trod the same path at a more leisurely pace as Neoliths in wooded Europe did, in slow evolution from the communal hunting phase to the peasant civilization of hoe and sickle, with the animal guardians repressed into mythical beasts of fairy tales, even as the peasant folk lore of Europe embalms for juveniles the serious business of the never-quite-dead past.

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A close description of an Iroquois "Long House" by an observer careful to note construction details wherever he went, is to be found in Richard Smith's Journal, since published as *The Tour of Four Great Rivers.* Reaching Oquaga in the summer of 1769, Smith found there fifteen or sixteen of these dwellings. As Oquaga was by common consent the best Iroquois town ever built, the house Smith describes may be considered as a good specimen of Iroquois architecture and domesticity:

The Habitations here are placed straggling without any order on the Banks (of the Susquehanna river, west side). They are composed of clumsy hewn Timbers & hewn Boards or Planks. You first enter an inclosed Shed or Portus which serves as a Wood house or Ketchin and then the Body of the Edifice consisting of an Entry thro upon the Ground of about 8 Feet wide on each side whereof is a Row of Stalls or Births resembling those of Horse Stables, raised a Foot from the

Earth, 3 or 4 on either side according to the Size of the House, Floored and inclosed round, except the Front, and covered on the Top. Each Stall contains an entire Family so that 6 or more families sometimes reside together, the Sisters with their Husbands and Children uniting while the Father provides them a Habitation; thus Brant & his Wife did not lodge with her Father who was a Priest & a Principal Man, but with her Sisters. The fire is made in the Middle of the Entry and a Hole is left in the Roof for the Smoke to escape for there is neither chimney nor window; consequently the place looks dark and dismal. The House is open as a Barn, save the Top of the Stalls which serve to contain their lumber by way of Garret. Beams are fixed Lenghways across the house, and on one of these, over the Fire, they hang their wooden Pot Hooks & cook their Food.

Furniture they have little; the Beds are dirty Blankets. The stalls are about 8 Feet long & 5 deep and the whole House perhaps from 30 to 50 feet in length by 20 wide, filled too often with Squalor and Nastiness. Almost every House has a Room at the End Opposite to the Ketchin serving as a larder for Provision; there are no cellars. The Roofs are no other than Sheets of Bark fastened crossways and inside to Poles by way of Rafters. Upon the Outside are split Logs which keep the Roff on; they are Pitch Roffs and it is about 8 Feet from the Ground to the Eves of the House, and this is said to be the general Form of building their Houses and Towns throughout the 6 Nations. At Ahquhaga each house possesses a paltry Garden wherein they plant Corn, Beans, Water Melons, Potatoes, Cucumbers, Muskmelons, Cabbage, French Turneps, some Apple Trees, Sallad, Parsnips & other Plants. There are now Two Plows in the Town together with cows, Hogs, Fowls, and Horses which they sell cheap but they never had any Sheep, and it is but of late that they have provided Hay for their Winter stock. Their Fences are miserable and the Land back of the village very indifferent. We found the Inhabitants civil and sober.

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In the political institutions of the Iroquois, still going concerns on some of their reservations, one can read the march of human society through the stages of family, clan, nation and confederation. The clan or cousinship is the family writ large, but matriarchal instead of patriarchal. These clans are ancient beyond words, the depositories of custom law which was in the beginning and ever shall be. In all the fundamental life-

processes of the group it is the clan which guides, decrees, punishes, governs. The clans are the landowners by birthright and the dispensers of hospitality; to his clansmen in one tribe the visitor from another Nation comes certain of welcome. One must marry outside the clan; this rule holds even against the same clan in another Nation. Old women of the clans arrange the marriages and adjust disputes of husbands and wives; when these disputes cannot be repaired by the wife's mother she lays the case before the clan as a primitive divorce court. One shares the gains of field or chase with kinsmen first of all.

The symbol of the clan is the dear old totem, or guardian animal, which has befriended the hunter's mother's people since ever time began. The Mohawks, fundamentalists as becomes the rock of the Confederacy, had but three clans—the original trio of Bear, Wolf, and Turtle. Their younger brothers, the Oneida offshoots, exercised similar restraint. But the western Nations proved less orthodox and more imaginative. In addition to Bear, Wolf, and Turtle, they added some or all of the following—Deer, Beaver, Little Turtle, Snipe, Plover, Heron and Hawk. In the constitution other clans are enumerated—Great Name Bearer, Ancient Name Bearer, Ancient Bear, Little Plover, Opposite-Side-of-the-Hand, and Wild Potatoes, but some of these must have passed out of existence for practical purposes though perhaps continuing for ceremonial usages, otherwise Beauchamp would hardly eliminate them from his category. Among so many clans it became necessary to distinguish the greater from the lesser; therefore the Animal clans take precedence over the Bird clans, except that the Deer, curiously enough, leads the Bird phratry at second table.

The clans, too, are the fortresses of privilege in the larger affairs of Nation and Confederacy. Be it noted that this is no paper league built on equality but a political organism which

had to accommodate the inevitable inequalities of talents and family pride in order to get established and endure. Certain clans possessed prior liens on Great Council seats while the sons of other clans, no matter how worthy, could rise no higher than Pine Tree Chiefs with a voice but no vote in League councils—rude tribunes of the plebs! That ablest of Senecas, Red Jacket, never rose above the rank of chief; it was even argued among them that so mighty an orator would have too much power if elevated. This suspicion of the first-rate mind in public office continues on this continent. Tuscaroras, southern kindred, joining the Confederacy in 1713, were denied the right to have clans and representation at Great Councils. Being in acute distress they were thankful to take their places as poor relations. In this variety and autonomy of clan relationships appear alike the jealousy of primitive groups defending their powers and privileges, and the wisdom of the founders of the Confederacy in permitting local and domestic self-government.

Between the Confederacy and the clans stood the several Nations. Once sovereign, with power to make war or peace, they had yielded to the confederating principle to escape extermination in war. While the right of each Nation to wage independent war on non-Leaguers remained unabridged, and was freely availed of in minor matters, there gradually and naturally developed a tendency to refer all important foreign affairs to the great Confederate Council. With Indian history, in the large, being made by the Confederacy and the clans rigidly defending ancient customs, it was in the nature of things for the Nation to decline from its former power, until its acts should become those of agent, midway between local proprietary clans and Confederacy. In time the Nation must have declined into a medium for sending representatives to the Fire of High Decision and to recruit clansmen for Con-

federate wars. This tendency was interrupted, of course, by the American Revolution, and so the progressive liquidation of the Nation as a moving force in Iroquois affairs never came to its logical conclusion; but the Mohawks showed the trend conclusively when they removed their tribal council fire to Johnson Hall and voluntarily reduced themselves, practically, to the status of a bodyguard for Sir William. No doubt they saw advantages in this move; no doubt there are social advantages in letting institutions—even that of sovereignty—dwindle to sizes in tune with their tasks; but ordinarily the diminution requires more fuss than the Mohawks made over their decline as a Nation. Eventually, it seems that the big word in their vocabulary would have been Iroquois instead of Mohawk, the larger turtle swallowing the smaller for the ultimate good of the subjects.[1]

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Whoever troubles himself to read the Constitution of the Five Nations in Arthur C. Parker's volume of that name, published by the State of New York, must marvel at the political sagacity of these men of the late stone age. The legend runs that the inspired Dekanawida struck out complete his Great Peace Pact of the League of the Hodenosaunee, and that Hiawatha (preferably Hayenhwatha) converted the Five Nations to the Pact precisely as it stands today. However, we moderns have steeled ourselves to the horrid truth that enduring political compacts never spring full-fledged from the heads of the illustrati. Instead, they grow by amendment and addition, by compromise and pressure, by trial and error, by treaty as evidenced by wampum belts.[2] In its present form, as preserved by word of mouth for the governance of the surviving Nations and the guidance of whites who fain would walk peacefully at least among men of their own color and creed, the Great Peace Pact

presents too many neat adjustments to special interests to admit of its being the work of any single individual or even of any single generation. Many minds must have smoothed its machinery; the oil of experience must have lubricated its joints, in order to harmonize so many and so various claims to power.

The Mohawks' status as First Lords of the Confederacy is solidly based on the rule that no Great Council is binding unless all of the Mohawk representatives are present. No measure can pass after the Mohawk Lords have protested against it. Mohawks and Senecas form a senior house, or body, and sit on one side of the council; Oneidas and Cayugas make up the lower house. The lower house could not take up a question until it was passed to them by the senior house. If both houses approved, the decision was submitted to Onondaga representatives, keepers of the sacred fire, for confirmation. But this central Nation, while providing the presiding officer for each council and keeping the sacred council fire burning and the hearth ever swept, did not vote unless the two houses disagreed. The voting was quite intricate, by classes of sachemhood. But each Nation seems to have had at least one chance to block any decision, and complete unanimity was necessary to bind the Confederacy. Thus the Oneidas, influenced by Missionary Kirkland, prevented the Confederacy from declaring war on the thirteen colonies in the Revolution. An Iroquois Great Council, therefore, takes rank as an historic parliament of the first order, a no-cloture senate where the issue must be solemnly threshed out to the very last doubt or scruple before the Confederacy could be committed to any policy. Our hurrying modern world looks impatiently upon the slow unfolding of the League of Nations, yet this later League will be short-lived in comparison to the Iroquois League if the former attempts to change its present rule of unanimous decisions. We surmise that the Confederacy in its

early stages dulled with tall talk the suspicions of the quarrelsome Nations which composed it; probably there is no other way for men of peace, to circumvent ardent nationalism armed to the teeth.

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While the men were the tongues of the Confederacy, the women were its ears. Theirs was the task of recording on the tablets of memory the decisions of each conference, in order that they might report to their clans and transmit history to their children and their children's children. Since Iroquois picture writing was too inflexible to record accurately the legislation of this supple-minded people, woman-memory proved to be the very essence of international solidarity from generation to generation. In disputes over precedents the old women were called upon to testify, and the sachems consulted them frequently, being fully aware that a legislator's reputation at home often depends upon fireside gossip. These Indian legislators, however, had a special reason for heeding the opinion of their women constituents, for if a sachem proved derelict in duty or became unfit for his task, the constitution provided for his recall by the women of the Royaneh clans affected. They were "the heirs of his title" and on their motion the War Chief had no option but to wait upon the offender and serve notice of demotion. Woman's hands placed the antlers of authority on the leader's head, and woman's hands lifted them off when he sickened unto death. Here was a matriarchate which permitted the men to govern as long as they governed wisely and meddled not with the fundamentals of life, which as clan affairs were under woman's direct authority. But if the men blundered, they could be quietly brought to reason by the maternal rein.

All this legal and political deference to women seems to

derive directly from the obvious biologic fact that, while fathers have to take their children on faith, motherhood evidences itself unmistakably. Therefore the Iroquois, who never blinked realities, traced descent through the female line, and otherwise gave the woman power over the life stream of the race. Mothers arranged the marriage of both their sons and daughters. If a lad's mother was a Bear, he became forever a Bear; and though Wolf Pater might hang around Mother Bear's wigwam or cubicle in the long house while home from war or the hunt, Wolf Pater had less authority over Cub Bear than had the boy's maternal uncles. However, puberty brought an important change. In order that the fledgeling brave might learn the best tricks of both clans and hear the wisest words of all his cousins, Wolf Pater could take Bear Cub with him into the wildwood for instruction in the complex arts of bagging game and scalps. There, perhaps, over a jug of trade rum or a kettle of Algonquin stew, he would hear the Wolves sing their songs of prowess and their laments for the departed. Thenceforth each warrior had two sets of cousins, an arrangement neatly calculated to knit the Nation together. As the Confederacy aged, frequent marriages between the Nations' different tribes set up other enduring bonds. Similarity of language also made for unity; although the dialects were different they had a common root and with the help of conventional picture-symbols any tribesman could make himself understood anywhere in the Confederacy.

In this Constitution of the Five Nations, then, are found practically all the safeguards which have been raised in historic parliaments to protect home affairs from centralized authority, and to insure internal peace without domestic tyranny. In addition it has these modern innovations—the right of popular nomination, the right of recall of representatives for cause, and woman suffrage in its most complete and authoritative form.

Small wonder that the Iroquois were fast becoming the masters of all eastern America when the whites brought with them riddles not to be read by stone-age statesmen. Here were a people so fearless in war and so acute in council that they might still be occupying America's great pass if they had not been gutted by fire water, decimated by the diseases brought among them by whites, and gentled by their friends, among them Sir William Johnson, Bart., of Johnson Hall.

Almost four thousand Iroquois still live on their own lands in the State of New York. By the treaty of 1794 they were regarded as an independent people, and hence have steadfastly considered themselves allies, not wards, of the United States. In 1812 the Senecas and Onondagas of New York declared war on Great Britain. Since 1923 they have been citizens of the United States. Both federal and state governments, however, have treated the Iroquois as wards at times, although the Attorney-General of New York has ruled that the regulations of the Conservation Commission, as respects hunting, etc., do not apply on their reservations. Nearly all the Indian nations of New York have taken cases to the Supreme Court of the United States, and have sometimes been successful, as in the case by which the Seneca and Cayuga Nations recovered the value of their lands in Kansas. Always resolute in defense, the Six Nations of Canada have even sent a representative to the League of Nations at Geneva, praying for relief from alleged invasions of their rights, but British representatives objected to recognition on the ground that the dispute was an internal matter. The draft was not applied to New York Indians in the World War, but many enlisted.

In general, the ancient intricate scheme of government established in their dim past still rules by common consent and without the sanction of force the still substantial remnants of that able people, who find in its exquisite imagery and deep

religious feeling additional reasons for loyal acceptance. With the possible exception of the also unwritten British Constitution deriving from Magna Charta, this of the Five Nations is the oldest going international constitution in the world. So imperishable are its sanctions—peace, reverence and brotherhood—that it may outlast all other American constitutions, including that of the Federal Union, which is frequently flouted by this or that section or interest as that of the Six Nations rarely was. Herein may be seen one of the retributions of history, that rum, which did so much to limit the authority of the Constitution of the Five Nations, should now somewhat trouble the Constitution of the whites.

Such were the folk who took Honest Trader Johnson to themselves by solemn rite of adoption, with the name of Warraghiyagey—"he who does much business"—and who raised him up as a public man and war chief before he attracted attention elsewhere. There can be no doubt that Indian life exerted upon Johnson a profound influence which tended, during his early years on the frontier to wean him away from his family and the conventions of white society. Conversely, Johnson proved to be the greatest personal influence on the life of the League of the Hodenosaunee from the time of its founding in the dim past down to the present. To its members he ever applied the dignified appellation of the Six Nations, but in deference to modern usage, we have used, alternatively, the racial term Iroquois, although it is really of wider significance than the Six Nations.

CHAPTER VIII

A BREAK WITH THE FAMILY

In the early, unofficial life of William Johnson he wrote home so seldom that his neglect became a family scandal; for twelve years after his arrival his silence grieved his parents greatly. Another evidence of rift is his failure ever to return to Ireland. He discussed a visit with his brother Warren as early as '44 and in '54 virtually promised his aged father that he would soon wait on him. Both of these failures to do the obvious, require explaining, and neither explanation adds anything to Johnson's stature. We shall find him proving to all the world save his father and brothers that William Johnson is a faithful correspondent and prompt negotiator, adjusting speedily all accounts except that with his uncle and benefactor, and settling the quarrels of distant Nations while that of himself and his relatives in Ireland drags miserably along year after year until almost the end of his life.

Ample evidence of Johnson's neglect of his parents has survived the wrath of time. His aunt, Lady Warren (born Susan De Lancey and the sister of the Chief Justice) wrote this doubly pathetic letter to her nephew at Mount Johnson on April 21, 1744, announcing the death of Johnson's mother:

> I have a letter from yr Father, who says she dyed ye 26th of January of a tedious decay occasioned by a Cholick and ague, he complains that yu dont write to him, I am an unfit person to mention this malencholy affair to yu, for I have not spirits to give you any Comfort. (And no wonder, for the dear lady had just lost two children.)[1]

A year and a half later, on November 5, 1745, his brother Warren, waiting at Portsmouth for a fleet of transports bound for Cape Breton, there to join his uncle, now commodore, and his bucko cousin, Micky Tyrrell, set to paper this added and merited reproach:

> I cannot readely express the trouble and concern it has given my father and all of us that we had not received one letter from you but one these four years I beg Dr Bro; you will write to him oftner.[2]

Let us hope the single letter mentioned as received in Ireland was one condoling with the old father on the death of his devoted helpmeet; later her son is to become one of the paramount condolers of all time, wiping away the tears from the eyes of whole tribes following the deaths of their kinsmen—a ceremony vital in the statecraft of the Six Nations. Well, old Christopher's eyes required wiping in '44 and we trust his distant son humbly exercised his gifts for that purpose. But not even the knowledge of Christopher's lonely plight can stir the rising young magnate of the Mohawk to regular letters home, because a second brother, John Johnson, continues the deserved admonishment from Dublin, January 13, 1750, in this wise:

> I must now also acquaint you what great concerns my poor old father is under for not hearing from you often he is like one reaving at your remissnes in Corresponding with him he seems realy to be doteing on you above all his Children for in all his discourses about you the usually end in tears and he is greatly surprized that silvester Farrall's letter (a brother-in-law's brother Ferrall, broke and in a bad repute at home, who had just come over to Johnson) should so soon Come to his friends here and none from you to him and hopes it is not affluence of your fortune makes you forget him and hopes (this) will put you in mind not to be forgetfull for the future of so good and indulgent a father.[3]

That Christopher was ever a particularly indulgent father may well be doubted; an old soldier, inured to discipline in a hard school, could be depended upon not to spare the rod,

and a tale that Christopher was a mighty wielder of that instrument of torture, has come down to us. But the inference from that tale to the effect that William Johnson hated his father because of those beatings seems to us absurd. Although Johnson suffered intense and long continued pains in later life, he bore them like a stoic. How unlikely, then, that floggings received by an exceptionally husky youth in a day when corporal punishment for children had been exalted into a religious and political duty, should cause this extremely good-natured man to sulk for years in the wilderness.

Neither do we think that this "affluence" or prosperity held back his pen, in the fear that he might be besieged with requests for money from home and overridden by impecunious relatives if he warmed the way to Mount Johnson with letters. Even while neglecting his parents, he showed a proper family feeling toward several other members of the family. Warren thanks him for a substantial gift sent on almost at the same time that the giver was hard enough pressed for ready money to borrow two hundred dollars (probably Spanish) from Robert Sanders. Many a relative and relative's relative, in the clannish Irish way, came to him for a visit, for a loan, for a start in the New World, for any or all the reasons which impel the weak to seek the aid of the strong. Some of them, like the rather irresponsible Ferralls, gave him real concern and cost him money; others brought him luck, love, and loyal service; but without exception he welcomed each and exerted himself in their behalf, until they had either made a place for themselves or had completely forfeited his confidence.

The stock excuses in extenuation of this callous silence toward his parents are unconvincing. It is true that Johnson's first years were desperately busy ones, during which he had small time for writing letters. Not until later, when he had secretaries at his disposal, did his correspondence grow to large

proportions. It is true, too, that the dropping of home ties is one of the commonplaces of frontier life; on with the new life, off with the old! Why write when the fingers are stiff with toil, and the recipients are so far out of this environment that they seem as if in another world? In a common man that would be an acceptable explanation, but Johnson seems never to have forgotten that he was a person of quality, of good family and upbringing, educated, and wishing to continue that education, to which end he brings to his hearthside books, pictures, music, maps and scientific instruments. Seizes, too, upon any educated being who comes that way, and carries him home for a rousing talk. Hardly would such a man surrender, with no better reason than this, a tie which, in addition to whatever it meant in affection, meant also a grip on social position, culture and the amenities of life.

. . . . . .

There are better reasons for this estrangement. We feel sure that son William, having taken unto himself without benefit of clergy a daughter of the plebs, and a foreigner at that, woke up shortly afterward in deep remorse. It was one thing to buy a desirable woman on the frontier, where a strong man could stand alone and frown down embarrassing questions; and quite another to explain his choice and conduct to parents who probably still thought of him as a good little boy. Moreover, there was the whole Johnson connection to be considered—sisters, cousins and maiden aunts—what a clatter of tongues should it ever become known that William, in God-forsaken America, had a mistress of that sort! To this day Ireland remains Puritan in sex matters and like all families distinguished more for respectability than for wealth or genius, the Johnsons must have been deeply wounded by a gross irregularity of this sort.

His mother, we feel sure, would have rated the union with

Catherine not only as a sin; but, even worse, as a social blunder —a servant girl, indentured, bought like a beast and some kind of Dutch creature at that! How are the Johnsons fallen—God save us! Recall, please, that Mrs. Johnson was a Warren of Warrenstown, and a woman who in none too affluent circumstances amid relatives better financed, fought all her married life against a rising tide of children to maintain a social position never too secure. Those fortunates who have never been forced to withstand a social siege on short rations can scarce appreciate the painful possibilities inherent in a close relative's reckless departure from the code of hearth and neighbors. Only the rich and poor can afford to laugh at or with their unconventional relations. Johnson may have thought that by holding his family in Ireland at arms' length—not a bad bull, that—he would save them a painful discovery and likewise protect his domestic arrangement from a close review in the one quarter which had a right to question and chide.

On this hypothesis one might look for a resumption of home correspondence after Catherine's death; but the 1750 letter reveals continuing neglect of the lonely and swiftly aging father. This does not invalidate our theory, however, for two reasons, Catherine was not the last of Johnson's mistresses, and the others were of a breed and color to astonish Ireland even more than his first consort. Second, there had begun between Johnson and some of his Irish relatives a stubborn money quarrel which, from first to last, ran more than twenty-five years. This militated against close, friendly correspondence, and in our opinion it also subtly influenced Johnson never to return to his old home.

In a previous chapter we quoted from two letters exchanged between Captain Peter Warren and his nephew relative to the latter's management of the Captain's lands at Warrensbush (or Warrensborough) on the south shore of the Mohawk. In the

first the Captain lays down a policy and establishes a financial basis for what is obviously a joint enterprise for profit, the older man pitting capital against the younger man's labor—a form of coöperation popular since ever the world began. However, no sooner was Johnson acclimated than he began to look around for himself and snapped up lands more favorably located across the river. Upon hearing this Uncle Warren said something about youthful unfaithfulness, for Johnson, in reply, assures him vehemently that he has not "the least notion in the World" to move across the river, seeking there merely a favorable site for a saw mill and a store where the High Germans and the Indians pass in commercial quantities. No, no, Dr Uncle, your dear Billy would never dream of deserting your investment, and in addition is he not grateful for past favors? Oh! very fulsomely and handsomely does young William express his gratitude, though in a way to suggest that his view of the joint enterprise is that it was merely a way for a doting uncle to set a favorite nephew up in the world:

> I must acknowledge, Dr Uncle that wt great favours you were pleased to do me was a Sufficient Beginning And am with all Gratitude Imaginable Contented with it.[4]

Uncle Warren liked still less his nephew's move to the once-denied north shore in '43; nor does he appear to have accepted then the mantle of generosity which young William so deftly threw over him when the matter was discussed four years earlier. Although a large part of the Warrensbush tract had been sold, and Johnson no doubt planned to handle the balance from his new home, Warren showed what he thought of his nephew's desertion by giving his lawyer, Oliver De Lancey, responsibility for the property. Evidently, too, he put in a claim for sums advanced to Johnson, for the latter at a meeting of the twain in New York gave his uncle three notes or bonds for upwards of £1,025 and a deed for a tract of land by way of security,

which instruments later became apples of discord. Although Johnson made journeys to New York in both '46 and '47, he probably gave these notes in the former year, when Warren would be likely to take a rest there after his strenuous service at Louisburg, before proceeding to European waters, where he participated in the smashing victory off Cape Finisterre. Not long afterward Admiral Warren retired to Warrenstown where he bought lands, won a Parliament seat and settled down to the life of a rich country gentleman as Sir Peter Warren, Knight of the Bath, sporting squire and popular member of Parliament. At no time did he attempt collection of Johnson notes, and he became so far reconciled that he interested himself in trying to get for Johnson restitution for moneys spent in Indian affairs at Governor Clinton's order; the Assembly having refused to honor the bill, payment was sought in London. But the Admiral, perhaps with a chuckle, perhaps with a frown, wrote into his will a clause which took delayed revenge upon dear Billy. Sir Peter willed to William Johnson's brothers and sisters his claims against William Johnson.

Here were the makings of a malignant family row, not long in breaking, for the Admiral died suddenly in '52. Lady Warren, as executrix, dreaded to act in these peculiar circumstances; there is some reason to believe, also, that five of the six surviving brothers and sisters preferred to suffer in silence rather than wash the Johnson linen in public. One sister, Mrs. Abraham Sterling, eventually insisted upon procedure under the will. After many years she took out a writ to compel the executrix to act for the benefit of heirs. Attorney Oliver De Lancey, returning from England in 1753, began a correspondence with Johnson on the subject which was still going strong in 1769,[5] five years before Johnson's death.

The letter of '53 to De Lancey states Johnson's case as he saw it in the early stages of this melancholy dispute:

As to what dealings (if I may properly call them so) was between my Dr Uncle and me, I never kept any acctt of takeing it for grant, by the many letters he wrote me when yet in Ireland, by what he told me when he sent me from Boston to Settle here, and by Several subsequent letters, that He would give me a certain tract of Land in Warrensborough, and Supply me with all things necessary to carry on my work. He did accordingly Send me many things out of his own good Will several of which realy were useless to me. these things I used, in Clearing a Farm out of the thickest timbered Woods I ever saw where I laboured sorely the best of my Days, not doubting in the least it was for myself. I being at York he desired I would give him Bonds for them Sums, which I did, but never made any entry of them, so easy I was about it, untill I received a letter from Lady Warren last Summer relateing thereto—upon wh. I enquired of the Chief Justice our present Gouverneur (James De Lancey) who told me he did not know any thing about my Accts. with Sr Peter but desired me to apply to Mr. Nicholls, who was kind enough to Shew me his Books, whereby I found that I had given three different Bonds, at different times to the amount of £1025 Sterlg, or thereabts. this is all I know abt. it haveing kept no Acctt. (as I before observed) of what he was pleased to Send me, and all I can say is that I should be verry glad to have it Settled, and I doubt not You Sr. and the other Gentlemen concerned will think it reasonable (If I am not to have the Land I improved on Warrensborough) that then I should be allowed the Expenses I have been at, which was very considerable.[6]

Many years later two able lawyers, Nicholls and Chambers, in a proceeding which amounted to arbitration, compounded the case practically on the basis Johnson outlined above. They understood what the Irish relatives could hardly be expected to understand—that the temper of frontier life was all against a strong man continuing to work for an absentee, and that Johnson's move to the north shore was both natural and inevitable. In reckoning the debts either way they seem to have given Johnson handsome allowance for his management of Warren lands, which must have been more than ordinarily successful; probably they also took into account the fact that development work on the north side may have been done with horses, tools, and material—in short, capital—from the Warrensbush tract.

In the end, however, they concluded that Johnson had a clear balance in his favor. Even after that the bonds and security deeds were not surrendered; Johnson is still found trying to get them in '69, twenty-five years and more after leap-frogging the Mohawk. In the end all parties gave up their claims against all the others, and Johnson included his share under the Sir Peter Warren will.

. . . . . .

While it may seem ungracious toward our subject to take exceptions to a misty award of qualified arbitrators, we think Johnson's position in this whole controversy leaves vastly much to be desired. When the arbitration occurred, long after the event, Johnson had become the richest and most powerful man in the colony, whom persons hesitated to offend. Lawyers sedulously sought his favor. Oliver De Lancey, attorney for the other side, remained Johnson's close friend throughout, to a degree which hardly admits of the case being pressed on its merits. An arbitration lends itself to the subtle influence of prestige even more than does a proceeding in open court, yet even court justice in the colony of New York had a way of resulting in victories for the strong at the expense of the weak, for the present at the expense of the distant. If the dispute between Johnson and his uncle had been arbitrated at the start, when the circumstances were fresh in the mind and before the young Irish immigrant had become the great Sir William, the result might have been different.

Reconstructing this situation in the light of the letters available in thirty years of correspondence over it, our conclusion is that, when Sir Peter insisted on secured notes for £1,025 sterling from his nephew in '46 or thereabouts, the sailor-uncle then and there took full cognizance of the offsetting claim raised by Johnson, and still had to his credit the balance covered by the

documentary evidences of debt. Johnson was then more than thirty, a Justice of the Peace and a keen trader; his uncle, while probably a little angry, was a thoroughly just man, who liked Billy in spite of his obstreperousness, of which this desire to go his own way in life and business was one example. Would such a creditor be apt to force upon such a debtor acknowledgment unjust and overlarge? Even if Warren had tried it, Johnson would have refused the corn. Everything we know of the uncle indicates that he would not have pressed an unjust claim; everything we know of the nephew indicates he would never have signed a note and given security for the same without bringing forward in diminution of that debt every existing offset which a mind singularly acute at figures and skilled in accounting could muster.

How, then, shall we account for the discrepancy? In our opinion it arises from the fact that in the settlement of '46 Warren and Johnson took into account the value of a going trading business as well as of land improvements, while the arbitrators and the Irish heirs themselves concentrated on land affairs only. Johnson, perforce, had to leave his real estate improvements on the south side of the river, but he took the Warren-Johnson business along with him, lock, stock and barrel, good will, far-flung accounts and all. After that settlement of '46, the trading business was legally Johnson's; before the settlement a court would probably have ruled that it was a partnership. Warren put capital into it and reasonably might expect part of the profits. However, no return seems to have come from that investment although it was profitable from the start; consequently there must have been deferred profit in the balance of £1,025 struck in his favor after the Johnson offsets had been claimed and deducted. We think that William Johnson recognized the latter figure as a true debt, and gave notes for it on that basis; but in view of his uncle's wealth

and personal favor he had every expectation that he would never be called upon to pay it, thinking no doubt that it would be written off later, by deducting it from his share of his rich uncle's estate. At the time the notes were given, no one would have guessed that the robust Warren would be dead in six years, at the early age of forty-nine.

Pushing this theory a bit further, it is easy to see that presentation of this bill in '53 was truly a facer for Johnson. While he had been prospering greatly as the frontier reckons prosperity, he was still frequently pinched for ready money. Land speculations on "shoestrings" had thrust him into that uncomfortable but not so poverty-stricken group described as "land poor." Since he rarely sold land, but instead pushed settlement by financing and establishing pioneer families, the returns in these early years were less than the outgo, and the profits of his domestic trade were bespoken long before they were earned. We have seen already how loth Johnson was to draw funds from overseas deposit. In addition to these difficulties which remained more or less chronic for some years, he still had moneys coming to him which he had laid out in the defense of the colony, to keep the Six Nations friendly and to supply the distant posts. His personal credit had been pledged, his personal capital reduced, to perform a public duty which a niggardly Assembly neglected. Why, he had even borrowed money personally from Governor Clinton to meet the expenses of Governor Clinton's policy, and had the supreme joy of being delicately dunned by Clinton for the money before he could collect from the authorities the wherewithal to pay it! Victim, alike, of partisan jealousy, "demokratical" prejudices and hazy public financing, Johnson was obliged to carry official warrants for months before he could realize on them. Not until these debts had been cleared away in part (they never were honestly settled in full) and Johnson had received his

grant of £5,000 sterling from Parliament for the victory at Lake George, could William Johnson be reckoned entirely solvent; that is, able to pay his obligations on demand.

It is remarkable that neither the principals nor lawyers on the other side of this long drawn out international argument ever advanced reimbursement for a share of the trading house as justification of Johnson's secured debt. Johnson had an excellent, if scarcely ethical, reason for keeping the discussion on the basis of land and improvements. In view of all the conditions, we think it sheer hypocrisy for him to dilate on the sacrificial character of his labors at Warrensbush—"the best years of my life" and all that rot. The truth is that Captain Warren gave Johnson an opportunity which Johnson, like most so-called self-made men, ceased to consider valuable as soon as he had squeezed an independent status out of it. Certain of his maneuvers in this dispute, moreover, are in outrageous taste. He suggests that Lady Warren is moved less by the interest of the heirs than by selfish considerations; the fact is that this delightful lady, as Johnson eventually learned (we hope to his shame) delayed as long as possible under the importunities of others and finally had to be subpœnaed to act. Learning that the Abraham Sterlings were prime movers on the other side, he attacks Sterling as a worthless character. He inquires with heat who the ringleaders are, indicating that he'll show 'em when he makes his will, an appeal from right to might which seems at this distance like unjustifiable bounce.[7]

When, therefore, this unexpected demand for immediate settlement came to hand, it is our belief that Johnson, automatically and without great reflection, began to spar for time; later, he reacted against pressure and fought back. His letter of '53 to De Lancey on the latter's return from Ireland is humility itself, compared with the truculence of later letters on the subject. Johnson's native combativeness and tenacity,

among his strong traits, express themselves in this dogged conflict, for worse rather than better. Also it is probable that one of the ruling habits of his life—that of never granting to his Indian wards anything which he had once denied them—had already become so fixed as to influence him to continue to resist home pressure long after his financial condition improved to the point where he might have yielded without feeling the loss and to the benefit of his peace of mind.

Highly significant is the fact that, after all this dilly-dallying and backbiting, he did rather well by his brothers and sisters in his will. Even the Sterlings are mentioned there with the rest, as heirs to five land patents, whole or fractional. Wise Sir William directs that these are to be sold and the proceeds divided equally. Since there must have been at least 30,000 acres in these patents (two of the five contained 18,000 acres) their value in 1774 must have been far in excess of the principal and interest of the Warren claim. So much of Johnson's large estate went over the Revolutionary dam and did his kinsfolk no good, that we trust this section of his will was carried out in time to escape the general confiscation and benefit the long neglected Johnsons of Smithtown. Such, however, are the slowness of executors and the exactitudes of surrogates that we doubt if they ever realized a penny from that source.

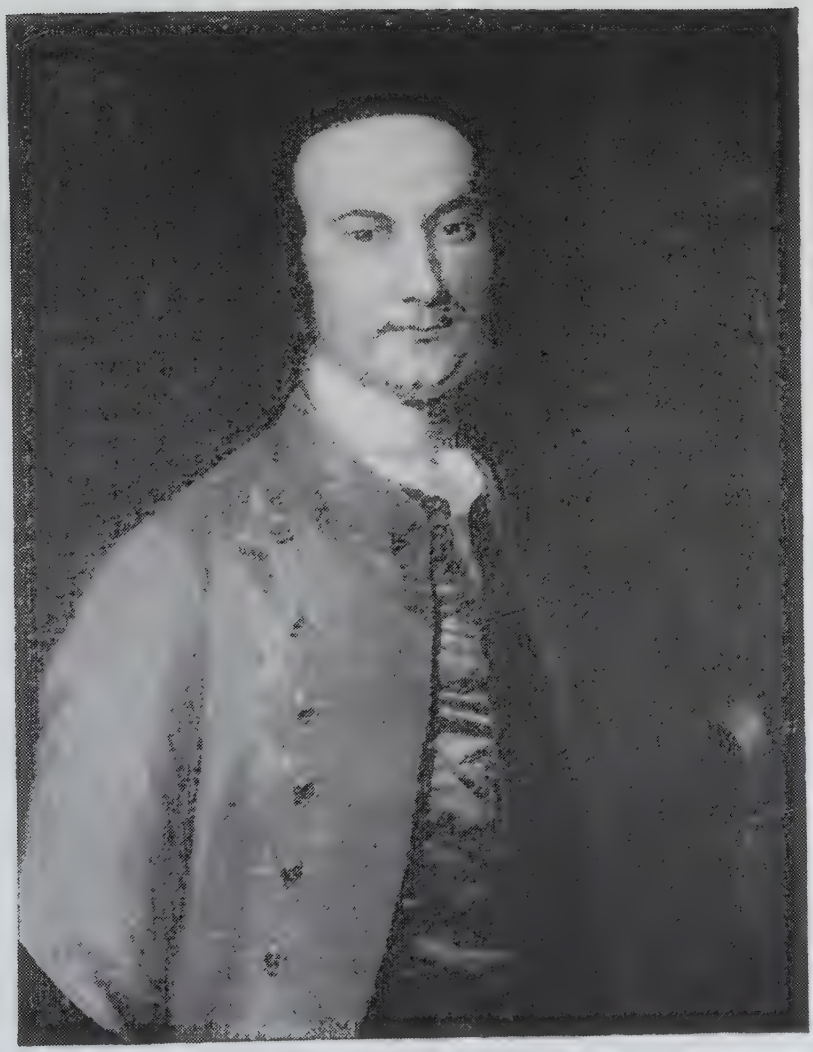
* * * * * *

As a postscript to the very letter of '54 in which Johnson hits his brothers and sisters over his father's shoulder,[8] and in which he hints broadly that he will soon be in Ireland, the son sets forth that he is sending Christopher a painting done four years before. "As I cannot wait on you myself yet awhile," he writes, "I send you my Picture wh. I had drawn four years ago, the Drapery I would have altered, but here is no Painter now can do it, the greatest fault in it is, the narrow

hanging Shoulders, wh. I beg you may get altered as Mine are verry broad and square."

Conning this likeness of Johnson in 1750, one perceives in this newly arrived statesman of thirty-five the following obvious points. Unusual height and breadth of brow, a strong and deeply cleft chin, a little too well cushioned in fat just above the stock to satisfy the standards of male beauty demanded by the modern collar trade. Eyes widely spaced, with an understanding, somewhat quizzical look in them, but not as much decision as one would expect from the record. A generous, humorous, emotional mouth, archly inclined toward the sensual. All in all a somewhat courtly, man-of-the-world type, where one would look for a bluff, bulky pillar of the border. One reason why in this picture Johnson does not look the rôle he played is unquestionably those sloping shoulders, manifestly wrong and yet destined never to be corrected. Old Christopher was clearly beyond such delicate business as hiring an artist to square a son he had not seen for sixteen years. So the picture hangs to this day in the Albany Institute of History and Art exactly as the unknown artist painted it, exactly as Father Christopher received it; just as John Johnson took it to Warrenstown, whither he moved to collect Uncle Warren's rents, just as Dr. Clarke, of Albany, bought it in 1921 of John Leonard, of Culmullen House, Drumree, County Meath, who had it from his uncle in Warrenstown, thus ending the long journey from the Mohawk to Ireland and back again.

But Sir William Johnson never followed his likeness on that journey. He was always going to, and never did. Like all successful men, he would have enjoyed swaggering a bit on his native heath. Hadn't he danced into astonished Albany with the braves and strutted magnificent in word and gesture before painted, feathered audiences? A showman born to the grand manner, what a figure he would have made returning to County



COLONEL WILLIAM JOHNSON

At the age of thirty-five. From an oil painting in the Albany Institute of History and Art.

Meath in the fullness of his fortune and glory! There would be a coach and four, footmen in livery, and outriders to boot, to show captious relatives that the small town boy had made good. Even when his doctors advised sea air, he went to Long Island beaches instead of taking ship. We believe we know why. He—the great man—was ashamed of himself as regards home ties; he had "lost face" in the home circle. Though he might dominate a continent, never could he quite conquer the fear that, underneath their welcome, his brothers and sisters might think him a small, mean fellow in spite of his recorded triumphs, his mounting rent rolls, his title of nobility and his manifest power.

CHAPTER IX

JOHNSON MOVES OUT AND UP

FOUR or five years after Johnson assured his "Dr Uncle" that he did not have "the least notion in the World" of moving across the river to his lands acquired in '39, we find him comfortably at home there in a house which he named, with rather more swank than seems necessary, "Mount Johnson." Visitors on the trail of the authentic Johnson are often mystified by the fact that the stone residence on the level land, now so beautifully kept up by the Montgomery County Historical Society, is sometimes called Mount Johnson and sometimes Fort Johnson, the former being the name of the estate by virtue of the high hill behind it. One story high, the older house stood east of Kayaderosseras Creek, whereas the later and more pretentious stone dwelling lies west of the creek and was built about five years later. The original Mount Johnson house was no such mansion as the second; but even so it was probably a vast improvement over the original quarters on the south shore. From its front windows, pleasantly sunny in winter, one could gaze up and down one of the loveliest pastoral valleys in the wide world. Anna, the eldest daughter, commonly called Nancy, received this dwelling for her home when she married Captain Daniel Claus, one of Sir William's aides in the Indian service. It was burned during the Revolution.

All in all, Catherine, the unwed wife, must have been a proud woman when she moved across the river with her three-year-old daughter and one-year-old son. Presently came another daughter and then the end, so that, mistress or wife, the good

woman had only two years in which to enjoy the charming view, the sun in the windows, and the stir of travel on the great highway just below. Growing a little longer and harder each year, this highway, now the Great Hot-Dog Trail of Motor Travel, pressed forward, like a living thing, into the uncharted West. But there must have been plenty of life and color on it even then to satisfy Catherine—soldiers in red coats, Indians in their strouds and feathers, traders stocking up with wilderness styles, battoe rowdies whose hair-raising oaths it is just as well she could not understand, settlers to whom she could talk the High German tongue of her fathers. To her table—one wonders whether she merely waited on the menfolk or sat down with them—must have come some of the vital figures of the frontier world. Captain Rutherford, no doubt, in command of the regulars' post at Albany, and going up to inspect his post at Oswego, a gallant soldier and philosopher to boot, ever with peace in his heart no matter whom he fought, a correspondent who discourses on abstruse problems with Cadwallader Colden (no mean disputer even for those disputatious times). Though far separated from friends and family Rutherford writes that winter garrison duty in Albany is "perfectly agreeable when spent in the company of mathematics, philosophy and politics." Johnson and Rutherford were to struggle many a weary mile together before they were done with border warfare, and we suspect they cracked many a bottle together in amiable, elevating, prodigious discourses.

Likewise would appear, occasionally, one of Rutherford's lieutenants, Walter Butler, a soldier of another type but an excellent man to have on your side in a shindy. Butler came to America from Ireland for the drive on Canada in 1711, and stayed on to gain land and experience. Incredible as it may seem, Walter Butler remained a lieutenant all his fighting days (Griffis says seventy years, but we think he confused the service

records of father and son). Perhaps Father Butler never had enough cash or credit to buy a company, purchase being the only way of rising from a lieutenancy to a captaincy in those days. But, as he participated profitably in one of Governor Cosby's land grants, perhaps he preferred lesser responsibility on the distant posts. A rough frontier soldier Walter Butler would be, no philosophy for him in his leisure, but instead swaggering tales with lusty oaths and much thumping of tables. Old Walter reared three sons, one of whom (Thomas) went into trade and dealt largely in Johnson goods at Oswego; another, John, took the King's shilling early. As a captain of Indian levies under Johnson in '55, Tom Butler escaped with his life from the carnage of the "Bloody Morning Scout at Lake George." Colonel John Butler and his son, Walter N., followed Sir John Johnson into the Tory ranks, and with him became a hated raider of the Mohawk. A staunch but rather grubby family these Butlers seem to have been, with no social ambitions and less luck, but faithful to the Johnsons to the bitter end. Old Walter, sitting there at William Johnson's table, cracking jokes no lady could have listened to (Catty probably was in the kitchen washing the dishes), would have double-damned anyone for a congenital fool who dared to say that he or his sons would some day be names to hiss in the Valley which he opened to settlements.

Other visitors would be Arent Stevens, a master hand with the Indians, and some of those Dutchized Scotties just west of Schenectady—the Sanders and Glen clans. Often enough, too, the whites would find there solemn Iroquois sachems, Old Hendrik and Abraham, never known to smile except in rum, wondering, perhaps, where these odd whites found all their small talk and large bottles.

At the store stranger characters still would come and go on errands to and from this mighty man of business. One-eyed

William stops on his way from Oswego, whereupon Storekeeper Johnson must tap him for one Spanish dollar which Thomas Butler advanced the one-eyed for a gallon of rum. Whiskered battoemen, loading and unloading their scows, pass from warehouse to wharf; inside, trapper shoulders Indian; Dutch settler and High German bargain for goods, while the young merchant moves alertly here and there, his eyes on everything and every one. Goods going out—blankets and stockings; pease, rum, molasses, powder, lead and gun flints, garlix, callico, callamancoe, gartering, gimps, shags, jews'-harps, penniston, buckling combs, wampum white and wampum black, and other items too numerous to mention. Goods coming in—beaver, Indian dressed deerskins, deerskins in the hair, bearskins, cats (presumably wild), otters, gray foxes, red foxes, martins, fishers, wolves, musquash, minks, flour, lumber, tar, turpentine, cattle—a little later, ginseng.

Scarcely could one travel the Mohawk trail without stopping at Johnson's—for food, drink (mostly strong), for goods with which to win an Indian maid, for news, for to buy a negro or Pani slave, for any reason or none. Traffic is comparative; no doubt this frontier road, knee deep in mud in spring and always full of chuck holes, seemed busy as a city street to Catty and the Johnson children, after the seclusion of the sidetracked south shore. A little later the place became, indeed, the administrative center of a domain imperial in extent; but from all that power and rustic splendor poor Catty was to be cut off by death. Possibly she would have understood little of its significance if she had lived.

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Certainly it would have required a more intellectual woman than Catty to comprehend the ins-and-outs of the French and English struggle for the possession of the Mohawk. No doubt

she shuddered often enough at the thought of massacre, but the whys and wherefores of this interminable border conflict she left to her man. One lived briefly; this quarrel went on forever. For a century it continued, lapsing and flaming, lapsing and flaming, and many of the distant statesmen involved seemed at times to be hazy regarding their objectives. In the flaming intervals probably all that the average Mohawk dweller understood was that he and his lived in the bright, too bright, face of danger. Then the conflict would be damped down for a while by amiable gentlemen far away, after which there would be only random outrages in stray places, a few scalps lifted here or there just to keep the hand in. There was always some danger that the Indians would become too civilized for war.

Hardly had the Johnsons occupied their new house when they must fortify the whole steading against attack in the third phase of this long struggle for possession of the American hinterland.[1] This was the War of the Austrian Succession, locally known as King George's War, because Americans thought the Soldier King, who had fought to good purpose at Dettingen, might do something equally satisfying in this affair. The French tossed the ball in the air far to the east, where Duquesnel, their governor of Cape Breton, attacked the English fisheries and settlements in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, even laying siege to Annapolis Royal. (Duquesnel was to lose his great fortress of Louisburg the next year to pay for his temerity, Uncle Peter Warren commanding the naval forces in that glorious victory.) From the seaboard the flames ran westward along the frontier, threatening all who lived or moved in the vast sparsely settled regions which were the prize of battle.

All up and down the seacoast the colonies had been putting their several houses in order for the war, in their fumbling, every-colony-for-itself way. Indian relations had been smoothed

by two conferences in Pennsylvania, one at Philadelphia, in '42, another and greater one at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in '44, where the ancient feud between the Catawbas and the Iroquois had been wiped away "for duration." At these councils appeared Conrad Weiser, a Palatine German, who had reached Pennsylvania via the Schoharie and the Delaware, a man trusted by all Indians to his dying day. In preparation for the huge Lancaster powwow, New York called the various tribes to Albany, but with indifferent success. The Iroquois renewed the old Covenant chain oratorically, but they were not ready to take up the hatchet against the French. When the French took the field, that would be time enough to talk war. Meantime they complained of the high price of goods, snubbed the injudicious recommendations of the Board of Indian Commissioners on the subject of bringing the Cayugas and Senecas closer together for purposes of defense, and otherwise gave Governor Clinton [3] furiously to think.

This man Clinton—how shall we make him seem real, so thoroughly has his type of public servant vanished? Gallant seaman, dissolute younger son, boozer, and grafter, he excites our sympathy, sometimes even our admiration, because he tried to have the colony play a brave, high part in conflict.[2] No doubt his cause, in the abstract, was none of the best and doomed to failure in the end; the absurdity of operating a young colony according to the precedents of a distant and aged country appeared on numerous occasions, and the royal prerogative frequently looked silly so far away from home. But if the De Lancey gang had the better cause in the abstract, they championed it so deviously that they deserve few of the plaudits which ordinarily go to the champions of popular assemblies against royalty. They risked defeat in the field, foreign mastery, and the annihilation of settlers' families, to win parliamentary victories. Many a white scalp paid for the delight of

De Lancey's assemblymen in the defeat of Governor Clinton's measures. In the end Clinton lost his fight and retired, shorn of prestige but not of profit on discounts in a falling market for New York money; but he kept the fight up long enough to save the Colony in King George's War and to discover in William Johnson the solvent for Indian disputes for the next twenty years and more.

Clinton perceived—or perhaps wise old Colden told him —that the studied indifference of the Iroquois was due to two things, the niggardliness of the Assembly in providing Indian presents, and the slothfulness of the Indian commissioners in neglecting their contacts with the red men. By this time the Iroquois knew perfectly well that their coöperation was worth more than wampum and fine words. Belts in council were well enough; but also the Indians wanted powder and shot, clothes, food when harvests failed, some finery and an occasional shot of rum. The French would gladly provide all these boons—why not the English? Equally important, the Iroquois lacked confidence in the commissioners; consequently grievances of long standing regarding sharp practices of the Albany traders and land sharks had never been discussed in open council. In the Seneca country French emissaries had again acquired great influence. Altogether it was high time for a strong policy and new blood in Indian affairs.

Though the Governor put his case strongly, and the Assembly talked patriotically, the latter did not follow through. In the face of the enemy it wilted shamefully, voting only three meager defense measures. Special allowances were voted for Albany and Schenectady, 3,000 New York pounds (about $12,000) was allowed for defense otherwise, and a sum was set aside for the mantenance of the prisoners already captured. But the Assembly recommended that these prisoners be shunted out of the colony with all dispatch, in order to save their keep.

In the matter of union for military defense and in Indian policy, suggested by Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, and urged by Clinton upon the Assembly in a slightly later message, the House proved stubborn, refusing to entertain any project of union which was not presented in detail, as if a war measure so bitterly needed could wait while deliberative bodies debated minute provisions. The Governor's Council, also directly controlled by De Lancey, put forth a suggestion, more for effect than otherwise, to have commissioners appointed to meet with those of the other colonies to form a league against the French. Distance and lack of time made this grandiose project out of the question; moreover, as New England and New York were the colonies immediately threatened from Canada, a merger with Massachusetts would have met the main issue promptly. The true feelings of this extraordinary legislature, completely dominated by the serpentine chief justice, revealed themselves in refusal to appropriate for a fort at the carrying place between the Hudson and Crown Point, which would block the short route from Canada to Albany. Adjournment until March, 1745, was taken without a penny being voted for this fort, for joint action with Massachusetts or for Indian alliances.

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Meanwhile the situation rapidly worsened everywhere along the vast and thinly guarded frontier, of which Mount Johnson may be considered a first line station. There were settlements farther west in the valley, and to the northwest lay Oswego, grown to a considerable post—as early as 1739 as many as a hundred and fifty traders were doing business there in the season. To the northeast there were the beginnings of settlement on the Saratoga plains and at the carrying places along the Hudson. But directly north of Mount Johnson lay an unbroken wilderness stretching to the St. Lawrence, the great

Adirondack tangle of mountain, stream and forest. Through this wilderness the French had found their way before to ravage the Mohawk Valley, and would do so again before their power in America was finally broken. No wonder then that Johnson's friends in Albany urged him to take refuge there from raiding parties. James Willson wrote from Albany [8] in the autumn of 1745, in the name of his parents, reminding Johnson that as a "reallation" of their "Great adverserey," Commodore Warren, he was sought by the enemy, dead or alive. Warnings also came in from other sources.

This invitation, while testifying to the tenseness of the frontier in that hard year, is interesting from another point of view. It indicates that Catherine Weissenburg had passed away before November 26, 1745, the date of the invitation, which probably would not have been extended if she had been alive. Johnson could hardly be expected to leave her behind, and for the Willsons to entertain a frontiersman and his mistress was out of the question in the formalities of Albany society. The letter, even at this distance in time, breathes between the lines an air of "Now at last we can be hospitable to dear Mr. Johnson," which signifies that poor Catherine had not been long dead and that her position prior to her death was not such as to make her socially acceptable. The Johnson household stood in danger of raids for almost a year before the Willsons offered the man of that unconventional union a refuge from Indian raiders, keen on separating him from his scalp; but no one considered it possible to offer equal hospitality to the unwed wife and her little brood during those danger months. By common consent the union ran its course without comment on the frontier; but when the easy-going frontier ways clashed with the conventions of the old community, the latter drew a sharp line to the disadvantage, as always, of the woman in the case.

FORT JOHNSON

From an old French print. Erected in 1749 and still standing near Amsterdam, New York.

After all excuses have been made for Johnson's failure to marry Catherine Weissenburg at the outset, rather than at the tragic end, of their companionship, there remains a taint of the old Adamic selfishness in that proceeding. This selfishness appeared in other transactions of the youthful Johnson but fades out, or nearly so, as time runs on, from which it appears that Johnson grew in moral stature after inner struggles, which is probably the way that all strong men who achieve greatness reach that high estate.

But if the hospitable Willsons really thought Johnson would fly the frontier when war was in the making, they gravely misread their young friend. Manifestly, he had too much at stake at Mount Johnson to risk leaving his new house, his trading posts, and saw mill to others in those disturbed days, even if he were naturally a man to run to safety. But Johnson was a bulldog type, and hard as nails just then from hard travel and labor; impossible for him to consider forsaking the frontier for the town when all his gains were at stake in defending the frontier. Already he ranked as a local leader; as referee in two land disputes he had attracted notice, and in 1745 became a justice of the peace. Probably he had raised a militia company the year previous. But, though his opinions on Indian affairs may already have been sought by those in authority, we find no record that Johnson held any office until 1745 and not until 1746 did the Governor call him to colonial responsibility. From 1743 to 1746, while the war bolts struck roundabout, we can think of Johnson standing guard on his own estate, sending out precarious trading expeditions, and cultivating the friendship of the Mohawks, by whom he had recently been made a war chief. Entrenched in the very middle of the eastern gateway of the Iroquois Long House, he is in position to make his voice heard in council as soon as the white chiefs realize

what the Indians have already recognized—namely, that here is a man to be trusted with their affairs. A busy man, at the service of all who pass.

Buell insists that Johnson was more precocious than this. According to this enterprising biographer, who professes access to documents which no other knowing, scholastic eye has ever fallen upon—even his bibliography contains mysteries as yet unsolved—Johnson was appointed to the colonial Board of Indian Commissioners by Governor Clinton in 1743. Straightway (says Buell) Johnson prevailed upon Clinton to fill vacancies caused by resignation and the resolute chopping away of dead wood, by appointing two clergymen—the Reverend Jacob Weissenburg, reputed father of Catherine, whose reputed fatherhood we have already repudiated, and the Reverend Van Ess, a Dutch Reformed pastor of Albany. With these two worthies (so runs the Buell myth) Johnson had an absolute majority of the five-man board, and with the help of these two "yes men" assumed a practical dictatorship, punishing traders right and left for selling rum to the Indians and pushing the founding of Protestant missions and schools. Probably something was done by Clinton's government along these lines, but Johnson, Weissenburg and Van Ess, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, had little or nothing to do with the case. We can be positive on that point for the following reasons:

1. The roster of Indian commissioners, as appearing in the Civil List of New York, contains the names of neither Johnson, Van Ess or Weissenburg.

2. The Board in 1743 was composed of nine members, not five.

3. William Johnson does not appear in the Civil List until 1746, when he is listed as Commissary for Indian Affairs. Clinton in that year, out of patience with an unwieldy board which was of no help to him in the pressing necessity of improving

Indian relations, superseded that body with a single man, Johnson, after the latter had demonstrated that he could and would supply the Oswego garrison in a crisis.

Later Johnson came into larger power than this title implied. It is utterly beyond belief that Clinton would thrust Johnson into a position of responsibility and authority without immediately placing him officially on the Civil List of the colony. Whatever Clinton's faults, he was not the man to take a low advantage of an ally and we cannot believe that Clinton would suggest or that Johnson would accept a status which, in the face of a hostile legislature, would jeopardize the legality of large expenditures.

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Buell's jolly little book has only one fault; it isn't true in detail; but in general terms no Life of Johnson succeeds better in conveying the atmosphere and feeling of a period. Chiefly Buell's errors seem to flow from his desire to place William Johnson among the morally majestic heroes of history—to that end he quotes an inaccurate gossip like William Sammons (his Journal) and ignores, under the same head, official documents and the clear conclusions from evidence in authenticated letters. Stone, in 1865, demonstrated the untrustworthiness of the Sammons manuscript in establishing Johnson dates; therein Johnson is said to have entered the valley in 1735 whereas 1738 is the correct date, abundantly proved. Yet Buell, forty years after Stone published Sammons' failings, marshals the aging recollections of that pioneer in support of the contention that Johnson, as boss of the Indian commissioners, organized an anti-rum drive from '43 to '46.

Worse yet, Buell quotes a lovely letter as from Johnson to Clinton in 1744, which letter we are constrained to quote because it presents such a beautiful policy for Indian relations:

You can make a pretty good and generally faithful fellow of an Indian by simply treating him fairly in business matters and helping him along now and then when his natural indolence or improvidence or bad luck have brought him to straits. But you never can completely depend on him or overcome the inherent fickleness of his nature until you have made a Christian of him and brought him thereby under that sense of personal responsibility not only to men, but also to the Almighty, that religion teaches. Either in war or peace one Christian Indian is always worth two heathen ones.

We wish we could believe that Johnson wrote thus comprehendingly of the Indian problem in 1744. "Observe," we could then say to the dear reader, "the sweet humanity, the deep piety, the statesmanlike vision of William Johnson, frontiersman, at the age of twenty-nine. Where will you find in history a keener sense of justice, a more exact appraisal of another race?" But, alas, we must annihilate this supermannish testimony. Buell tosses this wonderful letter into his book without saying where he, alone of Johnson investigators, found it; and this reticence of his, considered in connection with the failure of qualified students to uncover it in the twenty years since publication, casts at least a reasonable doubt upon its existence, to say nothing of its authenticity.

On the basis of internal evidence, this letter is equally disappointing to those who, like ourselves, would willingly ascribe to our subject every discoverable merit. We have examined the few Johnson letters of this period extant, and find them altogether devoid of glittering generalities. They are the letters of an intensely busy man meeting concrete, practical problems —milling and shipping flour, lumbering and cutting timber, borrowing funds, shipping goods here and there. After Johnson has been appointed "Colonel of the Forces to be raised out of the Six Nations," by proclamation of August 28, 1746, he occasionally wrote to the Governor on Indian affairs. But

even then his news is utterly matter-of-fact and impressively concrete, of the day, time and persons. Try a sample letter of March 18, 1747. Hendrik has been sick, Hendrik is better, a party of thirty-two Christians and Indians is out after scalps—exact even to numbers when possible, quite the reverse of the broad generalizations laid down in this letter credited to Johnson in 1744, before ever he could suspect that Indian policy would be one of his responsibilities. In this letter Johnson permits himself only one deviation from concise information on the subject in hand, and even this is of a reportorial rather than a philosophic nature:

> We kept St. Patrick yesterday and this Day and drank yr Health and all Friends in Albany with so many other Healths that I Can Scarce Write.

Internal evidence establishes additional suspicions. In no other letter of that period do we find Johnson using the word "fellow" or the word "business." What we mean by business he would have called trade. If he had used the word at all in 1744, presumably he would have spelled it "busyness," meaning thereby not an organized commercial pursuit but merely extreme personal activity. Finally, while Johnson became an ardent promoter of the Church of England missions among the Indians, he never reached the point of recommending for them Christianity as such. He was strongly against the Jesuit missions, more on political than on any other grounds. (The records are convincing that some of these priests in that sector played the French game of statecraft with all their might, which was considerable.) Likewise, he was thoroughly convinced that the work of dissenting missionaries made bad Indians, the Calvinists of that day being far more "demokratical" than at present. This bold biographer of William Johnson has now gone to whatever reward awaits those who try

to serve dead men instead of the living truth; hence it is unlikely this letter will ever be presented to the analysis of qualified scholars.

In war time a justice of the peace on the frontier might have military functions; the Governor might well turn to him for aid in organizing local defense. Moreover, as a boss trader in close communication with bold men in every trading post, as a white who knew the Mohawk language and had won the Mohawk heart—William Johnson became the logical man for a hard-pressed governor to call on when his honorable and hopeless Board of Commissioners bogged down of its own weight and Oswego needed provisioning. Here was a practical problem for a practical man; Indian policy and all such rhetoric must wait until this pinch-hitter named Johnson, marshaling goods, battoes, and rough, hairy fellows of all sorts, had begun in a small way to keep a particular salient of British Empire in America from going French. Afterward would come honors, responsibilities and enough need and time for policy building to suit anyone; but the policy would be a slow growth, through trial and error, not a brilliant improvisation by a ready-cut genius.

CHAPTER X

THE SAVING OF OSWEGO

A HUNDRED and fifty miles west by northwest of Albany, as water runs, and not much less as crows travel, lies Oswego, a hinge on which the fate of empire creaked through a half-century of crisis. As one walks its peaceful streets today, so like the streets of fat municipalities lacking in martial history, or as one reads the roster of its peaceful prides, so many inhabitants, schools, banks, mills and, of course, a chamber of commerce, it is a far echo to the days when the ever-so-royal rake at Versailles could be interrupted in his revels by ministers reporting on Chouegen, and drowsy statesmen on the cabinet benches across the Channel would come suddenly awake at what was then almost a magic word—Oswego.

In the hit-or-miss building of the British Empire at the expense, largely, of the ever reluctant French, there have been key points on the map where the British dug in, set up shop, and waited doggedly for trouble—Calais and Gibraltar for example. In the case of Oswego they waited thirty years; then trouble came with a whoop, but in those thirty years there was no single day on which the French quit fretting over this tiny threat to their dreams of empire over Mid-America. And with reason, for Oswego was a peephole for hostile eyes accustomed to ranging over wide waters and minds intent on sea power. From its battlements one could see, through a telescope on a clear day, flotillas moving from Montreal toward La Belle Rivière, Presque Isle, D'Etroit, Fort Duquesne. Or if the day were dull a sharp-eyed Indian in a canoe could be sent out to

note traffic and bring in report, whereupon fleet runners might start for Albany at once. For more than forty years during which France and England wrestled and intrigued for the bowels of the continent, Oswego was the only British port on that wide, watery arc of communications, never since under one rule, which France had seized from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. To reverse the British simile on Belgium, Oswego was a pistol pointed at the heart of New France, an imperial realm whose riches in due time would repair the havoc wrought by the state architects and stately mistresses of the Louis in the public finances of those spendthrift monarchs.

As yet both French and English exploiters of the wilderness had eyes only for the most obvious of wealth-forms—furs.[1] Oswego gave directly on Nature's best fur farm, the vast triangle between the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, then at the very peak of production. London and New York had no other gateway to this golden treasure-house, and no trick of trade, foul or fair, remained undone at Oswego to relieve the Indian promptly of the fruits of his toil. There embattled traders waved rum bottles from the shore at the incoming canoes whose bronzed paddlers had escaped French attempts to detain with brandy waved similarly at Fort Frontenac across the lake. Though authorities, civil and military, restrained the traders as best they could under regulations which grew more and more stringent with the years, the constant complaints of Johnson and other friends of the Indian prove that the profiteers continually found new ways of outwitting law. On that silver strand by Ontario's blue water Montcalm performed one of those dazzling feats of arms and one of those clement acts of victory which have exalted his name, and the momentary defenders experienced, on the same occasion, a sinking spell as complete as any ever recorded of American arms. There Sir

Jeffrey Amherst, not yet the Lord Jeff of college song, passed with army and armaments on the three-headed expedition which ended French rule in Canada by taking Montreal. And there, at last, Sir William Johnson had his most triumphant moment when he received the submission of the great Chief Pontiac after their duel of wits, words and war had gone against the rebel aborigine.

Oswego's founding reflects the steadily English luck in getting able men of other breeds into English harness. In King William's War, the first of the four rounds of Lion versus Lilies in America, Mayor Peter Schuyler induced the Onondaga sachems to come to his Dutch city for a council with his aldermen. According to a record sent to the Lords of Trade and Plantations as of September 14, 1687, the Onondagas described in these words the activities of the French:

> They have a strength and Men at Cadaraghqui (Fort Frontenac) and also a Fort att Onnyagara (Niagara), and since the Cayouges and Sinnekes see that the French are so powerful and strengthen themselves by fortifications, begin to grow faint hearted, and therefore desire His Excellencys help and assistance agst the French, without which we will not be able to subsist. His Excellcy (Governor Dongan) discoursed concerning the makeing of a Fort, which was proposed to be made att Kajonhare, butt wee are of opinion that itt would do better at Sowego, a place a day's journey from Onondage.[2]

Those jolly Lords of Trade and Plantations ever moved leisurely, even allowing for the chances of wind and wave in a sailing age. Correspondence with them frequently resolved itself into a one-sided affair, with the colonial letter writer waiting years for a reply. But in this case there were more pressing affairs to attend to in the Crown colony of New York and in London. Peace had to be made and broken—Queen Anne's War this time. Also there was ravaged Schenectady to rebuild from ruins; social revolutionary Leisler to endure, overthrow, and finally hang and behead (both, if you please, at

the order of the rightly named Colonel Sloughter); and respectable Captain Kidd to jail as a pirate, simply because he kept at the job of capturing Frenchies too long and was overslow in dividing the spoils with his stockholders, who were among the best people. Finally, my Lord Cornbury required a little time for his amiable pursuits, including that of mincing along his battlements at the fort, garbed as his cousin, Queen Anne, whom he fancied he resembled. A quaint governor, Cornbury, hardly the type to worry over his frontiers; but, though he might blush at a grenadier, he never did so at his grafts, which were beyond precedent in a colony founded on Dutch thrift and as yet accustomed to only minor peculations. So, what with one interruption and another, the Lords of Trade and Plantations waited exactly forty years before giving Governor Burnet a go-ahead toward Oswego. The fact that forty years was not considered an overlong wait in getting London to act on colonial affairs suggests the root reason for the Revolution—distance between the place of decision and the place of action.

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A word on the Lords of Trade may be helpful, since that body was the London end of British colonial administration. In the year in which Charles II mounted the throne of England, a plan was devised in the privy council to guard that indolent monarch against burdensome duties. This body, under various names at different times, was created to supervise British colonies in America, with their growing commerce and the increasing intricacy of their political affairs. The original board consisted of the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Leicester and seven other men. That same year it became the Council of Trade, with supervisory power over navigation. Less than a month later it blossomed into the

THE MESS HALL AT FORT NIAGARA

Still standing substantially as erected by the French and captured by Johnson. One of the oldest buildings in the eastern United States.

Council for Foreign Plantations, headed by Edward Hyde, Lord Chancellor, the historian of *The Rebellion,* and comprising forty-seven other noblemen and gentlemen. In 1671 [8] the membership of the board comprised such names as York, Ormonde, Buckingham, Lauderdaill (*sic*), Culpepper, and Prince Rupert. On May 15, 1696, under William III, the board was permanently established with added powers, John Locke, the philosopher, being a member. In 1748 George Dunk, Earl of Halifax, and Sir Thomas Robinson were admitted to membership. From that time the number of members was regularly eight. Among later members are found Charles Townshend, who was in 1767 to command unfavorable attention as author of the duty on tea admitted to American ports, Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, Lord Shelburne, Lord Hillsborough, Lord Dartmouth. The board was suppressed in 1782, and its duties were transferred to secretaries of state.

The functions of these commissioners were of utmost importance to colonial America. Reports on trade and industry from the governors were required, as well as accounts of political events and of popular sentiment. Diversions of trade of the English colonies to the colonial possessions of foreign states were jealously watched. The whole wide field of Indian relations claimed their attention; and their wisdom was more often shown in refusing to direct the delicate proceedings by which Indian favor was maintained than in acts of interference. But the privilege of criticism, advice, and control lay within their discretion and was sometimes exercised. They were frequently called upon by the privy council and the secretaries of state to furnish information or give opinions on subjects within their province, which they usually did at tremendous length.

Johnson's correspondence with the Lords of Trade, as well as with the secretaries for the colonies, is worthy of study as a model for dignity, force, and clearness, as well as propriety.

The deference due to the rank of the persons addressed is punctiliously observed, without surrender of the writer's self-respect. The subjects of discussion are treated with fullness and the candor due to the officials who might be called to act on his representations. When, as in a letter denouncing Governor Shirley's interference with his control of the Mohawk Indians and the demoralization of the system of Indian management, anger swayed him, his expressions attained striking directness and compression. In virtually all the bureaucratic disputes in which Johnson figured, the Board sustained its American superintendent of Indian affairs, even when he was opposed by an important member such as Hillsborough in the dispute over the Fort Stanwix line.

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Scotsman Burnet, son of the great Low-Church historian, consulted the Six Nations before proceeding with a post in their territory at Oswego. They entered objections, due partly to French influence and partly to the fact that redcoats in Queen Anne's War had not always behaved as good family men should in the war of an extremely domesticated queen. Braves hesitated to go a-hunting while soldiers were in garrison in their neighborhoods. For some time it looked as if England might really suffer through waiting forty years to accept an Onondaga suggestion to Dutch burghers. But Governor Burnet, with Scotch persistence and English presents, won the argument. In 1727 he informed the sluggish T. & P. Lords of that day that he had sent workmen "to build a stone house of strength at a place called Oswego," the principal place of trade with the Far Nations, and had ordered a company of soldiers thither to see that the workmen suffered no interference from the French. No doubt this precaution was necessary, since the latter looked upon Ontario as a French lake; but also it may have been a pleasant

formula for getting troops where they were not wanted and for quieting the suspicions of peaceful Robert Walpole, Prime Minister. France objected, diplomatically, but Burnet and London both pointed to Niagara and kept on shaking their heads until even the French took Oswego for granted. Burnet considered his walls thick enough to stand forever, because the French could not bring heavy guns up from Montreal through the rapids. Thirty years later Montcalm proved again that victory is a way of doing the impossible; but in the meantime the Oswego trade had repaid the original cost of the work ten thousandfold.

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Trade boomed as soon as the redcoats appeared. Twelve years after the fort was begun, William Johnson reported to his sailor uncle and financial backer that a hundred and fifty traders were busy at Oswego; therefore Johnson took his goods to Oquaga, where there was less competition. However, when Johnson shifted his family and business to the north side of the Mohawk River, Oswego crowded to his counters. Traders out of goods and out of funds came to him for stock with which to set up at Oswego. Others, better established, sought the Johnson connection because he shipped direct to agents in New York and London, thereby dodging high Albany commissions. Johnson had, in fact, outflanked the Albany market in both directions. At Mount Johnson he took his pick of the furs coming down from Oswego; and his store was the easiest place at which to outfit when one headed up country to do the Indians out of the fruits of the chase. The Oswego trade made Johnson a wholesaler, among his customers being such busy traders as John B. Van Epps, Thomas Butler and Teady Magin, all of whom appear often in the Johnson story as well as on the Johnson ledgers. Van Epps later became the chief

transport agent for Johnson both in peace and war, the boss of a squad of those burly battoe men whose prowess we have noted, and a loyal and skillful man with a precious knack of getting things done. Thomas Butler, a son of the old lieutenant who commanded at Oswego for so many years, probably had an inside track on some phases of that none-too-sweet trade. Teady Maginn's widow keeps bobbing in and out of the Johnson correspondence for years, by virtue of some land she inherited which bordered on a Johnson holding.

Johnson's Albany agent passed the Oswego and the Mount Johnson flour and furs on to New York by sloop, received incoming merchandise and arranged for its transfer to Mount Johnson. For several years this was done by John Henry Lydius, then the rising, adventurous son of a Dutch minister of the gospel. After King George's War, Lydius established and fortified a post on the Hudson at the beginning of the Lake George carry. His influence with the Indians, once almost as far-reaching as Johnson's, dwindled rapidly after 1754, when he wheedled out of the drunken Iroquois delegates at the Albany Intercolonial Congress the infamous Connecticut purchase of the Wyoming Valley, a sowing of devil's teeth which reached harvest in the frightful Wyoming massacre of 1778. Lydius' little post was razed by Johnson in his Lake George campaign of '55, Fort Edward being built on the site. One fancies that Major General Johnson enjoyed performing this military necessity, for he had been thoroughly outraged by the conduct of his former agent in that most vile of all Indian land frauds, the evil of which Johnson was to spend years in trying to undo and never succeeding entirely.

From the lake beach at Oswego and the river bend at Oquaga, and on a westering arc between, the Johnson organization, centering at Mount Johnson, traded profitably with London, the West Indies and intervening points. It sent flour south and

brought back sugar and rum. It could get furs from the wilds of Muskoka into the warehouses of London and bring back calicoes from Manchester to the coppery Bear and Turtle sisters in their long elm-bark houses. Although Johnson goods in trader's packs and canoes penetrated the Indian country far and wide, the Oswego trade was probably the most important on the Johnson books. Keeping Oswego British and busy consequently became grave anxiety for the young merchant. To finance his wholesale business he had borrowed freely and broadly, balancing his debts and takings with the wizard touch of a juggler, letting his balances grow in London and beginning to get rich by the age-old process of feeling poor. To have Oswego captured and its trade strangled would cost William Johnson directly hundreds of pounds and indirectly thousands. No wonder Johnson took the first occasion to press upon the impetuous sailor-governor, Clinton, the dangers besetting Oswego and the loss the Crown would suffer through its fall. Probably that opportunity came when the Governor visited Albany in October, 1745. Although we find no record of an interview at that time, we have no doubt that it occurred, as Johnson had been made justice of the peace the preceding April, and both courtesy and interest would dictate that the appointee should wait upon the appointer as soon as possible thereafter.

During the bitter contest with the Assembly which followed, it is easy to believe that Clinton's rather disorderly mind, always more susceptible to personal impressions than rational arguments, jumped back often to the impression made on him by the vigorous, persuasive Johnson. As a sailor Clinton recognized, as Governor Hardy, another sailor, did later, the priceless value of Oswego. Here was actually a deep-water port providentially located right where it would do the most good—must he, King's Governor, sacrifice it because of a niggard

legislature? He had his instructions to defend the realm, and, by God, he intended to do it! If the Assembly would not do the necessary, he could draw on London and trust to luck the drafts would be honored by a grateful country. If Johnson could send trinkets and strouds to Oswego, why couldn't Johnson also send on food and clothing, powder and shot? The dotard Indian commissioners couldn't do it; they had no battoes, no organization, no spunk; besides, they were all under the spell of that snake, De Lancey. Therefore, why not let Johnson supply the Oswego garrison? The thought kept bobbing up between drinks all winter. April 9, 1746, Clinton signed the order. Henceforth if Oswego fell for want of supplies, it would be Johnson's fault.

As a people we have grown accustomed to the spectacle of the embattled business man rushing to save the state. The thing has become a settled habit in America—witness the rescues effected by Robert Morris, Jay Cooke, and dollar-a-year men too numerous to mention; but for Johnson and Clinton it was without precedent. The thing simply wasn't done in England; perhaps for that very reason Johnson would be disowned and left to whistle for his money. Still, he would lose as much, probably, if Oswego went to the enemy; indeed, he was already losing, since traders had begun to forsake the post in fear. So William Johnson plunged on Oswego, trusted the Crown colony of New York, the British Parliament and King, up to the breaking point of his resources. Nature helped to keep Oswego safe from the spring break-up until early summer; then there ensued a period of grave anxiety but by July the crisis had passed. Thereafter the Johnson service of supply operated without a hitch against both foe and flood.

CHAPTER XI

COLONEL JOHNSON TAKES COMMAND

JOHNSON entered the statesman's rôle dramatically, in a way calculated to impress followers given to elaborate ceremonies and complex symbolism. For years he had sat at the Mohawk fires, joined in their games and dances, run footraces with their braves, wrestled with their young men, and mourned for their lost ones. Their gutturals he had mastered; their folk ways he knew; their quaint, poetic imagery of speech he loved and emulated. In the beginning this association may have been a random adventure to spice the dull existence of a companionable young Irishman on a dull frontier; but, whether adventure or trade stirred Johnson's interest at the start, we agree with Stone that he continued his Mohawk contacts because of "the sincere affection he had imbibed for the race." Where the ordinary white saw in these Indians only savages who cumbered a fair land, Johnson saw in them brother beings. He looked beneath their minor faults—their dirt, cruelty and abysmal drunkenness—into their major virtues, courage and fidelity. Long a blood brother by the sacred rite of clan adoption and confirmation by the Confederate Lords, he became a war chief while organizing parties for the defense of the Oswego route. In this capacity he went among them, making speeches in the British cause in order to overcome the apathy roused by long neglect and French overtures. By the time the Western Nations had progressed thus far on their way to the Albany conference called by Clinton in 1746, the Mohawk

youth were aflame to follow Johnson in the promised campaign against Canada.

There was tall talk in council at the Mohawk castles when the five other Nations found how far the older brothers of the Confederacy had committed the League to the English cause. This Warraghiyagey had cast a spell on the Mohawks; very well, the spellbinder should get no chance at them. Therefore, they would take the other side of the river. Thus, lookouts at Albany, watching from their hills on the appointed day, August 8, beheld two columns of Indians approaching. The five disgruntled Nations marched together in somber silence; the Mohawks walked apart, led by their white chief Big Business, painted, dressed and plumed in the full regalia of his Indian rank. While the stoic Five received with frozen faces the artillery salute from Fort Frederick, the gala Mohawks shouted in reply, waved their tomahawks and broke into the stately tread of the war dance, Johnson leading, stepping a little higher and faster than the rest.

Thus blithely did William Johnson leap, full-panoplied, into history at thirty-two. Not a bigwig there but knew Johnson had arrived with the Mohawks tied to the tail of his blanket. Even staid old Colden warmed to praise. Well he might, for the conference proved, literally, a howling success, and howling successes were rare in the long official life of old Silverlocks, as square a statesman as ever bored an audience. The story of Johnson's colorful leadership went the rounds near and far through the colonies, crossed the seas and delighted diners-out in London. At the outset three Mohawk sachems held out against the blandishments of the Governor's speech, read by Colden, and against the urgent asides of Johnson. They yielded shortly, and the other Nations likewise trod the Mohawk trail when the Governor followed his promise of a properly gory campaign by plenty of presents. They had been fooled often

into going on the warpath by promises of English support which had never materialized; now they wanted to be sure their allies had entered the war in earnest before they dug up the hatchet. (As a matter of fact, this was another sell of the same sort, due chiefly to the Assembly's thrift on supplies and lack of prompt coöperation between New York and Massachusetts.) Eventually the representatives of the other Nations agreed to the Governor's program in time to share in the presents which were agreeably bountiful, a pleasant outcome for which Johnson received full credit from both Indians and whites. Indeed, without his advance work with the Mohawks and his relentless button-holing of the Indians between sessions (if one can speak of button-holing those who had neither buttons nor holes for them) the Albany Indian conference of '46 would have failed dismally. As it was, the Massachusetts commissioners went home dissatisfied.

Clinton, delighted at even a limited success where he knew De Lancey expected failure, stayed in Albany a month fixing his fences. The best thing he did during that time was to appoint his commissary, Johnson, as colonel of the forces to be raised out of the Six Nations. Johnson's instructions, dated August 28, empowered him to enlist both Indians and Christians at two shillings a day, equip and provide for them, send out war parties and certify to their prisoners and scalps, and charge all expenses to the Governor. Johnson entered on the responsibility of military command over men utterly undisciplined, who could be led as children are led, by tact and love, but never driven. That he managed to get some vigorous action out of them on that basis demonstrates his patience, at least. As a military man Johnson was never a strict disciplinarian; perhaps this early experience with Indians explains why persuasion suited him better than command.

Before long he came to the parting of the ways with James

De Lancey. In alliance with Clinton, Johnson could hardly temporize with the De Lancey faction, which seemed to him to be risking the very life of the colony. Still, it was a wrench to throw De Lancey over, especially as the latter was supposed to be maneuvring for the appointment of Johnson's uncle, Sir Peter Warren, as governor just as soon as he could drive Clinton, beaten and broken, out of office. No man knew the twistings of De Lancey's supple mind; but our conclusion is that the Lieutenant Governor merely used the Warren name and connection as a screen to hide his own stealthy advance on the executive scepter, which he grasped soon after on Clinton's withdrawal. However, many believed that Johnson's uncle would be the next governor, if De Lancey had his way, and manifestly some strength of character was required of Johnson to let him break with De Lancey in the face of this rumor. The wrath of the aggrieved faction tried zealously to find a hook on which to hang the doughty colonel, but Johnson was too "unassailably honest and independent," to quote from Anne Keys' excellent biography of Cadwallader Colden. The worst it could do was to hamstring Johnson's supply and equipment bills as Governor Clinton sent these accounts to the Assembly.

Clinton eventually tried to govern without an Assembly, and more by accident than design fell into personal profit thereby. He began drawing the famous "Clinton drafts" on the Lords of Trade and Plantations in London, attaching sundry expense accounts thereto, including many of Johnson's. The Assembly had inflated the currency several times to meet war expenses, so that New York pounds kept declining in terms of sterling. Since Clinton drew in sterling and paid, after long delays when he paid at all, in New York currency, the dear man had a nice profit to pocket after each transaction. However, the De Lanceys magnified this modest graft out of all

proportion to the receipts. Instead of Clinton retiring with a colossal fortune from this source, he probably left little richer than he came. By comparison with such governors as Cornbury and Cosby, Clinton's record is by comparison almost free from graft. He shared in few land grants where he might have been in many for the mere asking, and he sold out of those few before they materialized into profitable ventures. Johnson and Banyar helped him unload one of these unwanted parcels. Himself an impecunious younger son of an earl, Clinton left an estate so small that Johnson later found occasion to commiserate with the Governor's only son, Sir Henry Clinton, that a young man with a position to maintain should have so little means with which to discharge its dignities and obligations. This Sir Henry Clinton became the British commander-in-chief who has lately been revealed as the giver of that greatest of gifts to the colonies—the victory of Yorktown.

Meantime the war dragged wretchedly along, completely belying official promises to the Indians. The road to Oswego was infested with Indian war parties, too weak to attack the fort or the blockhouses guarding the portages on the way thither, but strong enough to make life miserable for the battoemen and their guards. Johnson took one memorable forced march through the woods toward Crown Point but missed the enemy reported in that vicinity. Although denied a chance to do anything spectacular to encourage the public mind, he disarmed critics by his readiness to take the trail and his success in keeping Indian morale firm when there was every reason, in view of the slackness with which the rest of the campaign proceeded, for it to weaken. Johnson became, not for the last time, the apologist to the tribes for the military hopelessly bogged in Albany clay. Mount Johnson fairly bulged with Indians. In August, 1747, he wrote to Clinton:

It is with much difficulty I can get time to lay pen to paper, having my house and all my Outhouses Continually full of Indians of all Nations, & more of late than ever; there is not a day I can assure yr Excellcy. but I am Obliged to Sit five or six hours in their Council to hear what y^{y} have to Say & Answer them in Every point, but my Satisfaction is I can say my Endeavors are not in Vain, as I find there will be no failure or delay on their Side.[1]

Colden,[2] a stiff judge, thought Johnson had done wondrous well, writing Sir Peter Warren that the only success of the year on land was the improvement in Indian relations. Called to a meeting of the Council in New York, on the same visit he gave Colden, as examiner, his ideas on the liquor traffic among the Mohawks, speaking in favor of restricted rum sales and strict supervision of traders. In February, 1748, Clinton gave him another command, that of the Albany county militia, with fourteen companies of foot, making him the local military leader in the whole New York area from Ulster county north and west.

Immediately he took over the defense of Albany,[3] and with the full backing of the Governor reorganized the militia of the county, sacking placemen and promoting energetic officers. "Send down a list immediately," wrote the Governor, "of those you think proper and look upon it as done."

On the good old Anglo-Saxon principle of never being thoroughly prepared for war until the coming of peace, the Albany militia were no sooner reorganized than the flag-of-truce bearers came from Canada to announce the end of the war on the New York front. When the Dutch Common Council memorialized him to inquire why these messengers had not seen them first, Johnson replied that they were not required to report to the council since they had been directed to him.[4] We suspect the opportunity to present this rejoinder repaid the young frontiersman with interest for the cheat put upon him in the matter of the Patroon's horses when he passed through the old Dutch

city as an immigrant in 1738. Quite a trek in ten years! Double colonel, war chief, chief support of a governor, a creditor of the Colony and the acknowledged warden of the Mohawk marches—not bad for thirty-three and only ten years in the country! It was almost enough to make him forget that he was hard up.

CHAPTER XII

A COLONEL OF INDIANS RESIGNS

THE peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 found Colonel William Johnson of Mount Johnson better prepared for war than for peace. His commercial organization was operating on a war footing, his militia regiment had snapped awake and stood ready for field service, his Indian brothers were still keen to go scalping and scouting. As far as northern and western New York ran, the war record of that frontier had been the rise of a new and commanding figure. It was Johnson who revived faltering Indian loyalty to the ancient Covenant chain, who recruited, equipped, and even led on one occasion, the war parties sent out to make Canadian villages feel once more the vengeance of the Iroquois. He had contrived to feed the Oswego garrison and to keep the road open to that post through dense forests where the Caghnawagas—Iroquois by blood and as cruel foes as any of the Six Nations—lurked to cut off battoes and wagon trains.

All this took, first and last, a great deal of money and credit. In the poverty of the colonial treasury, occasioned by the bitter struggle between Governor and Assembly, Clinton and Johnson had recourse to all manner of dubious expedients. We have discussed the Governor's drafts on London, reckless financing excusable only by the highest considerations of state. In another risky way the twain turned many a tight corner. Under heavy dunning Clinton would send Johnson treasury warrants for which no funds were available. Johnson would get his bankers to cash these documents and wait for their money

until funds accumulated. Hardly had Johnson committed himself to keeping Oswego supplied when he found himself obliged to use his own capital and to pledge his private credit, yet he must needs go on to the end because of pledges he personally had given the Mohawks. These committments and the fears flowing from them kept increasing in spite of Johnson's appeals to the Governor for relief, as these extracts from his letters to Clinton show:

(March 18, 1747) I am of opinion We shall make the French Smart this Spring by taking, Sculping & burning them, & their Settlements, but I shall be ruined for want of Blankets, linnen, paint, Guns, Cutlashes, &ca.[1]

(May 7, 1747) Should things miscarry, it will be the intire ruin of me; for I can not pretend to live any where near them (the Mohawks), as your Excellency may be sensible of they being a bloodthirsty revengefull sett of people to any whom they have a regard for, should they be mislead or deceived by them.[2]

Three months later, after telling the Governor that all his labors in the Six Nations must come to naught unless he could outfit properly the braves who answered his call for war parties, Johnson wrote:

Shall be Obliged to leave my Settlements and make ye best retreat I can, if I am not furnished & Enabled to fullfill my Engagements with those Savages.[3]

Under the circumstances Johnson felt that he had no recourse but to keep his promises to the Indians, even though he should be ruined in the process; because if he failed the Six Nations, his prestige and the better part of his trade would be gone forever. This is the answer he made to those critics who, when he sought restitution later, suggested that he should have looked before he leaped.

Other critics of these supply bills of Johnson's thought them just enough in principle but exorbitant in amount. A typical, and perhaps the worthiest critic in this category, was Conrad

Weiser, the Palatine German who had become Pennsylvania's trusted adviser in Indian affairs. Weiser's biographer quotes this from a letter of Weiser to Governor Hamilton of Pennsylvania:

> I positively believe that Warraghiyagey squanders a great deal of money in a year, which the public must pay, and I am satisfied he has not wit enough to know the Indians thoroughly, but I hope he does not fall short of honesty.

This opinion of old Conrad's probably circulated north and comforted foes of the Clinton-Colden-Johnson party, but on examination the criticism hardly seems just. Weiser and Johnson, while equally trusted by the Iroquois, stood at opposite social poles. The son of a desperately poor German emigrant, Weiser had lived with the Indians as a boy. This gave him a hearty grip on their affections; but it also distorted his point of view as to what the Indians might expect of a man who came to them out of the higher walks of civilized life, as Johnson did. Brother Weiser might win them for sixpence, because they knew him to be poor, where Brother Johnson must spend a pound, because he was by comparison rich and powerful. It is of record that Weiser's Indian brothers once memorialized the Governor of Pennsylvania to give Conrad new clothes and shoes, because he had been traveling the woods so long that he had become (in raiment only, no doubt) "as nasty as an Indian." We submit that the situation and standards of Conrad Weiser totally unfitted him to judge whether Johnson had been too liberal toward his Indian friends.

Secondly, we must remember that Weiser worked for a Quaker Assembly, which for three reasons exerted itself against Johnson's policy of enlisting the Iroquois in the war. As stated in Walton's *Conrad Weiser and the Indian Policy of Colonial Pennsylvania,* these reasons were: (1) because their (the Quaker) policy was opposed to war *per se;* (2) because they

abhorred the idea of employing the brutal methods of warfare prevalent among savages; (3) because experience had taught that Indian allies were expensive and treacherous. We can add a fourth reason which they probably never thought of, since it is the nature of a political group to rationalize only in justification of its conduct; namely, that Pennsylvania was not then a theater of war. Pennsylvanians, at the time, flattered themselves that they had helped to neutralize Johnson's belligerent appeals to the Western Nations; but history hardly applauds that effort or, indeed, any of the colonial separatist tendencies which manifested themselves in the thirteen colonies despite steady French pressure. In King George's War, Pennsylvania piously refrained from war and even hindered New York's feeble efforts to protect herself in a struggle which we moderns now perceive to have been irrepressible. It was in the very nature of things that France should strike for military decision in America before her thin, long drawn-out line should be broken by sheer pressure of population moving out from the British settlements of fertile women and infertile soil, a combination to stir migration all through history. Time was on the side of the Lion; while he licked his wounds between his floundering battles, colonial mothers were busy settling the final outcome in the most substantial way, by filling their cradles with the men who one day should seize the West. England could afford to wait; France could not. Therefore Frenchmen took the long swings around the wilderness circle; therefore French spades first broke ground for forts in No Man's Land; therefore French plates were buried at headwaters to claim French rights as far as the streams ran, and to puzzle the simple Indians who found these substantial foreign claims to their primeval estates. Pennsylvania might dodge one phase of this irrepressible conflict, and get what small comfort she could out of thrifty pacifism, but in the next phase she was destined to

be a battlefield and to account the Johnson policy as fundamentally sound.

Undercover attacks on Johnson's accounts must therefore be viewed in the light of these partisan and political complexes. As a matter of fact, although his accounts were subjected to minutest scrutiny by men who would have delighted to undo him, his reputation for strict integrity survived this ordeal; and in the end, the refusal of the Assembly to pay him was based altogether on the plea, that, after all, Indian business was King's business and should be paid out of the King's purse. Johnson's embarrassment on this score deepened after peace was declared, because war has a way of establishing unwritten moratoriums while peace brings demands for settlement.

Moreover, the loss of holding the tarry end of the government stick was not quite over, because peace had its Indian conferences no less than war and quite as expensive. There were the French commissioners and their staffs for the exchange of prisoners—thirty-eight in all—to entertain during long negotiations, during which Johnson jockeyed with those delightful gentlemen, Desligneris and Repentigny, who had come from Canada to outwit him in the matter of repatriating citizens and allies. Status of Indian prisoners in a French and British war was always a moot question, in settling which either nation might lose prestige with the tribes. Exchange of white prisoners for white could be easily accomplished, and the Johnson letters contain touching testimonials from French subjects, including several girls, who had been imprisoned in Mohawk villages and owed both their easy detention and prompt release to Johnson's influence. But the case of Indian prisoners brought a sharp tug-of-war between Clinton and Johnson on the one hand, and the French authorities on the other.

La Galissonière, able governor of New France, refused to regard the Iroquois in his prisons as subject to the Crown of

Britain. Clinton would not accept this view, insisting that they be exchanged as British subjects precisely as white prisoners had been exchanged, man for man. This contest dragged on, with flags-of-truce parties crawling back and forth, while New York Indians languished in Canadian prisons and Frenchmen moped around Indian villages. Both governors clouded the issue by saying they had released many prisoners offhand throughout the conflict, which is probably correct, as no such military heartlessness existed in that respect then as now. The best policy for La Galissonière would have been to cut the wearisome long-distance debate short by opening his prison doors and with a grand gesture bidding the New York Indians go home, telling them that the English would let them rot in prison forever, but he, their friend Onontio, gave them liberty. Johnson would have met great trouble in wearing down the effect of such a statesmanlike stroke five years later when the French and British struggle for Canada entered its last phase. As it was, the two sovereigns across the sea intervened and ordered a release of all the captives.

Clinton shoved the entertaining of this large French mission over to Johnson. The latter did the thing in a style for which he was later criticized when his bills came up for review; but, as he explained, these were French gentlemen and it was not proper for British gentlemen to accord them anything less than the hospitality due their rank, an explanation not exactly relished by the more "demokratical" members of the Assembly. All this took time away from his private affairs and money away from his still light purse; so that the year 1749 must have been a busy and anxious one indeed.

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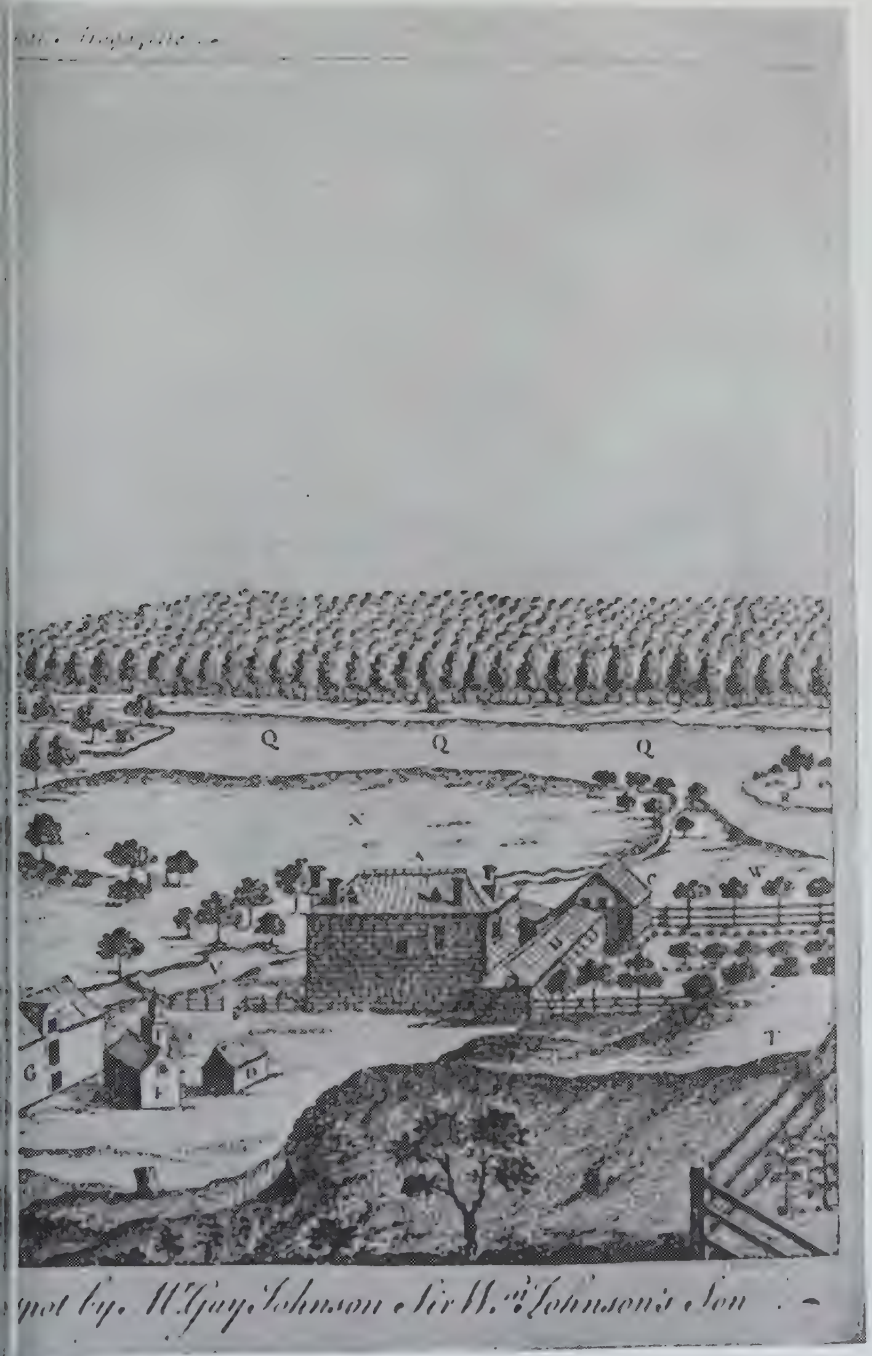
It was in July of that year that Johnson came to the breaking point with Lieutenant Governor De Lancey, his host of other

days and the man into whose political keeping his uncle had delivered him eleven years before. These four men—Clinton, De Lancey, Peter Warren, and Johnson—now found themselves in a situation complicated enough to delight an analytic novelist. De Lancey, the most powerful politician in the colony, had been trying for five years to make life so miserable for Governor Clinton that the latter would resign and leave De Lancey in the chief executive's chair. Rumor had it that he hoped to have his brother-in-law, Sir Peter Warren, the popular sea-dog and Johnson's maternal uncle and early backer, created Governor of New York to succeed Clinton, who was manifestly growing weary of the difficulties De Lancey conjured up for him. As Governor, rich Sir Peter probably would have left the business of ruling entirely to De Lancey. This neat little plan might have materialized before this except for Clinton's discovery of William Johnson as a right-hand man on whom he could dump his military problems. With Johnson's help Clinton survived the storm of war, but Clinton had plunged Johnson so far in debt that the latter, naturally, besought his uncle's aid in getting his bills paid. Apparently, Sir Peter, who as a sailor on sea duty, probably remained unaware of all the intricacies and violences of the Clinton-De Lancey feud, referred Nephew Johnson to Brother-in-law De Lancey as the one man who could help him. This must have been a bitter dose to so pronounced a Clinton supporter; but nevertheless young merchants in debt must get help where they can, and so we find William Johnson loitering around De Lancey's favorite coffee house in New York in May in the hope of buttonholing the Lieutenant Governor and enlisting his aid in getting those Indian accounts paid. He saw the great man once, but reports, "Could not find him inclined to do me any service, or even take much notice of me, which surprises me much as I never disobliged him, or any of the family."

e North View of Fort Johnson drawn or

THE SKETCH WAS MADE IN OCTOBER, 1

Explanation of the view: (A) The house, or Fort Johnson; (B) the wall and
the same on the other side; (D) Cooper's house; (E) the bake-house; (F) a pi
council-house; (K) Indian encampments; (L) a sheep-house; but now there is a bl
steep; (O) the house where Sir William Johnson lived before he moved (January,
opposite to the fort, 100 acres; (S) thirteen smaller islands belonging to Sir Wil
that runs by the fort into the river; (W) a garden; (X) fine pastures; (Y) corn



? THE BARONET'S NEPHEW, NOT HIS SON

rts; (C) the blockhouse in the corner, on the front, and barracks that flank the gate; use; (G) the mill; (H) an aqueduct from the mill-dams to the mill; (I) the Indian e built there; (M) a very large barn and stables; (N) Mount Johnson, very high and) into (A); (P) the barn for ditto; (Q) the Mohock river; (R) part of an island nnson; (T) another blockhouse, to defend the back of the house; (V) a fine creek Z) the road to Schenectady.

O William, William, can you have been so deluded as to imagine that you did James De Lancey no disservice in holding George Clinton up when otherwise he might have fallen: or were you, in that letter which describes your humiliation at the coffee house, merely trying to keep Sir Peter from judging too closely as between De Lancey and yourself? The break, long delayed, has come; for even as De Lancey snubbed you so you have retaliated by snubbing De Lancey openly "before folks" when next you met; yet it is well for nephews to appear the injured parties before uncles. Nevertheless, no man can say that you have not taken the true course in breaking with De Lancey, and at great risk to fortune, place, and prestige.

After falling out with De Lancey, there seemed scant hope of getting justice from the Assembly. Johnson returned home to work diligently at trade and farm, making his vitalizing presence serve in lieu of vanished capital. It is significant of the man that he undertook, in this pinched period, the erection of a new house, the present Fort Johnson, a stone dwelling which he fortified with some cannon his sailor uncle had sent him. With a blockhouse on either angle, this stout stone dwelling provided more security for one who was unquestionably a marked man in the eyes of the French and their hostile Indians. Probably this feature induced him to build at this time and of stone; later, when he erected Johnson Hall to serve as his baronial estate, he built of wood, of which his sawmills turned out large quantities in merchantable timber. After miraculously escaping destruction in the Revolution, a fortunate result to which the timely appearance of the famous ghost in a small upper room may have contributed, Fort Johnson passed through many private hands until it came into the possession of the Montgomery County Historical Society.[5]

In 1751, to the dismay of the Mohawks, Johnson resigned all his offices, presenting his resignation in a letter to the Governor

reviewing his services and closing on a stern note of protest that public service should be so ill rewarded. As he had been considering his resignation for two years and had frequently discussed it with the Governor, no doubt this letter was intended for public rather than private consumption.

The Mohawks took notice of Johnson's resignation at the important Indian council which convened in Albany early in July, 1751, which included, in addition to the council of New York and the Six Nations, representatives of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and South Carolina, and six sachems of the distant Catawbas of the southern frontier, inveterate Iroquois enemies. On their first appearance the Mohawks, through Hendrik, declared they must talk Johnson before they would speak of anything else. Corlaer had given them Johnson, now he must explain why Johnson had been taken away.

> We had him in Wartime [said Hendrik],[6] when he was Like a Tree, that grew for our use, which now seems to be falling down, tho it has many roots; his knowledge of our affairs made us think him one of us (an Indian) and we are greatly afraid . . . your Excellency will appoint some person, a stranger both to us and our affairs.[7]

They prayed the Governor that Johnson be reinstated for the following excellent reasons:

> that he has large Ears and heareth a gret deal, and what he hears he tells to us; he also has Large Eyes and sees a great way, and conceals nothing from us.

Clinton sparred for time by saying that they could trust his next appointment the more since he had given them Johnson; but old Hendrik roundly declared that half of Johnson was theirs, the other half Clinton's: since Clinton could not bring Johnson down, they would try sending him a wampum message beseeching his presence.

Johnson, in fact, was already on his way with his accounts. Clinton and the council urged him to reconsider, but firmly he

refused. He told them that he was still out of pocket £1,375 on the Oswego supply account, for which no provision whatever had been made, and held unpaid warrants to the amount of £2,404—total £3,779. Since the war ended he had spent nearly £600 additional without reimbursement. Total losses to date £4,375. As to the Oswego account, there was good reason to believe that the Oswego duties, if honestly handled, had been sufficient to meet his bill; moreover, treasury warrants issued later than his had been paid, while the cupboard was always bare when his bankers got there. Consequently he could hardly afford to remain in charge of Indian affairs, although willing to assist the government, as an individual, in the present council and treaty.

This speech proved a bombshell. The charge regarding the maladministration of the Oswego duties struck squarely at two of De Lancey's supporters, commissioners of the Oswego duties. Clinton had long been carrying "in his pocket," as the parliamentary phrase goes, a royal warrant for the appointment of Johnson to the Crown Council, the upper house of the colonial legislature. The Governor now produced this document, and Johnson, accepting it as a royal command, took the oath of councillor, thus transferring himself from the executive side of the government to the legislative. Although rid of direct responsibility for Indian affairs, he was still in position to make his weight felt upon call, even though seldom present in person at Council meetings. With gleeful speed Clinton delegated him to investigate the matter of the Oswego duties. After months of ferreting Johnson reported as follows:

As for that affair of y^e^. Commissioners of Osswego Dutys altho a Cursed piece of Villany is very Difficult to find out. Depeyster has owned to me that he has not entered into recognizances these several years. The Mayor tells me also that when he sent for Peter Schyler to Qualifie, he then sent for Depeyster likewise, but he refused it. & notwithstanding has acted all the time: on talking to him some time ago ab^t^.

the Yearly amt. of the Dutys, he acknowledged they amtd. to upwards of a £1000 the Year 1749, so then for the other 3 years wh. he mentions in his Acctt. delivered to the Assembly the dutys are but abt. £145 as You'l see it in the last Votes Page 32. a most damnable imposition on the Publick. Yet I cannot Sift it out without he is to produce his books.[8]

Thus originated another feud of long standing between Johnson and two powerful colonial families. That with the Schuylers dragged along for years, with young Philip Schuyler, later the somewhat unfortunate commander of the northern district in the Revolution, baiting Sir William as best he could during Johnson's later years, until at last the old leader administered a salutary come-uppance.

The books of the accused commissioners, however, were never produced, the Governor pigeonholing the report, as part of a general liquidation of his quarrel with De Lancey and the Assembly. Indian affairs no longer ran a temperature, owing to the success of the Albany council of '51 and the meeting which Johnson held with the Six Nations at the Onondaga fireplace in that year, memorable as the occasion of his buying Onondaga Lake and surrounding territory as an obstacle to French propaganda. In the succeeding let-down, efforts were made by some of the influential manor families to harmonize the De Lancey-Clinton conflict. They told De Lancey sharply that his tactics gave too much encouragement to radical tendencies. On the other side Clinton softened considerably; he had lost the best part of his backbone when Johnson retired, and he wanted to clear the New York decks, salvage certain advances of his own, and depart for peaceful England, a land which knew how to appreciate the younger sons of earls. All the dire threats this sailor-governor had uttered to leave without validating De Lancey as lieutenant governor came to naught, with the result that the latter became acting governor

when Sir Danvers Osborne suicided soon after his arrival to succeed Clinton.

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The change in administration found William Johnson in the position of the artful dodger in the circus sideshows, expecting attacks from every direction. In one of the last letters he received from Clinton, the retiring governor sends a slate for a new Board of Indian Commissioners, although well aware of the uselessness of that organization. Clinton apologizes for the makeup of the list and craves Johnson's opinion; but there is no record of any reply. Probably Johnson expected to feel De Lancey's wrath, but that shrewd politican, now that he had won his heart's desire, sensed the situation accurately. He realized that New York's Indian problem had become strictly an Iroquois problem, and very largely a Mohawk problem, because of the veto power of that Nation in Confederate councils. As long as Johnson held Mohawk confidence, the Crown colony of New York would have need of Johnson. Consequently the new administration veered toward the Johnson policies and De Lancey himself never stood in Johnson's way thereafter. As for Johnson he seems to have bided his time, serenely conscious that the Iroquois would force him forward against all obstacles whenever they found themselves in a tight corner.

Although De Lancey followed Clinton's Indian policy and otherwise showed that his long contention with the former governor had been a struggle for power rather than principle, it is to be noted that the power of the purse in New York had escaped the royal prerogative forever. Even Colden, the intractable foe of "demokratical vagaries" in New York did not take it up when he came to power later.[9] The Assembly had won

the fight against the Crown; new, local powers had triumphed, in a small theater but in a vital matter, over old, distant powers.

Thenceforth, without knowing it, William Johnson and all others who strove to defend and expand the Crown colony of New York were in reality pushing the United States of America forward. Amherst, ending French rule by the capture of Montreal, Forbes, reducing Fort Duquesne, Johnson, accepting the surrender of Pontiac—all these triumphs, and the blood and treasure they cost, were merely so many erasures of the influences which kept America British. It is well for the peace of mind of those worthies that they could not look ahead and foresee how exceedingly well they were building the very opposites of their desires.

CHAPTER XIII

OF BROWN LADY JOHNSON AND OTHERS

For William Johnson life without woman was as impossible as life without food or water. One perceives in him a type frequently found at the very heart of affairs but seldom identified as such in biography—the ultra-male whose terrific virility overthrows all the barriers which conscience, religion, and social position rear against its expression. His was a virility which, in spite of good works and patient toil for the public, nevertheless kept breaking the civilized exterior of the man in ways to scandalize good neighbors who could not go on being good—or go on at all for that matter—unless the one they criticized provided them with a social order substantial enough to let moral judgments flourish.

You will recall that Catherine Weissenburg, "the dear wife Catherine," of the Johnson will, died in her new, legal glory as wife at the age of twenty-five or so, probably in the autumn of 1745, in the pleasant house called Mount Johnson which "ihr Mann" had built for his indentured German servant and her three small children on the north shore of the Mohawk. Catherine's dignity of wifehood, in our opinion, had been sufficiently won by her loving loyalty to her man, her home, and her children, her labors as pioneer wife and mother from dawn to dusk, and the cheerful disposition which every reference to her in valley mythology attests. It would seem that her fatal illness broke suddenly. No doubt anything like adequate medical attention would have saved her life, but, except for the family medicine chest and an old neighbor woman or

two ready to forget in a crisis the stigma Johnson had laid on the sufferer, there was no help available. Even the hard-riding doctor from Schenectady could hardly reach Mount Johnson in less than eight hours after a courier had been sent for him. One could fetch a minister from the mission at Fort Hunter quicker. So we have to reconstruct (from hearsay only) a pitiful and tragic scene, the like of which is rarely encountered in the record of a great and serviceable life.

Enters the Reverend Henry Barclay, priest of the Church of England mission at Fort Hunter, well beloved of the Mohawks and of all men, a bold battler against the Demon Rum and all iniquities destructive of Mohawk morale. A year hence he will be elevated to the rectorship of Trinity in New York, since become the richest of parishes, for the tale of his noble work on the frontier has reached even that far metropolis. Though no older than Johnson, he seems, at this crisis in the latter's life, immeasurably the older, for the gravity of his priesthood mantles him no less than his cassock. Johnson he has known since the trader first set foot in the valley; he must be aware that there is a deep strain of piety in this driving, demanding man, a piety one day to become the chief bulwark of their common faith in those parts. No doubt Barclay already had chided impetuous Johnson on the godless state of his union with Catherine, and prayed for him as for a stray lamb of the Lord's flock; and yet who could fail, least of all this shepherd of men called savages, to love this wayward brother who triumphs so easily over everything except the imperatives of sex? Johnson, for his part, saw in Barclay not merely a man of godly life and minister of the Gospel but, infinitely more important, a priest of the old church of the realm and of his youthful upbringing, a being consecrated to mediate between God and sinners by the laying on of hands in direct succession from the Apostles. Small wonder, then, that this proud, worldly man

shrank back, in mingled grief and shame, as Barclay entered the room where Catherine was dying.

No groom, we fancy, ever played a sorrier figure at his marriage than William Johnson, the future master of a vast domain, played at his. The poor woman, on her deathbed, the man of God at her side—these were the glorious figures of the tense drama which played itself out so quickly under the eyes of the two or three old wives who were to pass the picture on to their children and their children's children until it became a folk tale as fixed as the very rock underlying their habitations. There was a light, 'tis said, on Catherine's pillow, the like of which you never saw; but Johnson stood in shadow, like a guilty soul, the while good Barclay read the marriage lines.

From all we learn of Barclay, we feel sure he preached the sinner no sermon then or later; probably, after the fashion of the time, he waited until Catherine had finished her fight, took a stiff drink of stout liquor with his host, as befitted men torn by emotion who must rally to their tasks, and then to saddle, horse and away. Probably he felt like moralizing but wisely held his tongue, leaving to Clio, the muse of history, the task of putting William Johnson in his place, perhaps as follows:

"Stand back in shame, William Johnson, from that bed of pain beside which you have been kneeling—stand back, lustful, sinful man, before this worthy missioner of your own revered Church of England. Had you employed this excellent neighbor any time these five years for this purpose, it would have been better than now. Built and poised by nature to run the race of life without a skip, here you have stumbled almost at the outset. The wound you dealt this helpless woman is as nothing compared to the wound you have dealt yourself; she forgave you that and everything. Her need at last was the long rest of the weary rather than the short satisfaction of the correct. All your life you will be plagued by your failure to do

her the honesty of fair, early marriage; even as you recall her tenderness and wholesome beauty you are doomed to feel the pinch of conscience. Though other women shall be yours, you can never forget either Catherine's love or your tardiness in refusing her marriage. In your proudest moments, when you are dominating assemblies, commanding armies, or entertaining the elect of the earth, a patrician host, there will descend upon you sudden lapses of attention in which you will find yourself again cringing before the cassocked figure who stood at Catherine's bedside to help you make your poor amends. Henceforth there is a hole in the armor with which you seem to front life so confidently. Though you shall never know the ultimate starvation of being out of love, nevertheless the loves you possess will always lack the world's approval, so esteemed by you in general. You have missed your chance, Will Johnson, to be something which would have pleased your ghost immensely—a copybook hero! Worse still, you have stabbed your own soul so that it will never quite recover. That is a wound, poor, stricken man, which you will carry to your grave, even as you are doomed to carry the Lake George bullet. It will torture you into going on and on beyond your strength, to prove that you are superior to the whisperings of little folk and will do its share to bring you, broken beyond your years, to prepare gratefully for death this side of sixty."

. . . . . .

After Catherine's death, respectable, legal union with a woman of his own social class became difficult as a practical matter, even if Johnson had desired it, of which desire there is no hint. He was a man with a past and three children; as yet his extraordinary future had not unfolded to the point where a woman of equal station could afford to overlook his disadvantages of repute, location, and children three, bastards but

for a hasty afterthought. Ladies might flirt with him at this critical stage in his love life; but marry the handsome rake-hell, never! Never is a long time and a little later, no doubt, there would have been quite a scramble for the dangerous post of wife at Mount Johnson; but in the meantime Johnson had found Caroline.

Caroline, tradition says, was the daughter of Abraham and the niece of Hendrik, the adopted Mohican or Oneida who became the head sachem of the Mohawks and the trusted friend of Johnson. After Hendrik's death at the battle of Lake George in 1755, Abraham succeeded to the honors of his adopted brother. While there seems no doubt whatever, that Johnson's union with Caroline was a matter of common knowledge and open living, no evidence can be found indicating a marriage by Indian rite. We believe, however, that in all probability the usual ceremony, perhaps shortened as to dances and processions out of deference to Warraghiyagey's importance and extreme busyness in '46, did take place. It seems beyond credence that Johnson, in the very years when he was staking his fortune on rallying the Mohawks to the British cause, would have risked offending, even in the slightest possible degree, the powerful Hendrik, the rising Abraham, and the women of the interested clans. There was every reason of policy why he should espouse Caroline formally in the Indian manner and none to the contrary; while such a union would please his Indian customers and supporters it would forever remain unrecognized in provincial law and hence prove no barrier in case he should marry later, by rites legal and socially accepted by the whites.

So, without stretching imagination too far, we can follow William Johnson and his beautiful Caroline through their nuptials. First the marriage herald, one of Warraghiyagey's friends among the braves, took the string of marriage wampum

to the wigwam of the girl's parents. There he read the wampum message to Abraham and his daughter, standing together in the presence of witnesses, thus formally telling the world what had probably been arranged in advance, that Warraghiyagey sought Caroline in marriage. The herald then returned, to be followed presently by Abraham's messengers with his formal consent. The bridegroom next sent the bride a new dress. After donning this she went to his wigwam with her bridesmaids for the formal salutation by handshaking. Returning to her father's house, the bride seated herself amid the old women and girls to receive the return visit and salutation. In turn, both parties to the contract then provided a feast for all the guests. When the feasts were over both bride and bridegroom, in gala dress, led their attendants to the assembly wigwam, the bride's party taking precedence. When the groom's procession entered a gun was fired, whereupon the bride was conducted in state to the bridegroom to dance with him. At a supper after the dance the bride and bridegroom ate together for the first time, and listened to a sermon by one of the old men on the responsibilities of marriage. Thereafter the old women conducted the new wife to her husband's wigwam, carrying her bed clothing, and for all Iroquois purposes the twain were thereafter one, though divorce could be easily secured by clan verdict.

This brief outline of the marriage ceremony in the later days of the Confederacy, as given by Arthur C. Parker in his *Constitution of the Five Nations,* must have been followed substantially by William Johnson before he took Caroline away from her people to his home at Mount Johnson. Probably this union occurred within a year of Catherine's death and shortly before Johnson entered public life at the Albany council of 1746. Consequently Caroline probably spent lonely days and weeks in

her absent white lord's mansion, yearning the while for her own people of wood and wigwam. It was indeed a strange household—a house divided as an Indian household could never be divided. The three white Johnson children were under the care of a stern Scotswoman, who sternly saw to it that they walked in the fear of the Lord and shunned the beautiful daughter of Belial across the hall. It is generally believed that Caroline survived only five or six years of such captivity, dying about 1752, but we suspect—nay, even hope—that the poor girl ran away to her clanfolk. At any rate she left on Johnson's conscience, though not on his hands, a boy-child listed in his father's will as William of Canajoharie, "alias Tageheunto," to whom the baronet bequeathed one hundred pounds in York currency and one thousand acres of land. The tragic, colorful career of this talented "breed" will be told in its proper place. Also, if valley tradition is correct, there were two daughters, both of whom married whites but of whom less is known definitely than of the son.

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A legacy to Mary McGrah in the will may mark some other liaison, of which no further trace remains. Another woman mentioned in connection with Johnson in derogatory notices is Eleanor Wallaslous. To be discussed later is the conjecture that Johnson was the father of Joseph Brant, noted leader of the Iroquois in the Revolution. Brant was born in the Ohio country, of a Mohawk mother who had recently gone thither as a widow. It is not impossible in point of time, and other evidence makes it seem likely, that Johnson may have fathered this remarkable Indian before the latter's mother set out for the Ohio. A Mohawk widow would be considered practically a free woman in sex matters. She had three husbands. To the

first, in New York, she bore the child who figures in our story as Mary Brant. On the death of her Ohio husband she returned to the Mohawk fold, where she married the chieftain Nickaus Brant, by whose name the stepchildren are generally known.

In this connection it is necessary to consider one of the modes of Indian hospitality, thus described by Colden in his *History of the Five Nations:*

> They carried their hospitality so far as to allow distinguished strangers the choice of a young squaw from among the prettiest of the neighborhood, washed clean and dressed in her new apparel, as a companion during his sojourn with them.

While the Johnson of the younger years no doubt often availed himself of such tenders, we consider absurd the local tradition reported by Lossing in his *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution:*

> Sir William is said to have been the father of a hundred children, mostly by native mothers, who were young squaws, or the wives of natives who thought it an honor to have them intimate with the distinguished king's agent.

This theme of Johnson, the mighty sire, seems to have been a current jest among his intimates for a time; and is occasionally raised in correspondence. George Clinton, in retirement, writes to congratulate Johnson on his baronial honors, saying that he had been pleased to speak well of Johnson in influential quarters, and to allay curiosity on the subject of children, of whom London thinks Johnson has as many as the Shah of Persia. Eyre Massey, another bosom friend, raised the direct question of the number of Johnson's children, and drew an answer which was destroyed in the Capitol fire. There remains only the brief, tantalizing mention of the subject in the Johnson Calendar. In the opinion of one of the last men to read this letter, however, Sir William passed over the matter lightly, and gave no estimate of his illegitimates. Probably his early and random adven-

tures left no definite traces among a people accustomed to trace descents in the female line.

It is in order to say that Colden's description of Iroquois hospitality, as above, was written before Johnson reached the Mohawk, and that it represents a naïvely primitive state of mind certain to become less hospitable as acquaintance with whites increased. The Indians were so often imposed upon by whites that they must have listened readily to the missionaries who steadily declaimed against this particular practice. It is not likely that Johnson, active in missionary support, would have risked his ascendancy over the Six Nations in the dignified middle years, by taking their daughters promiscuously. We find evidence that Johnson was quite the steady family man after Molly Brant joined him.

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There are indications that another predatory phase set in after Caroline's death or flight. At least we find reference in the letters which suggest gay doings at several places. One of these we interpret as indicating that Johnson may have been entertained at "bundling," a custom which so many historians and biographers have thoroughly enjoyed describing that we find it unnecessary to go further, except to say, as this event seemingly demonstrates, that William Johnson was a dangerous man to bundle with. A more quotable passage, from which it is easy to deduce that Johnson and his friends kept their eyes open for white charms in an ocean of brown, occurs in the postscript which Joseph Chew, then a sprightly blade, makes in a letter to Johnson of January, 1749:

> My Compliments to little Miss Michael at the Mohaws & madam Curl'd Locks at Conejesharry.

The ladies in question were, no doubt, French prisoners in Mohawkdom, and probably relished the courtly attentions of

Messieurs Johnson and Chew as a relief from the dreadful boredom of captivity in a community of the late stone age.

This drift before the winds of fancy ended abruptly, perhaps as late as 1753, when Colonel Johnson, mustering his regiment on militia day, beheld Mary Brant. We know of no livelier tale in American folk lore than this one, and rejoice that there is no evidence to destroy the veteran valley tradition that the Colonel, beholding the light-limbed maiden leap lightly on the crupper of an officer's steed, fell head-over-heels in love with her. The tale runs that he carried her home with him forthwith, but that is unlikely. Even after the war crisis had passed, Johnson would scarcely risk Mohawk displeasure by so summary a rape. Of course, the Brants were no such powers in the Mohawk nation as Caroline's kin, since the widow Brant had returned from the Ohio with her children only a few years before. For years Johnson exhorted the Six Nations to bring back to the fold those of their nationals who had wandered from the Long House toward the sun setting, where they fell into bad company. Colonel Bouquet damns these renegade Western Iroquois for scoundrels and horse thieves. While the widow Brant brought her children back east to the Long House of her ancestors before the Mingoes, as they were called, acquired the worst possible reputation, still the Brants must have been viewed in good Mohawk society as on probation for several years after their return. The taunt sometimes heard, that Johnson picked his Mohawk brides with an eye to politics, therefore does not hold in Molly's case. Indeed, it can be argued that the Brants became a political force in Mohawkdom through Johnson, rather than the reverse. However, the widow's clansmen would surely stand with her in demanding ritual marriage for her blooming young daughter, and Johnson would accept that decision without question.

With Mary Brant installed as "housekeeper" at Mount John-

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON

About 1756. By T. Adams. Supposed to be the painting from which Spooner made his famous mezzotint.

son (so runs the will written many years later) the rambling days of Johnson, the frontier rake-hell, draw to a close. Mind you, we do not guarantee the fellow; there are hints of lapses here and there, and enough high jinks to make one think that occasionally the mighty hunter of the fleeing (?) fair may again be on the trail. But, all in all, the pace slackens long before physical powers wane, for this ultra-male again has a woman waiting for him at home, a woman of infinite charm and patience who demands nothing and accepts everything, a woman trustworthy and teachable who, coming into her man's life as a forest child of simple, untutored graces, remains to astonish cynical white ladies by her poise and dignity. "Brown Lady Johnson," they call her, with a trace of condescension as to color but an unstudied compliment as to rank. Without warrant for the title Mary Brant made herself "Lady Johnson" in all the exacting realities of her position, as far as outsiders were concerned. To the household she was "Miss Molly" from first to last and a person to take account of in all things.

This will be borne in upon the reader with greater force in a later chapter, when the home life at Johnson Hall is considered; for the present it is enough to consider the early phases of Molly Brant's astonishing evolution. As a housekeeper, to use old Sir William's circumlocution at the time of his will making, his new companion must have left something to be desired.[1] Wigwam housekeeping has never been noted for neatness, even when administered by a sedate squaw; what sort of house, the precisians may ask, could a hoyden lass keep at Mount Johnson? Probably quite slovenly, even with the help of women slaves, but her homemaking seems to have been quite superior to her housekeeping. At least, Mount Johnson once more was a place for its unquestioned lord and master to run to at journey's end, with his heart leaping like a boy's. Love, which he never mentioned yet could not live without,

awaited him there. Whether he had failed or triumphed on the march, whether Johnson stock had gone up or down on his ledgers, or in the opinions of plotting gentry in the distant towns, whether Parliament in London thought less of William Johnson or more—these considerations weighed not a whit with Molly as compared with her hunger for the sight of him and her joy at beholding him safe home again. If the long arm of fate had scourged William Johnson home, a beaten, broken man, shorn of wealth and power, there would have been no subtle, disillusionizing change in that welcome of hers. Without question or regret she would have turned the key on Mount Johnson forever, and departed without a murmur to the Indian woman's life of simple, earthly toil—he a hunter, she a landworker. Johnson had the supreme satisfaction of knowing that he was loved for himself alone, for the six feet of him that stood in his shoes, and not for any of the encumbrances and glories which clung to him more and more through life. Few great men can be entirely certain whether they are loved for what they are or for what they have done; we fancy that William Johnson, who had his share of natural vanity, rejoiced in the knowledge that he, as a beautiful being, would still command the love of at least one beautiful being, even if he had been, or were ever to become, a nobody.

. . . . . .

Molly paid over and over for her great love of Johnson. Eight of their children were living in 1774, when the will was drawn. Children probably arrived at the Johnson mansion with great regularity at the standard pioneer interval of two years, since a net of eight survivors of the union meant a considerably larger gross when one reflects upon the sadly high mortality among children during that period. In frontier American families of the eighteenth century, half to a third of the chil-

dren usually died before they reached their third year. While Sir William roamed hither and thither on the King's business, weeks might elapse after Molly had done her duty before Sir William had the news from home.

There occurs an entry in the private journal which he kept of his journeys to and from Detroit in 1761, under date of October 21, which serves alike to emphasize the above and also to show the regard with which he always spoke of her:

> Met Sir Robert Davers and Captain Etherington, who gave me a packet of letters from General Amherst . . . Captain Etherington told me Molly was delivered of a girl; that all were well at my house, where they stayed two days.

Similar events occurred at least a dozen times in twice as many years. Nevertheless Molly remained possessed of "an uncommonly agreeable person and good understanding," as Mrs. Grant described her, something of an achievement for Indian women, who, like most hardworking women shorn of aids to beauty, aged early. A list of objects ordered by Molly in New York was destroyed by fire. Apparently she gathered much gear around her in the twenty years she lived with Sir William, as his guests and business associates frequently sent her presents.

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Kipling has an immortal line peculiarly applicable to statesmen "he travels the fastest who travels alone." He who follows high politics without hearing from needy cousins, who can dash off to the firing line on a moment's notice without a thought for home affairs, who can give a state dinner without complicating it with his wife and daughters, who can be as little private man as possible in public places—such a competitor in the great game of statecraft indisputably possesses advantages. However, he is likely to lack other essentials to success

—the common touch, confidential, bedside reports on how the public views the battle, and those refreshments for the jaded soul which flow from the intimate communions of marriage and parenthood.

Great good fortune came to Johnson with Molly Brant, in that she demanded none of the attentions which would have reduced his effectiveness in public life and gave him just that manna which he craved between his bouts with space and affairs. He never had to ask himself whether his absence would interfere with his wife's social life, because she had none. His house could be devoted entirely to the entertainment of state guests; very well, Molly and their children would be decorously out of sight in their own lodgings across the yard. A lawn full of howling Indians disturbed her not. When Miss Molly was wanted, she appeared and then received her full dues in company; but no man ever lived his own life more completely than Sir William Johnson during the years of his greatest power and service. It is, at least, a question whether he could possibly have done as much under any other sort of marital arrangement, with any other sort of wife. There are statues to William Johnson and will be more as time goes on. Probably there will never be a statue to Molly Brant, and yet it is at least arguable that except for her, holding her fractious man by the loosest possible rein and letting him go and come without question across wilderness America, there might never have been a William Johnson above the rating of successful merchant and colonel of militia, growing fat on the Governor's staff.

In searching for the reasons why men who achieve greatly break themselves down with toil, one usually finds at the center of the complex a woman demanding overmuch. In Johnson's case no such incentive existed at any point in his career; each of his consorts received from him far more than any of them ever dreamed of possessing. Molly, the consort of his wealth-

and-power period, was satisfied with anything or nothing, as long as it was Johnson who gave or withheld the boon. Perhaps the commonest incentive for overdoing one's strength was therefore lacking in Johnson's life. He carried on year after year, in physical pain and growing weariness, not to please Molly or any other woman, but to please himself. Molly gave him love and liberty, and he used his liberty to make himself a slave to her people. Thus in dim and subtle ways, not lightly to be scrutinized by analytic eyes, did this proud man and meek woman complement one another, until the proud compassed the realities of humility and the meek raised herself to the realities of power.

CHAPTER XIV

JOHNSON AND THE BLACK ROBES

Two elements are revealed in the character and activity of the Jesuit order, an intense spirituality and a fervent aggressiveness. These qualities, legitimately descending from the soldier founder, appear unfailingly in the history of a society which demands for its service devotion and daring, with absolute sacrifice of self. Trained in a discipline of complete self-surrender, the Jesuit submits his will without shrinking to the requirements of his superior, who in turn owes his allegiance to the head of the church. The prayer of the individual member, we may say, is this: "Give me labor to perform. If it be such as the heart of the natural man will scorn as lowly, I will perform it. If it require the exercise of a courage supernaturally heightened, I will attempt it. If I must meet death at the hands of infuriated savages, I will see only Christ and His wounds."

Such are the qualifications which this organization has drawn to its obedience that no work which it undertakes has failed or languished for want of men fitted to engage in it, whether it be at the courts of rulers or in the savage regions beyond the verge of civilization. Believing that the cause of their faith was indissolubly joined with the progress of French empire, these missionaries became the most ardent explorers in the story of North American discovery and colonization. Everywhere in the wilderness they were found, converting Indian tribes, establishing missions in Indian villages, preaching, baptizing, mastering the languages of their converts, and at the same time

working with the commandants of frontier posts to push westward the dominion of France. If a Canadian governor proposed, as did the able but not too scrupulous Frontenac, to sacrifice the welfare of Huron and Algonquin to the profits of the brandy traffic, the Jesuits withstood him. If the military force of the French seemed inadequate for a martial undertaking, a Râle might put himself at the head of an Indian band and lead it. Against the desperate enterprises of such as he, let us set the heroism of a Jogues, a Brébeuf, and many another martyr, who felt that his chief calling was to preach, perhaps die, for those for whom his Master died.

What was the attitude of Johnson toward those pioneer preachers? His interest in theological differences was then slight, but his interest in the preservation of English control of the Mohawk Valley was intense. In May, 1751, he was well assured that the black-robed priests were seeking to renew their residence by Onondaga Lake, broken up nearly a century before when the French mission fled to escape massacre. Less than ten years after the hurried flight from Onondaga Lake, the Onondagas sent an embassy to Canada, headed by Garakontie, their most celebrated chief. A treaty was framed with the Marquis de Tracy which recemented the relations of New France with the Iroquois and opened a channel of influence to the "black robes," as the Indians called the priests. There followed a long continued rivalry between the colony of New York and its northern neighbor for the Iroquois alliance. Any student of the bitter conflict between France and England for continental power appreciates the fact that the period between the peace of 1748 and the outbreak of hostilities in 1754 near the headwaters of the Ohio was only a truce, in which each antagonist was watching and waiting. The sleepless guardian of the western border, feeling that the French must be kept out

of the central territory of the Iroquois league, immediately asked of the Governor and Council a license to purchase a tract two miles wide around Onondaga Lake and including the lake itself. Action was delayed for some time, but he finally took legal title.

The motives of the Onondaga sachems in this extraordinary proceeding are a little puzzling, since the tract contained the sacred fireplace of the Great Council of the Six Nations. Probably they considered the compensation in the nature of a bribe; it was inconceivable that their brother Warraghiyagey ever would disturb their tenure. We know that his hope was that the colony would reimburse him and take the land, thereby gaining a secure place in the very heart of the Confederacy. Even if the tribe were never disturbed in its use, ownership of that strategic site would be most influential in keeping the Confederacy firm in the British interest. In his hope he was disappointed; he was never reimbursed, but instead received a secure title to the tract, and his patriotic motive was duly recognized. As a matter of fact, Johnson himself never received any advantage from his outlay, and the property went the way of all Johnson lands, confiscated by the State of New York during the Revolution.

In acting with such decision against a return of the Society of Jesus to a central position in the Six Nations, Johnson followed a policy briefly tolerated by a prince who lost his crown because of his aggressive Catholicism. James II, who as Duke of York and Albany, gave both the present State of New York and its capital city their names, did not at once disapprove a policy of keeping Jesuits out of the Five Nations, whose alliance and fur trade the colony sought to hold. In 1683 the Royal Governor, Colonel Dongan, himself a Roman Catholic, banished the Society from the colony, and insisted that his Indian

allies free themselves of its members and their influence. The opposition of the Governor was, of course, entirely political, and aimed against Frenchmen rather than against Jesuits.

Without assuming a decline of missionary zeal in the order, there is no doubt that it acquired both power and wealth in New France in the forty years after the Jesuits left their Iroquois missions at Dongan's insistence. In 1723, Governor Burnet, of New York, informed the home government that the Jesuit fathers were the chief proprietors of the soil of Canada, a manifest exaggeration if one considers the extent of the great seigniories in the eighteenth century. In 1750, Captain Benjamin Stoddert, after a visit to Quebec, extolled the magnificence of the Jesuit college in that city. Following the cession of Canada to the British Crown, a contention arose between the Society of Jesus and the Caghnawagas, a settlement of Iroquois converts on the St. Lawrence river. A decision by General Gage, when governor of Montreal, against the society was not readily acquiesced in, and the dispute fills some space in the correspondence of Daniel Claus, Johnson's deputy in Canadian territory. If one ventured to interpret Johnson's view of Jesuit rights in Canada, one would say that he believed they were extinguished in the extinction of French rule; for he is found soon after the cession advising the abolition of the Jesuit missions in that province and the diversion of the property of the order to the establishment of a Protestant bishopric and mission. His proposal, however intolerant, did not clash with the spirit of the age. He could not have drawn much satisfaction from the home government's settlement of the question when a grant of the Jesuit estates was made to Sir Jeffrey Amherst.

An interesting episode in Johnson's relations with this society is his correspondence with Père Roubaud. Pierre Joseph Antoine Roubaud, S. J., was a native of Avignon, France, belonging to a family distinguished in authorship and the priesthood. At the mission of St. Francis de Sales, on the St. Lawrence, to which he was transferred, probably in 1742, he appears to have devoted himself to the welfare of his spiritual charges, and from that village he accompanied the Abenakis warriors in Montcalm's expedition against Fort William Henry. The atrocities which stain the story of the fall of that stronghold were described by him in a letter, printed by the Paris house of the order.

When Canada was ceded by France to Great Britain, Père Roubaud, impressed by the humanity of Johnson as displayed in the control of his Iroquois in the campaign of 1760, attached himself to the English interest, and was appointed royal missionary, at two hundred pounds a year. His gratitude toward his new friends began then to take a curious direction, which revealed the substratum of his character. Two letters written to Johnson, one in 1761, the other in 1763, will repay attention. In the first he offered to make known a secret shared only by himself, the late French governor of Canada, and a solitary Indian. It was about a silver mine in a Nova Scotia river. Johnson was a careful investor, and the Acadian silver mine was not opened at his expense.[1] The second letter contained Roubaud's claim to have been the political confidant of Montcalm. To this extent the relationship extended that the Marquis entrusted to his notice a code of civil law prepared for Canada. Parts of this plan Roubaud had lost, he admitted, but the mishap did not seem serious, as he declared his ability to supply what was wanting. Johnson probably had no doubts on that head. He must have sounded Roubaud's shallow character by that time, arriving at an opinion like that which Amherst

entertained much earlier. When, in the following year, Roubaud enchanged his Catholic faith for Protestantism, Daniel Claus, whose residence in Canada afforded opportunities for studying this supple character, expressed his view that the Protestant religion had gained very little.

The subsequent career of this man can be followed in documental sources. It is by no means elevating. In lawsuits with the order which he had left, in court intrigues in London, in a brief theatrical experience, in efforts to obtain compensation for real or fancied benefits to the policies of the British government, in alternate efforts to give aid to England at the expense of hostile nations and aid to hostile nations at the cost of England, he wore out a life that must have been a burden long before its close. The year and place of Roubaud's death remain unsettled.

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In his long struggle against French influences among the northern Indians Johnson inevitably found himself arrayed against French priests who were not always able to sink their nationalism in their strictly religious enterprises. While distrusting every French Jesuit, Johnson remained far more temperate toward their church than most of his Protestant contemporaries, concentrating his attention on the political activities of the order and never indulging in anything remotely approaching persecution.

The manuscript diaries kept on his travels, which as private documents might be expected to reveal any prejudice he may have felt toward the Roman Catholic religion or its priests, are lacking in any note of bigotry. In Detroit he entertained the resident priests and showed them every possible consideration. When he captured the French fortress of Niagara he immediately released the French priest, and placing the women cap-

tives in his charge, left him free to lead them to the nearest French post, with ample boats and provisions. The various orders of the church, other than the Jesuits whose political side in Six Nation history is thoroughly authenticated in records, never received Sir William's opposition.

CHAPTER XV

LIQUIDATING A BAD PEACE

By 1750 every one in America knew, if he had the wit to read a map or understand politics, that the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was writ in water. The falsity of the saying that there is never a good war or a bad peace stands revealed by the utter insufficiency of that document, in so far as it affected America. For the sake of returning to German hands Flemish towns seized by the French, Great Britain gave up all takings on this side of the water. Cape Breton, heroically won by colonial blood and at cost of colonial treasure, went back to France. Yet, curiously enough, this peace treaty made no mention of French encroachments upon the lands of Britain's Iroquois allies, to the lasting disgust of the latter. In consequence, the French held their strong position at Crown Point on Lake Champlain while the British marched out of Louisburg. Stranger still, the treaty made merely a futile gesture toward establishing a boundary between French and British possessions in America. Even the boundary dispute over Nova Scotia, a root reason why the two nations leaped at each other in 1744, remained unsettled. Though commissioners were appointed to settle the Ohio boundaries, they could never agree, and so it was quite apparent by the middle of the century that Round Four in the irrepressible conflict for the possession of Mid-America merely waited upon events.

Running true to form and the inescapable logic of their position—a lesser population but unity of command—the French took the first belligerent step by dispatching Céleron de

Bienville to establish some sort of claim, any sort of claim, to the Ohio by burying lead plates at the juncture of each branch with the main stream. These metal evidences of imperial intent carried the declaration of French ownership. One of them passed from tribe to tribe, until the Cayugas placed it in Johnson's hands with a request that he translate it. You may be sure that he made the most of this opportunity to show the Iroquois how calmly the French appropriated Indian hunting grounds!

Able-minded La Galissonière next encouraged martial Abbé Picquet to establish a mission and school for Indians at the mouth of the Oswegatchie river, now Ogdensburg. The formal name of this settlement was La Présentation, but in American history it rates the name Swegatchie and for the next eight years, until Haldimand mopped it up in 1760, on the way to Montreal in Amherst's van, Swegatchie was a sore trial to Johnson. For a decade it was one end of the French pincers intended to pull the Iroquois away from the British connection. The other end was wherever Joncair or Joncaire or Jan Coeur, happened to be at the moment.

This intelligent half-breed trader, with Bourbon gold in his pouch, swanks through border history with the flair of a rude D'Artagnan. He did his work in the West, chiefly among the Senecas and their more distant subject tribes, but on occasion he slipped east as far as the Onondagas. The story runs that Johnson and Joncaire met once at an Onondaga castle, and, each being unable to talk the native tongue of the other, they fell to conversing in Onondaga. We cannot believe this tale. The long duel which these two men had waged against each other at a distance, and the possibility that each had put a price on the other's scalp would have rendered impossible a peaceful meeting between these great antagonists. Johnson never traveled far in the days of Joncaire's activity without a body-

guard of Mohawks. A word aside to these braves, and M'sieu Joncaire would soon have been a prisoner on his way to Fort Johnson. We doubt if either peace or the inhibitions of hospitality would have kept either Johnson or Joncaire from capturing the other when and where opportunity offered. However, they cherished no personal malice, as the dénouement of this long-distance duel reveals.

At both ends of the Long House, the French fanned the war blaze, stirring Iroquois wrath against the Catawbas, their ancient foes in the South. A border war of the redskins would cloak French troop movements and furnish an excuse for occupying strategic Ohio points. Johnson exposed the source of these incitements in '51, and in a measure the Albany Indian council of '51, already described, preserved peace where the French interest encouraged war. Johnson checkmated Joncaire and Picquet again when he purchased Onondaga Lake. Stirred by these developments the New York Assembly in '53 relapsed from its extreme thrift long enough to discharge its old war debts, to vote £800 for Indian presents, and finance repairs in the Oswego defenses.

When Councillor Johnson attended the '53 session he brought disturbing news to New York. Iroquois runners roused him at midnight on April 19 with word that a hunting party had seen a large French flotilla working its way upstream through the rapids of the St. Lawrence. This news was verified through the Oswego peephole on French communications, when thirty French canoes with five hundred white and Indian occupants were seen passing that post. Spy reports suggested that this contingent was the advance guard of an army of six thousand men destined for the conquest of the Ohio. The Six Nations fairly seethed with wrath and fear, because they considered the Ohio Valley theirs by conquest. The Senecas, traditionally inclined toward the French and now touched by the blandish-

ments of Joncaire, reproached the Mohawks, staunch champions of the Covenant, because their friends the English did nothing while the French did everything. In this emergency, with the French active, the British slothful and dissension rending the Confederacy, stout old Hendrik jumped over the heads of the sleeping Indian commissioners in Albany, and took his case direct to the Council and Assembly in session in New York.

The old Indian scared the legislators so completely that they forgot their prejudices long enough to vote Indian funds and concur in the appointment of Johnson as a special commissioner to visit the Six Nations and prepare them for a grand council to be held in Albany the following year, a council in which all Indian complaints regarding both land grabs and the defense of their hunting grounds would be considered by the leading men of all the colonies. With money to spend and a free hand in negotiation Johnson soon steadied the Confederacy. First, he called the Mohawks to council at his house, and between scolding the chiefs for their threats to the Assembly and promising big things for the forthcoming council, he soon had the Mohawks cheering Britain with their accustomed loyalty. They came, they said, with heavy hearts; but since Warraghiyagey was again "raised up" over them as Father, they would listen with willing ears. Rarely has that magic force, personality, exercised a greater triumph than Johnson's gentling of the dissatisfied Mohawks on this occasion.

At the great council fire at Onondaga, Johnson repeated his conciliatory message to a more skeptical audience. His speech on this occasion, however, was a masterpiece of those metaphors dear to the Indian heart, and we quote two passages taken down by his interpreters on the spot, to show the style which brought him such gratifying results:

> Are you willing that they (the French) should dispossess you of the rich lands and fair fields along the Ohio, your ancestral inheritance!

OLD HENDRIK

The great Mohawk leader in court dress, many years after his presentation to Queen Anne in 1710. Though frequently called "King Hendrik," the title was merely one of courtesy. From a contemporary copper engraving in the Emmet collection, New York Public Library.

No, rather quench the fire already lighted by them, at Swegachey, and call in your warriors that have wandered off, that united, you may crush them. The paths, likewise, to this place, are almost choked with weeds, and the fire that once burned so brightly, nearly extinguished.

I have renewed the fire, swept clean all your rooms with a new White Wing, and leave it hanging near the Fireplace, that you may use it for cleaning all dust, dirt &c which may have been brought in by strangers, no friends to you or us.[1]

In the end the listeners promised to thrust away French blandishments and swallow their complaints until the promised council. While the Western Nations were in no mood to take up the hatchet, their neutrality at least was assured. As a result of these parleys there ran all through the Indian country the belief that Indian history would be made at Albany the following year.

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While New York prepared to defend itself, Virginia went out to meet the French threat halfway. This difference in attitude may perhaps be explained by the fact that, whereas New York Indians claimed all the Ohio hunting grounds, leading white citizens of Virginia organized the Ohio Company to hold a grant of a trifling part of that vast domain, some 500,000 acres, from the King. A few influential citizens pleading a special interest have always been able to get action in America. Also Virginia had good reason to believe that Pennsylvania might grab the forks of the Ohio. Among the incorporators of the Ohio Company were the Washington brothers, Lawrence and Augustine, whose younger brother, George, was soon to march in defense of the Ohio Company's interests. But before he marched westward at the head of troops George had an errand to run for Governor Dinwiddie, across some eight hundred miles of wilderness, from Williamsburg to Fort Le Bœuf in what is now northwestern Pennsylvania. Young Washing-

ton made this memorable journey thither and back between October 1, 1753, and January 11, 1754, for the purpose of remonstrating, in the name of Virginia, against French encroachments in the Ohio Valley. Host St. Pierre did the honors at Le Bœuf as best a gallant Frenchman could in the wilderness, and sent the young officer home with a sealed letter to Governor Dinwiddie, in which he merely referred the Virginia ultimatum to his superior, the Governor of New France. Joncaire entertained Washington royally at Venango. This journey occurred shortly after Johnson's visit to the Onondaga council fire, and while the New York authorities were rounding up colonial delegates to their projected council. The winter passed in peace, merely because it was the good old custom to start wars after the snows had melted and the roads had dried. Every one knew that blood would flow a little later, war or no war.

We say "war or no war" for the reason that war is more than a state of combat; it is also a legal procedure. War, to be respectable, must be declared; at least, that had been the custom among civilized states for centuries. But France and Great Britain, though not indisposed to renew the wrestle for America, hesitated to join battle at home. On the British side a formula for localizing the conflict to America was discovered in the Earl of Holderness's advice to "meet force with force." Clearly this counsel imposed upon both New York and Virginia the duty of stepping lightly and avoiding the fatal commitment until France set fire to the powder. New York rather overdid delay, the Assembly telling the impatient lieutenant governor that it would "assist any of His Majesty's colonies in case they were invaded," but as far as they could see French Creek was a long way from the Ohio. This quibble the Governor demolished promptly and properly; but our sympathy with him in this contest is reduced by the knowledge that in the previous

administration he had taught the Assembly exactly how to thwart an executive keen to defend the realm. Something like God's justice was on the trail of James De Lancey at this juncture in his affairs, doing its share to bring him to an early and now forgotten grave.

But if New York dallied overlong, it is arguable that Virginia moved too soon and much too clumsily. We shall not examine in detail the confused, and often criticized movements of Washington, which ended in the surrender of Fort Necessity on July 3, while the Albany Congress was still in session; but content ourselves with the reflection that a proper regard for the important nature of that gathering, which had long been advertised and to which Virginia had been invited to send representatives, might well have inspired more caution in the young commander than he showed. It would certainly have been well for the settlers in exposed places if the issue had not been joined on the Monongahela until the soothing effects of the Albany Congress on Indian affairs had penetrated to the Ohio country. As intruders in force the French were bound to lose Indian support with every day's delay thereafter, providing peace had been maintained, whereas Washington's sorry showing in the field drove many Indians, ever lovers of success in arms, toward the French.

How a cool New Yorker with excellent avenues of information open to him viewed the debacle at Fort Necessity may be seen in Johnson's letter of July 29, 1754, to Goldsbrow Banyar. He wrote:

> The Unlucky defeat of our Troops Commanded by Major Washington gave me the utmost Conscern . . . this will not only animate the French, & their Indians, but stagger the resolution of those inclined to Us, if not effectually draw them from our Interest. It will also be a Means of makeing all the out settlers of the Southern Colonies break up, who lie quite exposed, (as well as Us) to the ravages & cruelty of

every little Scalping party of French, and Indians . . . I wish Washington had acted with prudence & circumspection requisite in an officer of his Rank . . . he should have avoided an Engagement until our Troops were all Assembled.[8]

Meantime, while George was still floundering aimlessly around in the bog at Great Meadows, the far-heralded Albany Congress convened in June, to take up, first, Indian affairs, and, second, a plan of union. No assembly as broadly representative in point of geography or as eminent in the personnel of its delegates had ever met in America. Seven colonies—Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland—were represented by twenty-five "great and able men," to use a phrase of Bancroft's which seems thoroughly justified. A sense of common danger, even more than a sense of common interest—always negligible in the thirteen colonies—drew them together. Events in King George's War demonstrated the folly of division, the only successes of that war being the joint offensive against the French citadel of Louisburg. Moreover, this congress met with the sanction of the Crown, Sir Danvers Osborne having received a recommendation from the Lords of Trade that the Albany council with the Indians be treated as an opportunity for the several colonies to consider temporary union for mutual defense.[9]

Nevertheless, in spite of these weighty considerations and the sanction of the home government, Virginia held aloof on the ground of expense, though Dinwiddie in a letter to De Lancey (January 29, 1754) gave the Congress his blessing in principle. In view of Virginia's coincident push in the field, her excuses are not convincing. We suspect that the Virginia government, under pressure from the Ohio Company, shunned the Albany Congress deliberately in order to avoid explanations

which might be demanded by Pennsylvania under circumstances embarrassing to Virginia delegates. The Old Dominion remained in a receptive condition as respects gifts from the other colonies but, as to policy, retained the completely free hand of the absentee.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ALBANY CONGRESS

JUNE 19, 1754, found twenty-three commissioners to the Albany Congress on hand, including William Johnson. The records show him attending most of the meetings, and we may be sure that between sessions he cultivated the Indian deputies, his Iroquois friends. Johnson's personality proved the strongest bond between the Indians and the Congress. By his timely resignation he escaped responsibility in Indian eyes for the neglect their interests had suffered in the peace and in the after-war readjustment. They knew that he had been generous in distributing goods and arms, and had suffered by that generosity. They believed, as Hendrik made clear to Governor Clinton, that white doubledealing had taken from them one who knew their needs and whom they trusted with the fidelity of children. Hendrik phrased a variation of the Johnson theme in one of his early speeches at the Congress when he is reported in the minutes to have said:

> Since Coll: Johnson has been in this City, there has been a French Indian at his house, who took the measure of the wall round it and made very narrow observations on every thing thereabouts. We think him (Johnson) in very great danger, because the French will take more than ordinary pains either to kill him, or to take him prisoner, upon account of his great interest among us, and being also one of the Five Nations.[1]

Of course old Hendrik never said anything as stilted as this quotation from the interpretation in the official minutes. Impossible for an orator of the wildwood to say anything as

tightly formal as "made very narrow observations on every thing." Even at this distance in time we fancy we could write a better speech for Hendrik than this one put into his mouth. No doubt the sense of Hendrik's remarks is accurately stated, for the interpreter was capable and thoroughly trusted by the Mohawks, who would have been apt to detect deliberate fraud by an interpreter, since some of them understood sufficient English for that purpose. But the imaginative symbolism in which Indian orators reveled on great occasions, and which creates "atmosphere" in a single happy phrase, is utterly lacking in the reports of this and some other Indian speeches before the Congress. This whole matter of reporting Indian speeches requires a little clear thinking. We have given the only existing report out of deference to the current trend in favor of the exact rendering of official reports. No doubt the verbatim following of documents is worth while when a writer speaks for himself, or when exact transcription of his remarks by another is clearly indicated. In the reports of Indian speeches, however, nothing in the written record should be taken for granted which conflicts with the known character and word-habits of the speaker, or the course of events as otherwise proved. Insistence upon the letter of records prepared by men of one race on the basis of their interpretation of the words of men of another race, may cloud the truth rather than reveal it. Reaction against the growing tyranny of the precisians in history-writing—the Dynasty of Documentaires—may very well begin on some such firm base as this.

Hendrik's big speech, three days earlier, is somewhat better reported but still reveals the telltale spoor of the interpreter, to which we take due exception within parentheses. After the usual compliments and reassurances, the old chief replies hotly to the charge that Iroquois have wandered off to the French at Oswegatchie:

You have asked us the reason of our living in this dispersed manner. (Isn't that a lovely child-of-nature phrase? Dispersed manner, indeed. More likely he said "like leaves before the wind.") The reason is, your neglecting us for these three years past.

At this point Hendrik indulged in a bit of stage business, breaking a stick and throwing it behind him:

You have thus thrown us behind your back and disregarded us, whereas the French are a subtle and vigilant people (turning this way and that, with eyes ever on the trail) ever using their utmost endeavours each day walking softly like the wolf in winter to seduce and bring our people over to them. . . .

Having indicated sufficiently the loss which Hendrik's oratory suffers through the interpreter, we return to the official record:

'Tis your fault brethren that we are not strengthened by conquest, for we would have gone and taken Crown Point, but you hindered us. we had concluded to go and take it, but we were told it was too late, and that the Ice would not bear us; instead of this, you burnt your own Forts at Seraghtoga and run away from it, which was a shame & a scandal to you. Look about your Country & see, you have no Fortifications about you, no, not even to this City . . . Look at the French, they are Men, they are fortifying everywhere—but, we are ashamed to say it, you are all like women bare and open without any fortifications. (We fancy Mr. Interpreter fumbled the last sentence rather worse than usual.)

Abraham, adopted brother of Hendrik and soon to be his successor, closed for the Mohawks on the old Johnson note, which the gathering (especially one James De Lancey) must have been sick of hearing by this time:

Brethren: We would let you know, what was our desire three years ago when Colonel Johnson laid down the management of Indian Affairs, which gave us great uneasiness. The Governor then told us, it was not in his power to continue him, but that he would consult with the council at New York, that he (Clinton) was going over to England and promised to recommend our desire that Colonel Johnson should have the management of Indian Affairs to the King, that the new Governor might have the power to reinstate him; we long waited in

expectation of this being done; but hearing no more of it, we embrace this opportunity of laying this belt (of wampum) before all our brethren here present, and desire them that Colonel Johnson may be reinstated and have the Management of Indian Affairs, for we all lived happy whilst they were under his management, for we love him, and he us, and he has always been our good, and trusty Friend.

Then he made as if to sit down, but halted to add ironically:

Brethren, I forgot something, We think our request about Colonel Johnson, which Governor Clinton promised to carry to the King our Father is drowned in the sea.

Replying to these and other Indian complaints proved to be a delicate matter. A committee, of which Johnson was chairman, prepared a speech, submitted it to the commissioners for approval, and finally the Lieutenant Governor delivered it on July 3. In its preparation Johnson no doubt had the assistance of Conrad Weiser, one of the Pennsylvania delegates, and that of other commissioners qualified in Indian affairs. Perhaps because of its formal character, time has robbed it of whatever appeal it may have had. Sad stuff the Indians received in return for their dancing rhetoric, but presents spoke louder to them than words. What they heard was nothing new—French villains were stealing the Ohio bodily away from the Indians, and the faithful British, strengthening forts everywhere, were gathering men and arms to toss the rascals out. Conrad Weiser from Pennsylvania and Interpreter Kellogg of Massachusetts Bay—probably he was as grammatical as New York's Printup—testified to the preparations of other colonies.

No congress is quite as dead as its oratory, and this one of 1754 was no exception. Lobbyists hungry for Indian lands and Indians hungry for white folks' rum played around the corridors of the new Stadthuis, or Courthouse, where the sessions were held. Inside the court room Colonel Johnson might report sagely on a just Indian policy; but, outside, his former agent, Colonel Lydius, guilefully swung the infamous purchase of

Wyoming Valley lands for the Connecticut company. The Lydius system was to fill an Iroquois delegate with firewater, escort him to a table and there guide his faltering fingers in his personal sign, writing his name underneath. Some of the best and some of the worst of the Iroquois signed away "the Wyoming" under these foul circumstances. Lydius knew, and no doubt the officers of the Connecticut company knew—church deacons though they might be—that by all the customs of the Iroquois no land sale could be valid unless decided in full council at which the women, as representatives of the clans in whom all lands were vested, concurred. Broken though this fraud finally was, by weight of authority on the one side and shame of conscience on the other, enough whites had meantime slipped into the disputed valley to generate a population doomed to suffer massacre in 1778 at the hands of Indians who never forgave this swindle.

Meantime Colonel Johnson had presented his Indian policy.[2] He recommended the establishment of an Indian supply store at Oswego, the creation of a spy system to offset that of the French, and the building of a fort at Onondaga. These were all war measures; of more constructive value are the suggestions for fair trading regulations in furs and other commodities, and more attention to mission efforts. The Onondaga post was to have a mission and a school, and several young whites were to study there the Iroquois dialects in order that they might become qualified as interpreters. Finally he asked that the colonies unite upon a policy of smoking the Indians out as to their actual sentiments toward French operations between Lake Erie and the Ohio. If any tribe leaned toward the enemy—remember that he was speaking before he knew of Washington's surrender at Fort Necessity—it would be well to know it before the campaign started.

Though called together in the first instance to discuss Indian

affairs, the go-ahead given the Congress by the Lords of Trade and Plantations in the direction of union occupied the center of attention, and once Indian affairs had been smoothed over the commissioners fell to debating this vital, novel matter. Though every crisis revealed the perils of disunity, no experiment toward unity had been tried since the confederacy of the United Colonies of New England in 1643. After this raveled out, various plans were proposed but never grew beyond the point of publication. William Penn, in 1697, proposed an annual congress of all the colonies, with power to regulate customs duties. Daniel Coxe, in 1722, prefaced his *Description of Carolana,* with a plan of union close enough to that presented by Franklin at Albany to suggest that Franklin had read Coxe to advantage.[3]

Franklin, even then, stood forth as the outstanding figure in any colonial council he attended. We may be sure that Johnson and he took each other's measure with gratifying results. Franklin, ever inquisitive, must have delighted in meeting one who knew the Iroquois from toe to topknot; and through their mutual friend, Colden, the great Ben must have learned by this time that Johnson could be depended upon in all things. To Johnson, who had been buying philosophical and speculative works in London and reading them at Mount Johnson ever since peace had brought him a little leisure, Franklin would appear as the venerated high priest of American thought. But there was present a third man of equally daring intelligence, now seldom heard of, and yet the keenest political Englishman in colonial America. This was Thomas Pownall, unofficial observer at this Congress for the Lords of Trade, who first came to America as secretary to Sir Danvers Osborne, and was destined to hold colonial governorships of New Jersey and Massachusetts between his services in London.[4] Pownall observed the American scene acutely, understood the importance of the

democratic urge already manifest on this continent, and counseled reasonable deference to the new spirit. While he did not quite foresee the Revolution, he is on record as believing that the colonies would one day outstrip the Mother Country in population, wealth and political power. Johnson and Pownall exchanged shrewd and confidential letters; and whatever he might have been to other men—Pownall became Johnson's staunch friend in official London. His influence doubtless contributed much to the investment of Johnson with the sole superintendence of Indian affairs.

Franklin dominated the Albany Congress by a shrewd mixture of learning and deference so completely that it accepted the Plan of Union which he brought from Philadelphia, a skeleton copy of which is printed in the Appendix and will bear the study of anyone interested in the evolution of confederacies from ancient temple-and-city states down to the League of Nations. It seems to have pleased no one thoroughly except Franklin, being too royalist for the colonial assemblies and too democratic for the Lords of Trade. They had counseled a union for defense, presumably temporary, and here was a permanent machine for decreasing their authority. With the calm assurance of great minds they dropped the plan, figuratively, into the wastebasket, and pushing the figure of speech a little further, they dropped the American colonies after it. For union of some sort was the only means by which the colonies could have managed American affairs, including frontier wars, without British interference and taxation from London.

Franklin lived twenty-five years longer than Johnson, a normal difference between the sheltered life of a philosophic printer and equable diplomat and the strained existence of a frontier fighter and organizer. Franklin's travels were leisurely progresses of state in coach or sailing vessels; Johnson's were forced marches by foot, horse, or canoe. Franklin fought his

THOMAS POWNALL

Johnson's friend at court. A distinguished colonial governor who filled three American posts and afterward sat in Parliament.

battles with his wits in world capitals; Johnson actually tasted lead in the wilderness. Neither man has quite had his due from history; yet Franklin is nevertheless a national hero of sorts, while Johnson is a neglected, almost forgotten, figure. The explanation is to be found in the fact that Franklin, though born nine years earlier, outlived Johnson by sixteen years. The America which comes alive in school histories is almost altogether the latter half of the stick—the America which began in 1775, a year after Johnson fell stricken in council. On such favoritism the public feeds, like sheep headed all one way. But the truth is that the America which began in 1775 would be far different than it is if William Johnson had not gone away from the tall talk at Albany to twenty years of faithful, and astonishingly effective, service on the frontier. It is interesting to reflect how different the America of today would be if Franklin had died in 1774 and Johnson had lived to 1790.

CHAPTER XVII

COMMISSIONED BY THE CROWN

NEWS of George Washington's failure on the Ohio reaching Albany just before the Congress adjourned, sent the commissioners hastening homeward to counsel their colonies to join in the general defense. In spite of Virginia's bold and independent course, which occasioned some criticism among the delegates, even the colonies most affected thereby—Pennsylvania and New York—enacted grants for the aid of the Old Dominion, the New York Assembly grumbling the while, of course, as its habit was.

In the widely extended Albany county of that day, for whose defense Johnson was still responsible as colonel of the county militia, frontier families shuddered under an avalanche of rumors. The French were on the move to strike here, there, and everywhere. Always one to discount rumor, Johnson tightened the militia organization and awaited the inevitable. It fell at Hoosick on August 27, when a hundred Indians descended on that Dutch village forty miles from Albany. A bold stroke, that! Only a month after the august commissioners had departed, here was war almost on the steps of the Stadthuis—some loss of life and heavy destruction of crops, buildings, and cattle. The Albany militia gave chase, but caught nothing. Immediately the Assembly provided for Albany defenses which were erected at Johnson's command. His orders went out, also, to his scattered companies, bidding them look to their arms and ammunition, the condition of the blockhouses and the strictness of the watch to be kept day and night.

His order of August 30, 1754, to Captain Jacobus Van Slyke, at Schenectady, reveals the presence of one of the chronic military troubles of the frontier, when regulars and militiamen were both on duty at the same place. "The guard," he says, "must be regular, and not allowd to commit any Indecencys, or give any insults to the King's Garrison there, as I am sorry to hear, has been done theretofore." No doubt the Dutch militiamen of Schenectady had been making life a little sadder than usual for the few redcoats mournfully pursuing their duties in that bold river town.

All through the colonies ran a fever of preparation for the battles of the coming year. In Massachusetts, Governor William Shirley built forts and organized rangers under Colonel Williams with that hectic energy which would have made him the greatest of colonial governors if it had been accompanied by a little less arrogance. This extraordinary man, who liked to have his finger in everything, was already assuming intercolonial responsibilities. At the Albany Congress, no doubt, he marked Johnson down as one with Indian authority, and may have put Pownall up to getting the New York colonel a royal commission to deal with the Six Nations in the coming campaign. That inference flows naturally from Shirley's letter of December 9, 1754, in which Shirley leaves no doubt where he stands on Johnson's abilities. As the two men were to quarrel bitterly within nine months over these same Indian affairs, we give Shirley's opinion uttered to Johnson before his sensitive toes were stepped on:

> I am perswaded his Majy hath not a subject, who knows so well how to gain the hearts of the Indians and an Absolute Influence over them, as your self, and who has exerted his distinguish'd abilities for promoting his Maj'y service, and the English Interest among them so much; and if you will be pleas'd to let me know in what particular manner you think you can be most instrumental in that service, I will represent, and recommend it to Ld. Halifax, in particular with Sir

Thomas Robinson with the same cordial zeal, wch I urged the merit of your past services to the Board of Trade, Secretary of Warr and Paymaster General abt five years ago, when the Consideration of your pay as Colonel of the Indian Regimt came before them and I doubt not but Ld Halifax in particular will pay a just regard to your services at this Critical Conjuncture.[1]

To this Johnson replied promptly with a description of the "shattered state" of the Indians, which he finds to be bad indeed since Washington's defeat, when some two hundred of the Six Nations went to Canada for the winter, "and those who may return will be so corrupted & poisoned that they will seduce the rest." Nevertheless, he will take up the task of superintending their affairs, because, "a further neglect of them would be attended with very bad consequences, If not with the entire loss of them, and with them everry other Indian in the country. I will not take it upon me to say what may be the Consequences of such an event, the Effects however I doubt, might be fatall to the British interest on this Continent." One root trouble has been the habit of the colonies in entrusting Indian affairs to traders and low persons, "more concerned in buying & selling than in adviseing or consulting them, in what may regard the Honour of the Crown." The French manage things better, never employing

a trader or handler to Negotiate any Matter with the Indians but a Kings officer in whatever capacity, Who is generally attended by a Retinue of Soldiers according to his Rank to denote his Consequence, if he is but an Ensign or Lieutenant it is Sufficient to Command respect from those People, Who, though somewhat warlike are actuated by fears at a small appearance of Power.[2]

In a word our William will take the job if it is on the right basis of support and tenure, without dependence upon the small-minded assemblies of colonies, disputing among themselves whenever the hat is passed.

My Lord Halifax moved so promptly that Johnson received his warrant of appointment as superintendent of Indian affairs, with full powers to treat with the Confederate Nations in the British interest, from the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America, Major General Braddock, at the Alexandria conference of April 14, '55. This was attended by Johnson, Thomas Pownall, Commodore Keppel, and five of the ablest royal governors in the colonies; but this assembly of talent found itself restricted to devising ways and means of putting into effect an intricate plan of campaign prepared by the Duke of Cumberland, who had never been on this continent or shown the slightest interest in colonial conditions until this military problem came under his martial eye. The Duke was one of those dangerous soldiers who love war for its own sake, and who delight in mapping campaign moves as timid clerks delight in solving puzzles. That he knew next to nothing of the American scene, its broken and wooded nature and the sentiments and capacities of its people, hindered him not a whit from dictating a plan which cost dearly.[8]

As the British held interior lines with sea communications, they could choose the point of attack. London had opposed any attempt to conquer Canada at this time, since war had not been declared. The objective, therefore, was merely thrusting back French encroachments on a disputed frontier, with the forks of the Ohio as the goal of the largest, best equipped army. Yet Fort Duquesne could not be supplied from New Orleans in time to save it if the regular avenue of communications via Niagara should be broken. Any serious threat to the French position at Niagara must result in the evacuation, not only of the advanced French post at Fort Duquesne but of all the lesser posts stretching from Niagara to the forks of the Ohio. The easiest avenue to the Ohio therefore led, not up the Potomac and across the tangled mountains, forests and streams of Maryland and Penn-

sylvania, but through Niagara, to which the best water communications on the continent led. If the British marched from the headwaters of the Mohawk, they would be in the territory of their allies, the strongest of American tribes, who would raise warriors by the thousand for the sacking of hated Niagara. If they took the water route, which is probable, as Prideaux and Johnson did four years later, they would have water carriage for their stores the entire distance from Alexandria to Oswego, except for three portages. Of these portages only one could be considered dangerous and that was fortified. From Alexandria to Albany and from Oswego to Niagara, troops could be moved entirely by water. Where the troops had to march they would have firm footing on military roads or well-trodden trails. Moreover, the few physical difficulties to overcome lay in friendly country; and the prospective area of battle was all plain sailing, open water and open ground, where the British excelled.

If he had been free to choose, we feel that Braddock would have followed in 1754 the route which Johnson took to capture Niagara in '59, the route which Amherst took to capture Canada in '60, the route along which disaster would have come to the Revolution if St. Leger had managed to win through it to relieve Burgoyne, the route which any military invader must control to hold any substantial part in Mid-America. A naval demonstration in the St. Lawrence to shut off French reinforcements, a holding movement at Crown Point and a drive on Niagara with all arms—these, synchronized as perfectly as Amherst synchronized his troop movements in '60—would have cracked French power off short at Montreal and made the name of Braddock illustrious instead of a synonym for military failure.

Instead of being permitted to concentrate their limited resources upon the relatively simple problem of taking Niagara,

the Alexandria conference had no alternative, under the Duke's letter of instructions, to dividing available forces and trying for both Duquesne and Niagara at once. So little did the Duke understand his problem that he suggests Braddock may go, if supplies are available after Duquesne is taken, up the Allegheny river in foolhardy military defiance of the laws of gravitation, thereby substituting a long ascent by wagon for an easy descent by bateaux in time of high water. Moreover, Braddock was allotted the pick of the regulars for the wholly unnecessary trip to the Ohio while the Niagara push awaited the recruiting and training of two new regiments, sure to be still raw by midsummer. For the sideshow at Crown Point, Johnson could have only provincials, while a mixed force of regulars under Monckton and New Englanders under Winslow were assigned to settle the possession of Nova Scotia once for all.

The one English statesman who knew America best, the Earl of Halifax, president of the Lords of Trade and Plantations, never was dazzled by this grandiose plan. In the royal councils he is presumed [1] to have opposed sending more regulars to America, and the alternative suggested is one which could have come only from a mind steeped in deep understanding of colonial affairs. This was that a provincial force be established as far as possible under colonial officers but at royal expense, among men who knew the requirements of Indian warfare. The number of Independent Companies in the King's pay, of which there were then seven in America, might be expanded for garrison duty and drawn upon for drill sergeants. As the officers of these companies were not ranked with the British line, it would have been easier to adjust their ratings with those of the militia officers who presumably would be the organizers of the new provincial army. For Great Britain this proposal possessed another supreme value. The standing army

was small and thinly spread about the earth in this heyday of British conquest; when Braddock sailed three line regiments remained in England, and public opinion was against raising any more. To a limited extent Cumberland seems to have fallen in with this idea, since two new regiments provided were to be recruited in America at the King's charges, though officered largely from the Mother Country. The disaster which overtook the brave lads of the 44th and 48th on the Monongahela, while the Independent Companies and the provincial troops were escaping with far lighter losses, proves that the civilian Earl of Halifax saw more deeply into the truth of the American military situation than did the militant Duke of Cumberland. One wonders if the whole history of America might not have been changed if Halifax's plan had been followed. Certainly, an American army weaned of provincial loyalties and looking to the King for advancement and pay, would have been something for Samuel Adams to fret over ten years later.

CHAPTER XVIII

A SMALL VICTORY AND A GREAT DEFEAT

Of the four campaigns undertaken so blithely only one accomplished its objective—that of Lawrence in Nova Scotia. This brief campaign was a gem of strategy, but its story does not belong here. However, its aftermath deserves a passing glance, if for no better reason than that it has been sadly mauled in song and story. Thanks to Longfellow, no myth needs exploding more than this one of innocent Acadians shipped off their hard-won acres by British bullies, most of whom were probably the ancestors of Longfellow's neighbors, since there were more New England troops there than British.

A sidelight on the conditions which prompted this wholesale expulsion is to be found in a letter of October, 1755, in the Johnson papers, by a Halifax gentleman, Benjamin Green, in which the latter tells of a plot arranged by French officers held as prisoners, whereby the town was to be captured by troops and Indians from Canada. This indicates how long it was before France surrendered all thought of regaining Nova Scotia. Though the province was ceded to the British at the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the boundaries remained long in dispute. As far as we can discover, the British after 1713 made the same effort to conciliate the Acadians by mild measures and religious toleration that they employed so successfully in Canada later. French governors of Canada, however, busied themselves reminding the Acadians that they were Frenchmen. Although most of the latter had actually taken oath of allegiance to the British throne, they were urged to revolt.

During the next war, which ended in '48, a French attack in force on Grand Pré, garrisoned by New Englanders, had the assistance of Acadians. Between '48 and '55 Quebec kept urging the Acadians to throw off the yoke. Records in Paris archives show how freely the Acadians and Indians of the peninsula were incited to attack English settlers. The head and front of this agitation was Louis Joseph le Loutre, missionary to the Micmacs, twenty years a resident of Acadia, whose intrigues finally brought down upon him the reproaches of the Bishop of Quebec. Le Loutre, two years later and still in time of peace, paid Nova Scotian Indians for British scalps and was reimbursed by the French intendant at Louisburg. A French governor, La Jonquière, advised the French government that Acadians, dressed as Indians, would join real Indians in an offensive, and that, if the Acadians were captured, they would protect the Quebec officials by saying they acted on their own volition. To clear the situation Governor Cornwallis had tried to get a new oath taken to George II, but the inhabitants, under Canadien pressure, refused in such numbers that perhaps a third of the French population had already departed for Canada before the more celebrated exodus in '55.

In the latter year, an extremely difficult situation confronted the British governor of this stubborn population. For forty years British authority had been consistently flouted. Forced emigration seemed the only remedy which could be applied. As a matter of fact, probably half the French inhabitants remained, the British lacking ships enough to do the job thoroughly while their dander was up, and tiring of the enormous and difficult task as time wore on. The horrors of shipment have probably been overdrawn, although considerable hardship must have resulted. We find French testimony to the liberality, almost benevolence, of the English in feeding their Acadian colonials during several hard seasons: and the authorities who

behaved thus kindly would hardly have engineered cruelty by design. No doubt the Acadians did suffer greatly after leaving their homes, since uprooting whole families by force always involves hardship before they can become rooted elsewhere, but the Acadians might have stayed in Acadia as honorably as the Quebec population remained in Quebec, if they had accepted British sovereignty in like spirit.

. . . . . .

The small scale victory in Nova Scotia, however, was soon pushed into the background by Braddock's crushing defeat in the most western of the four theaters of war. Leaving Wills Creek on June 10 with 2,200 effectives, he pushed slowly across rough, wooded country, his engineers conscientiously building a road in most laborious fashion. Braddock's Road has occasioned hot disputes; we incline to the belief that the vast toil expended on that thoroughfare, at the cost of vital military speed, was somehow related to the clamant interests of the Ohio Company, whose 500,000 acres would gain suddenly in value once the road was open and secure. Indeed, we fancy the Ohio Company had something to do with selecting the route itself, since the alternative route by Pennsylvania, later followed by Forbes, had the advantage in food supplies, forage, wagons, and horses. It was Pennsylvania's wealth in supplies, marshaled by Benjamin Franklin, which enabled Braddock to get forward as far as he did in the starveling country he traversed.

The army marched in two sections at the suggestion of Braddock's aide and adviser, George Washington, thereby effecting at the outset one of the stock errors of strategy—dividing forces in the face, or at least in the vicinity, of the enemy. Braddock pushed on ahead, leaving Colonel Dunbar with the remainder of the troops and the heavy artillery to plod along behind, so far behind that these troops and guns were not employed at

all in the decisive engagement. Though George Croghan, whom we shall meet again often in this tale as Johnson's chief deputy, had managed to bring a hundred Indians into line for the campaign, most of these had deserted before the battle. One of Johnson's first letters, under the royal appointment as Indian superintendent, is to Croghan (April 23, 1755) asking him to see Scarooyady,[1] the Delaware chief or Half King, acquaint him with the new status of Indian affairs and induce him to "go with as many Indians as he can procure & Join the general wherever he is & serve him in the best manner he can, Who beyond all Doubt will reward him & his Party generously. I shall send some of the Six Nations there as soon as I get home, in order to serve as Outscouts, etc." Croghan, who had been settled on the Pennsylvania frontier fourteen years, acted promptly; nevertheless Braddock was almost stripped of Indians when he met the French. All the Delawares had departed but two, the Half King and his son-in-law, but they and six or eight Iroquois remained to the end. Possibly two of the latter were Mohawks, the others Senecas, including that famous war chief, the Belt, and Silver Heels. This shortage of scouts goes far to explain the defeat.[2]

The difficulty indicates the skill with which volatile Indian forces had to be handled. The local Indians brought their families to the colorful slow parade through the wilderness, as if it were a fair. Want, too, may have helped to drive the non-combatants toward the line of march, since war generally meant hard times for Indian families because of interference with trade and hunting. At any rate the women, among dusky camp followers, created a problem, since soldiers rarely draw a color line. Braddock, like so many English generals, had not the faintest notion of cultivating Indian regard or saving the feelings of these poor but proud aborigines. Throughout the expedition he had held himself aloof from his Indians, whereas

he could have bound them to him as with steel bands by a little generosity and tact. His method of solving the problem of the camp followers was to call in the warriors and bid them take their forward squaws home. They obliged him but did not return, leaving only a handful of scouts, chiefly Iroquois, to go forward with this showy, but woefully ignorant army. Ignorant, that is, of the requirements of woods fighting.

With too few Indians for effective scouting, Braddock did the next best thing; when the check came in the last stage of his long journey, he may well have been overconfident, for he had brought a none too good army safely through a terrible march. Nevertheless, his flanking parties were out and a vanguard of three hundred men under Gage led the way, followed shortly by another party of two hundred. Then came the General with his heavy troops, light artillery, and wagons. It does not appear in the least that the British were ambushed; certainly they were not ambushed in the complete sense that Williams was ambushed at Bloody Pond or Herkimer ambushed at Oriskany. A battle can scarcely be called an ambush in which a vanguard is checked by an enemy who arrives at the battle-field at the same moment and seizes with superior acumen the natural advantages. Strangely enough, the French and Indians held their ravines without a serious challenge throughout the ghastly fight. Probably the myth of ambush started as a polite explanation of a woods fight in which the British, though superior in numbers and bravely led, were soundly beaten by an enemy more accustomed to the woods and locality than were the British regulars and better supplied with Indian aids. Even so, the British had the best of it at the start, until Captain Dumas took the place of the lost French leader, Beaujeu, checked a retreat and swept on to his stunning victory. If ever one man won a battle, Dumas did it that fateful ninth of July, 1755.

Dumas took the honors of victory, Washington the honors of the retreat: to Braddock remained only the hard task of dying, accomplished on the second day of his pain with the prophetic last words, "We shall know better how to deal with them another time." Upon Dunbar fell the uncomfortable task of explaining why he did not salvage something from defeat. There he was with a thousand men, plenty of artillery and ammunition, and complete freedom of action, since the enemy did not pursue, the French being utterly spent and the Indians disorganized by the opportunity to plunder. But a beaten army will fly when no man pursueth, and perhaps Dunbar despaired of holding his troops after the beaten remnants of Braddock's men fell back upon him with exaggerated tales of enemy numbers. By this time, no doubt, even the balance of Croghan's Indians had faded away, and the Virginians under Washington, after the manner of colonial troops in all campaigns, were anxious to get home for the harvest. So what might have been merely a lost battle in a campaign became a rout ending a campaign with such devastating completeness that the Indians of the Ohio thought the British would be driven into the sea. Instantly the Shawnees and the Delawares leaped upon the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania, and the western Iroquois wavered at this evidence of French prowess.

CHAPTER XIX

THE COMMANDERS FALL OUT

WHILE Braddock carved that beautiful road from the Potomac to the Monongahela for the King and the Ohio Company, Shirley [1] and Johnson prepared to march, the one on Niagara, the other on Crown Point. Disposing these two expeditions so that their routes and their commanders crossed each other is now seen to have been one of the supreme blunders of a blundering year.

By all the dictates of common sense, the Massachusetts governor should have been sent after Crown Point, and Johnson after Niagara. The bulk of the militia at Crown Point—all but one New York regiment—were New Englanders prejudiced against Johnson as a Yorker, an Irishman, a Church of Englander, a high liver, and a squaw man. On the other hand Shirley, to reach Niagara, must move troops through Johnson's home valley—almost through his dooryard, in fact. At all times troop movements through Iroquois country required wise management in order to avoid giving offense, and Johnson in these all too short days of preparation had to take time to impress this fundamental on Shirley and his officers. To the commanding officers of Sir William Pepperell's regiment he wrote from Mount Johnson on June 21, 1755:

> As the Indians are now down at my House & as the affairs I have to treat with them are of the utmost consequence to His Majestys Service, it is a matter of great Moment to keep them in god Temper & to avoid giving them the least Disgust. They are a People naturally haughty & mistrustful.
>
> I must beg therefore that you will please to give the Strictest Orders to all your People who may pass either by Land or by Water near my

house, either in the Sight or Hearing of the Indians, that they will not behave or speak to them (many of them understand a good deal of English) in any manner likely to give offence, and also that the Officer Commanding any Companies w^ch^ may march this way by Land, will please to halt his Men when he is within Sight of my House & give me previous Notice of their Approach.

I would not give you this Trouble were not His Majesties Service concerned in it.[a]

The white inhabitants of the Mohawk—Dutch and Germans—were also clannish folk, inclined to be testy with strangers and not the least in love with British soldiery or New England politicians. In view of the mixed population, and the sensitiveness of the Indians, to leave Johnson out of the Niagara expedition was borrowing trouble; and as if to make doubly certain of friction, the two expeditions were to outfit at the same base.

Shirley's active mind, no doubt, foresaw some of these difficulties and dismissed them for two reasons advantageous to himself. Niagara was the banner assignment, easy going toward a key objective, the capture of which would climax his long career in the colonies with a burst of military glory. He had been active in the Louisburg campaign but lion-hearted Pepperell of Kittery, Maine, squeezed the fame and title out of that victory. Shirley wouldn't mind in the least being Sir William Shirley, Bart., the second American baronet, a consummation scarcely to be avoided if his long and constructive service in the civil administration of Massachusetts Bay could be crowned with a military triumph. Crown Point was merely an advanced post to protect French communications; Niagara was the very keystone of those communications. The "Attorney General," as his enemies called this major general even before his campaign died in its tracks, was hardly the man to make way for another and better qualified leader, even if he had believed such a person existed.

A second reason why Shirley clung to the Niagara command against all the logic of the situation is found in Johnson's letter to Robert Orme, Braddock's aide, on May 19, "Governor Shirley's attack," he writes, after setting forth his own fears as to supplies through colonial disunion, "is happily not upon Provincial Funds." Whereas Crown Point expenses would be met by the quarreling colonies, Niagara expenses would come out of Braddock's war chest. It is in this same letter that Johnson, whose foresight is most uncanny where the delinquencies of provincial assemblies are concerned, says mournfully:

> I dread Confusion, want of Money, & that my hands will be too much tied up. Provincial Quotas will I foresee occasion an argumentative War, & I dread will retard if not destroy our Success.[3]

Like many extremely busy men Shirley was often late. Although the expedition toward Niagara received an early start on paper, Shirley had sharp warning from Bradstreet at Oswego, as of May 29, that delay in starting would imperil the whole expedition.[4] Nevertheless two of the three regiments, Shirley's and Pepperell's, which were to be the backbone of the expedition, did not reach Albany until early in July. As they were embarking at Schenectady for Oswego, following five hundred men of Schuyler's New Jersey regiment which Shirley subtracted from the Crown Point forces to Johnson's disgust, they received the news of Braddock's defeat. This caused so many desertions both of soldiers and battoemen that needed supplies had to be left behind. Shirley reached Oswego, weeks late, on August 2. He found preparations there well forward, thanks to the energetic Colonel Bradstreet,[5] who had hastened on with two companies and three hundred carpenters for boat-building. Bradstreet pushed the work so vigorously that he had the agreed number of boats ready for the lake trip when Shirley arrived, but the latter would not start for Niagara with less than six hundred men. More boats had

to be built, and before they could be completed the usual September storms began to roar across the lake. During these delays the chagrined Shirley relieved his disappointment by writing long letters to Johnson at Lake George, urging him on and on and on to glory at the cannon's mouth. If the lives of quiet, common men and the safety of a realm had not been involved, there would be comedy in this picture of Shirley, himself beleaguered by the elements, sitting at his desk and hounding the sick and wounded Johnson forward against obstacles of whose very existence the distant commander-in-chief was unaware.

The truth is that Shirley's wounds, being of the mind and soul, were more painful far than Johnson's which were merely of the body. While Shirley had been besieged by the elements, Johnson, the lucky dog, had actually won a battle. Nay, more: with only colonials around him he had defeated French regulars, and captured one of Europe's noted soldiers. No wonder the dynamic governor of Massachusetts wrote often and sourly through his bitter autumn of '55, until on October 24 he retired toward Albany with all but seven hundred men left in garrison under Colonel Mercer. Failure could now be written to the second of Braddock's four blows against the French; and though Shirley kept on talking and writing at his usual speed, his star, as all could see but himself, had begun to set. He had the bite of controversy left in him, but not much else, and in two years he gave way in Massachusetts to Thomas Pownall. His lieutenant generalship in '59 let down, with the accustomed British ease, a public servant who deserved well of the King but had clearly outlived his usefulness in the colonies.

Not all of Shirley's letters to Johnson in the summer and autumn are directions or exhortations to action; some concern themselves with the quarrel which arose between the two men over Indian forces. Johnson complains of the acts of Shirley's

WILLIAM SHIRLEY

Colonial Governor of Massachusetts. Johnson's foe in the controversy of '55.

agents, the unscrupulous Lydius and fiery Billy Alexander, Shirley's secretary. The latter is the Lord Stirling of Washington's army, though his self-assumed title was found not valid under Scots law. This ill-assorted pair went to the Iroquois castles with rum and presents to lure Indian parties away from Johnson's Crown Point expedition to Shirley's. Old Arent Stevens, interpreter and faithful contact man, reported to Johnson that Shirley's secretary told him

> that if he would undertake to act for Mr Shirley in Indian Affairs he should have a larger salary than he received from the Province . . . the sd Arent Stevens complaining that his salary was too small, Mr, Alexander said it was in my (Johnson's) power to double it & was surprized I did not do it . . . one James Glen just arrived from Onondaga told me that John Van Seys a Smith stationed there by Mr. Shirley had Meetings daily with the Indians there, treating and giving them presents.[6]

The foregoing extract occurs in a memorandum made by Johnson after his return from Lake George to Fort Johnson.

The newly appointed superintendent of Indian affairs could not pass over this affront, even if he had not needed trustworthy Indians for his expedition far worse than Shirley needed them for his. As Johnson points out to Robert Orme, August 1, 1755, the march to Oswego is all through friendly country, where nothing need be feared from enemy Indians. The Western Nations can be depended upon to furnish aid as Niagara is approached; but for penetrating the dangerous country toward Crown Point, where the French have been long in control, Johnson will need his Mohawks and Oneidas, all he can get of them. Johnson promises Shirley all the scouts he can prevail on (Letter of June 19, 1755); but he begs him to refrain from directly enlisting Indians, and arranging them on a military basis, because this procedure disorganizes the Indians. He perceives that Shirley's behavior breaks down the prestige of the superintendent, and will prove expensive to the Crown, as the

offers of Shirley's agents have established a new rate of pay for Indian war parties. Especially has Shirley erred in letting it be said to the Indians that Johnson's commission comes from Shirley, whereas the fact is that it comes from Braddock, as commander-in-chief; [7] and Shirley's appointment of the venal Lydius to a colonelcy over the Six Nations was an odious usurpation as well as a direct personal affront.

Shirley's defense of his agents had no heart in it; but he stuck on the point that, since he succeeded Braddock, at the latter's death, as commander-in-chief of all the British forces in North America, he was now above Johnson, both in military rank and Indian affairs. Johnson admitted cheerfully the military precedence and resigned his major generalship as soon as he could get decently away from Lake George; [8] but he refused to yield on Indian affairs, and at length was sustained by the Lords of Trade. This body recommended him to the government, which sent him a royal warrant direct, under which Johnson became free of interference by colonial governors, though still deferring to the British commander-in-chief. This quarrel with Shirley made a great stir in its day, and by reflection in New England histories has colored the broad American view of William Johnson to this day.

In justice to Governor Shirley, let it be said that he suffered at this time the heavy loss of his son and namesake, who came over from England with General Braddock as his secretary and died at the battle of the Monongahela. Perhaps the only man with the Braddock expedition to foresee the fatal outcome, young Shirley went steadfastly on to become one of its sacrifices. A young man of rare sense and promise, his death in that hell of fire and pain must have been a bitter blow to the ambitious governor in the midst of his campaign against Niagara. Another son, Captain John Shirley, lay seriously ill

at Oswego and died in New York a little later of dysentery—that scourge of camps.

In addition, his two line regiments, newly created and badly recruited, gave him no end of trouble. Shirley's own, the 50th, soon became known as "the dirty half-hundred," because the white linings and laces of its uniforms could not be kept clean. Neither Shirley's nor Pepperell's drew the best class of recruits, although the old baronet, hero of Louisburg, scrambled from Maine to Philadelphia in search of men. American recruits in '55 were notoriously bad, no doubt because the war had not yet developed into a soul-compelling struggle rousing substantial and dependable citizens. The easy economic opportunities of the colonies and the common colonial dislike for discipline in a caste-ridden army, left only the dregs of society to be tempted by the King's shilling. Naturally we would expect the desertions to be commoner among native sons than among strangers to the country; nevertheless it is startling to read that of one hundred and twelve deserters from the 44th and 48th, regiments containing recent Irish drafts as well as veterans, and only lightly recruited here, all but six were American recruits.

However, after making all allowances for Shirley's disturbed state of mind, his arrogance toward Johnson and his Indian allies is altogether inexcusable, out of line both with his instructions and the welfare of state. Probably he was too much influenced by Lydius, who had a good deal on his conscience just then and was trying to rehabilitate himself in Indian esteem by undermining Johnson.

CHAPTER XX

JOHNSON'S CROWN POINT CAMPAIGN

In Johnson's heavy mail from New York came the following document in the handwriting of Archibald Kennedy, member of the council, sometime collector of the Port of New York. We give it because it illumines naïvely the warfare of a bygone day, and also because Johnson's conduct in the field seems to have been influenced by it. While we think a veteran woodsman like the new major general may have smiled a little at Mr. Kennedy's conck shells and watchdogs, his conduct in respect to councils of war, caution after victory, New Englanders' prayers and many other items indicates that these hints were taken seriously. Only in the matter of a "secure retreat" does Johnson seem to have gone directly opposite to counsel.

Some Hints for a Commanding Officer

May 24, 1755

It may be needless to observe that a Commanding officer setting out without a Sufficiency of Provisions and Stores, is going to work without Tools, of all which the utmost care is to be taken, and well guarded, because a sudden supply will be difficult, if not impossible.

Make sure of a safe retreat in case of accidents; the Battle is not always to the strong.

If you gain a Victory, be more upon your guard.

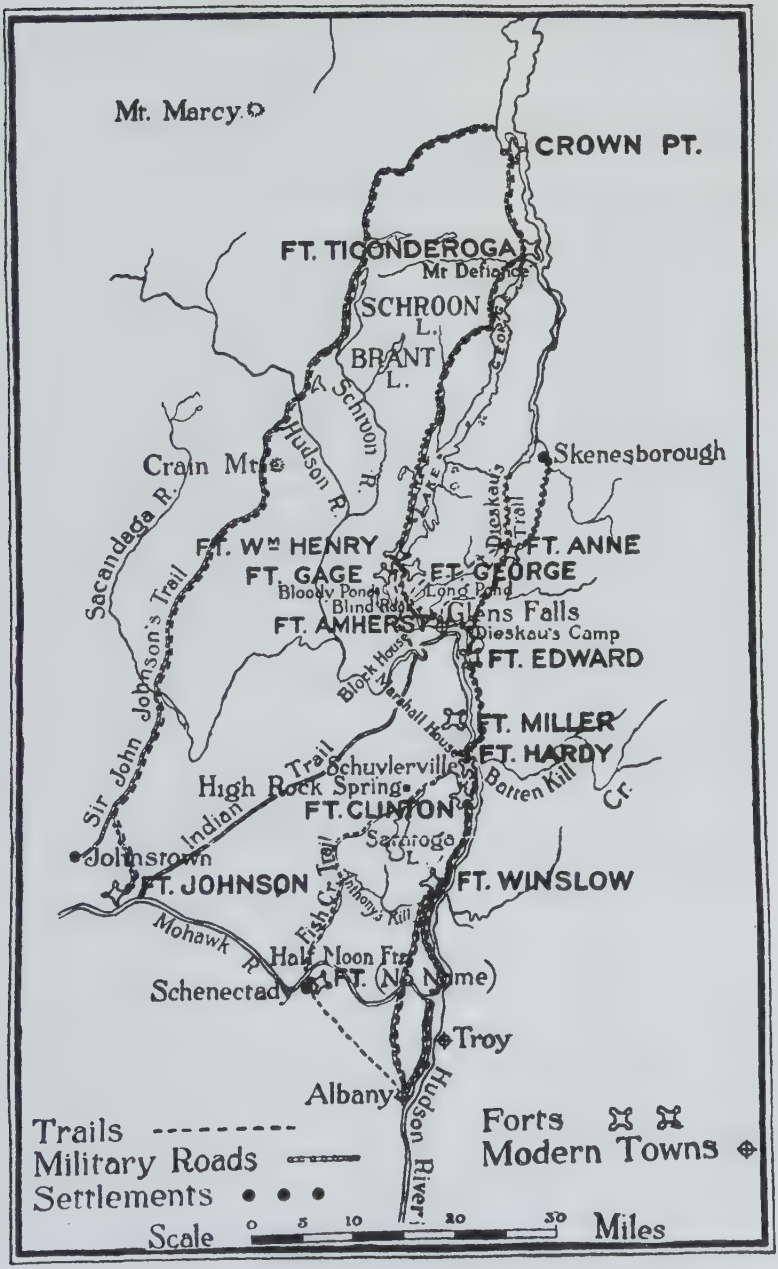
If you loose dont despair.

Let nothing ruffle your Temper, be always cool, happen what will.

Let no disappointment cool your Courage, but on the Contrary exert yourself the more, disappointments create experience, and this an officer.

At no time shew any diffidence or fear in your Countenance.

By all means get the esteem and affection of your officers and Men,



TRAILS, MILITARY ROADS AND FORTS FROM ALBANY TO CROWN POINT, 1750–1780

but they ought at the same time to know you Command; there is a difference between power and authority.

Distinguish a brave man, and reward a gallant action upon the spot.

Be careful of your sick men, and visit them some times your self.

Spare no cost for Intelligence.

Do not go to sleep till your Camp is well secured, and this you must see yourself.

Do not encamp but where the water is good.

When you make presents to the Indians let them be such as will be most acceptable to their Wives and Mistresses.

That all Prisoners especially Indians be sent to New York, you will find the benefit of it in the Event.

You may have occasion for Irons for some sort of Prisoners.

Carry with you a few Conck Shells, if a party should be dispersed, or a Man lost in the woods, the shell will let them know where they are, and will be heard as far as a Gun, and further than a Drum, by either of which they may be deceived; by the other they cannot, as it is not very probable the enemy will carry any thing of that kind.

If you should come to a Parly get Hostages as soon as you can.

The hours of a Parley are dangerous for Surprizes.

Prayers have often a good effect, especially among New England men, a well gifted New England Parson, might therefore be an useful implement.

Great care to be taken about your out Sentries, especially in the Night, and each to have a watchfull Dog, and supported by other Out Guards.

A General officer must keep a good Table.

Engage in no Action of importance without the advice of a Council of War; and let every thing, and every one's opinion, be carefully noted, this will Justify you upon all occasions.[1]

. . . . . .

Sadly hampered by lack of supplies, of which Shirley had taken his pick, and by shortage of wagons and scows, Johnson could not get away from his Albany base before August. Almost at the last moment he spent several days mending the holes Shirley made in the delicate fabric of Indian relations; on the very eve of departure a delegation waited on the General to say they would not march until they knew who was running the Indian show. When he left, on the eighth, he could only

muster fifty Mohawks, led by Hendrik. Present, also, was Joseph Brant, doing his first campaign at thirteen years of age and already giving promise of exceptional ability. The New York and Rhode Island militia, even then, were not yet ready to move, so Johnson set out with his stores and artillery to overtake the Massachusetts and Connecticut troops who had gone under Brigadier General Phineas Lyman. At the Great Carrying Place on the 14th, two hundred more Mohawks waited.

The New Hampshire men came in "cross lots" for acute financial reasons, described by Governor Benning Wentworth to Major General Johnson in a letter of June 17:

> The money Granted for Carrying on this Expedition being paper, it has no Currency either in the Massachusetts or in New York Governments, for which reason I have been obliged to March the regiment by Land to Connecticut River, from thence to March over to Crown point to Joyn the main body of the Troops under your Command.[2]

These New Hampshire lads came in short of everything save spirit and sure aim. Wentworth could not prevail upon his Assembly to outfit a wagon train unless the contingent were reduced from five hundred to two hundred and fifty men. Johnson took the five hundred, and scraped supplies for them elsewhere; but he expresses his disappointment to his engineer officer, Captain Eyre, in these prophetic words:

> Good encouragement I must own! In short, I am afraid that the narrow spirit of frugality will retard if not defeat the schemes agreed on.[3]

Considering that New Hampshire had more at stake in the campaign than any other New England colony, and both Governor Wentworth and the public favored strong action, it is no wonder that Johnson saw his earlier forebodings materializing when the Assembly of that colony began to economize thus early. As a matter of fact, before the campaign came to a

JOHNSON'S MAP OF LAKE GEORGE SECTOR

Sent to Sir Thomas Robinson, principal Secretary of State, on Jan. 17, 1756, endorsed on the back, "Sketch of the Country between Fort St Frederick & Fort Edward." Map and key (see reverse) are probably both by Thomas Pownall.

1 Fort Edward
2 Fort William Henery
3 Wood Creek called by ye Indians Osserâge
4 Creek ..... Skaihyohôwane
5 Foot of ye Mountains
6 South Bay & Drowned lands { called by the Indians Ticonderaquegon signifying a Mass or Conflux of Waters
7 Lake George call'd by the Indians { Caniaderôite signifying the Tail of the Lake.
8 A Bay call'd by ye Indians Kanhusker a Corner } where the Scouting Parties hid their Canoes.
9 First Narrows
10 A Bay call'd by ye Indians Sakundawîde
11 Second Narrows The French advanc'd Post . . . below which The Carrying place Over the Falls.
12 A Remarkable high Mountain call'd by the Indians Tokaghwankeraneghton. NB beneath this is a little bay from whence in ye course of the prickt line (green) turning eastward thro a Gap in ye Mountain where the Creek runs thro, 'tis thought by some a road may be found,
13 The Sugar Bush
14 The French Fortifyed Post which they call'd Carillon call'd by the Indians Tieonderōge signifyeing ye Conflux of two Rivers.
15 Fort St Frederic
16 The Narrows on ye Drowned Land. Two Rocks.
17 A Lake, The Country here is full of Such.
18 A remarkable high Mountain call'd by ye Indians Canucksôhory
19 Advanc'd post of the English Forces from ye Scouting parties went out to South Bay & ye Narrow in ye various directions of the green prickt lines.
20 The Point, opposite to Fort St Frediric, call'd by the Dutch Crûn Pt.
21 Presqu'Isle.
22 The Great Lake called by the Dutch Lac Corlear, by the French Lac Champlain & des Iroquois, but by the Indian Themselves Caniadere'-guaront' which either signifyes the Lac that is ye Gate or Door, or else signifyes Barent's Lake so call'd after a Dutchman of that Name which the Indians pronounce Guarent. The Entrance between Fort St Frederic & Crûn Pt into the Lake ye Indians call Tek'yadoughniyarîga signifyeing two Points of high Land opposite to each other.
23 Kingiaquocktenoc Falls where is a Portage of 200 Yds.
24 Narrows not above 30 or 40 Ft: across where Wood Creek runs into ye drowned Lands.

NB The Red Lines show ye Roads that have been open'd & made for Carriages. The red prickt Lines ye directions in which tis supposed that such may be found. The green prickt Lines shows the Routs of the Indians & Scouting Parties.

close, every colony professed to believe that it had paid more than its quota for the support of this joint enterprise.

Johnson found his New Englanders "rarin' to go." Like Job's war horse they snuffed the battle from afar, and enjoyed the smell. Far from being depressed by news of Braddock's defeat, they were on fire to show the Frenchies how much better colonials were than the British regulars. Some of them were the heroes of Louisburg; all knew enough of that brilliant, terrible fight to feel invincible. With his long experience of frontiersmen, you may be sure that William Johnson read these New England militiamen correctly, in spite of their awkwardness in drill and lack of regulation equipment. In a letter of January 17, 1756, to Sir Thomas Robinson,[4] Johnson presented this summary of the strong and weak points of provincial forces under his command.

As I had opportunity of experiencing in the Provincial Military Command I was Honoured with last Compaign, some matters that it highly imports His Majesty's Ministers to be apprized of, I cannot but think it my Duty to lay them before You to the best of my own Observation, and more especially as they may at this Juncture be liable to be Misconceived from the appearances of the Events of this last Year.

Provincial Forces acting by themselves are so constituted that neither by their Form or Discipline to be fitt for the various Duties and Services of a Campaign of any continuance, nor for the difficulties, Fatigues, & Events of a Siege. there cannot be any well grounded dependance of Success or good to the Common Service in Expeditions under an Army so Constituted. . . .

As I have thus on one Hand from my own knowledge ventured to say what Provincial Forces undertakeing a Campaign by themselves in the Form of an Army are not fitt for. I ought on the other to say, where their Merit, and Strength lyes, and what they are fitt for.—

1st. They are fitt for what may be properly called an Expedition, or an Excursion of ten or twenty Days Continuance.

2d. the objects of his Majesty's Service in this Country being either to Erect Forts, or to demolish those erected by the French in their encroachments on his Majestys Lands, must I cannot but conceive

> be the Work of his Majesty's Regular Troops, but as the way to all Such is thro' Woods & Wildernesses the Provincial Forces of these Countries as Irregulars can the best of any Forces in the World Cover His Majesty's Troops thro' these Woods to where their proper Scene of Action lyes. they can also in the Same Manner escort up all their convoys, and would I should hope, did any occasion call for their Service upon Such Duty act with Bravery, Spirit, and Success.[5]

With such troops morale runs high at the start, and then declines. A dashing leader, like Arnold, could lead them anywhere. But William Johnson was no Arnold, springing full-formed as a military leader from civilian ranks. Instead, he was a trader and farmer with a smattering of local military experience, chiefly the command of home guard units and of Indian scouting parties, to which his relation was that of a wise uncle rather than commander. Although he had rushed here, there, and everywhere in defense of the valley, he had never been under fire in a serious engagement, and had never disposed troops in the field. Probably he had never paraded more than a battalion of militia in his life. Against these lacks let it be set down that he understood better than most of the military men of his time the importance of supply; his experience in trade and in supplying Oswego during King George's War gave him wisdom in that department. He would have made a splendid quartermaster general; [6] but both in strategy and dash he lacked much of commanding success after success in the field. Nevertheless, he won the only important battle of a bitter year; and amid a crash of reputations emerged with honors and increased prestige. Four years later he was to be thrust forward by Fate to the command of another and even more important campaign, and to manage it with surprising competence.

But in '55, at the head of thirty-five hundred colonial troops and with only one regular officer to advise him—Captain Will

Eyre, the engineer—William Johnson was just a vigorous prominent citizen doing the best he could. He was enough of an amateur, too, to be serving on very moderate pay, but the expense account he asked for to set a proper table, support his secretaries, and maintain his establishment in the field, nevertheless astonished thrifty New England. Considering his ignorance of martial affairs, and the fission in colonial support, the wonder is not that Johnson did not take Crown Point but that Dieskau did not take him.

So impatient were these New Englanders to be on their way that before Johnson arrived General Lyman set three hundred of his men cutting a road to Lake Champlain by way of Wood Creek, the dangerous, difficult route which undid Burgoyne's schedule when he followed it in the reverse direction twenty-two years later. Johnson promptly countermanded this order, sent out scouts to reconnoitre, and on their return called a council of war, which wisely decided "that the road to Lake St. Sacrament (present Lake George) appeared to them the most eligible and that it ought to be immediately set about." Though this decision was unanimous, the shift may nevertheless have nettled Lyman and his friends. Leaving the New Hampshire men to complete and garrison the fort which took the place of Lydius' fortified trading post, Johnson set out for the lake on the 26th, and reached it on the 28th—fourteen and a half miles in two days and considered good traveling in view of the broken country crossed and the construction work done in passing. Having 3,400 men present or on the way, and expecting reinforcements later, he laid out a camp at the southern end of the lake large enough to hold 5,000 men and their stores.[7] In his first proclamation to troops at this base, Johnson formally changed the name of the lake from St. Sacrement, bestowed upon it by Father Jogues, the Jesuit martyr, in honor of the feast day when he first set eyes on it.

General Johnson's selection of his camp site has been criticized, and rightly, because it left no avenue of escape, having swamps on either flank and the lake at the rear. Once an enemy broke through its defense line, the defenders were doomed, because Johnson had not enough boats to effect a retreat by water. Moreover, the camp lay open to attack by water if the enemy possessed boats, a fact of which Johnson could not be sure at the moment. On the other hand, it derived two advantages from its lakeside location—abundant and pure drinking water and a good launching place for the battoes which were to be brought over from the Hudson by wagon and those which were to be built at the camp. Probably Johnson, himself extremely cautious, concluded that the French would await his coming, and on that basis the unprotected shore was safe enough. That the French would come upon him by land instead of water no one imagined.

Immediately the boat-building began. These frontier soldiers handled axes even better than they handled guns; the near-by forest lost its proudest trees; the clustering hills echoed to saw and hammer as keels were laid and bulwarks reared. On the first Sunday Johnson applied Kennedy's counsel regarding prayers, with the Reverend Stephen Williams of Colonel Ephraim Williams's [8] Massachusetts regiment leading the service. There was a third Williams present, Dr. Thomas Williams, a brother of Colonel Eph, and surgeon in his regiment who came north with the typical New England bias against Johnson, but who lived to testify a few weeks later, in a letter to his wife at Deerfield, that Johnson had been misrepresented to him:

> I must say he (Johnson) is a complete gentleman, and willing to please and oblige all men; familiar and free of access to the lowest sentinel; a genleman of uncommon smart sense and even temper; never saw him in a ruffle, or use any bad language—in short, I never was so

disappointed in a person in the idea I had of him before I came from home, in my life; to sum up, he is almost universally beloved and esteemed by officers and soldiers as a *second Marlborough for coolness of head and warmness of heart.*[9]

This was written after the ordeal by battle; but the beginning of this change of heart among the New England soldiers (there was no change among the New England politicians) began when they saw their leader bring order promptly out of confusion in the boat-building business, and gratify their saintly desire for a Sunday prayer meeting. They had expected something else of a squaw man who wore ruffles; they forgot that he had run a sawmill and bossed woodsmen all his adult days.

Another of Kennedy's advices Johnson took with the utmost seriousness—the calling of military councils. The records show him calling a council of war whenever need for decision arose. We admit this is hardly the method of a great captain; but it had its advantages for a civilian general commanding troops strange to him and officers of whom he could not feel sure. "My Council of War are playing Politiks upon me," [10] he wrote, on one occasion during the campaign. If he read them aright, then a council of war would be his only safeguard. Then, too, the colonies, like France during the Revolution, had the dreadful habit of sending civilian commissioners to headquarters to inquire into conditions. If a commanding officer became too dictatorial, he risked a row with commissioners and the assemblies back of them.

There existed, moreover, a profound reason for councils of war in those days which hardly exists in modern war. Major General Johnson had no staff, no specialists to winnow true from false information, and advise him what should be done and how to do it: his staff work must be done, if done at all, by field officers in council. So, while the monotonous round of war councils in the records of the Crown Point campaign would

seem enough to drive the Major General wild, the truth is that he probably preferred them to no advice at all. Bear in mind, too, that he was no martinet by either training or nature. The habit of command grew on him in later years; but at Lake George at forty his leadership had come to pass through his ability to get men and tribes to do his will by persuasion, not by force. His victories had been moral victories gained in councils; why, then, should he fret at councils now, when the fate of the expedition might wait upon the accumulated wisdom of his regimental commanders? Gradually the coolness of the New Englanders melted under the smile of this genial general who consulted his subordinates freely and argued his moves out with them man to man. It was not, we repeat, the method of a Cæsar or a Napoleon; but perhaps it was the only method which would have returned Johnson a victory of any sort.

To this busy camp beside the lake came several more Six Nations warriors, a mere handful compared to the number expected. Old Hendrik explained the shortage to Johnson in an informal council as springing from the heartaches Governor Shirley had caused the Indians by telling them he was above Warraghiyagey in Indian affairs. Hendrik reported Shirley as saying:

> You think Your Brother Wariahejage has his Commission for managing your affairs, from the King your Father . . . he had his Commission and all the monies for carrying on your affairs from me and when I please, I can take all his power from him; it was I gave him all the presents and goods to fit out the Indians with.[11]

Shirley also told these Mohawks that he had "always been this great Man," while Johnson "was but an upstart of yesterday." Hendrik continues:

> He was two days pressing and working upon my Brother Abraham to go with him as a Minister for the Indians—he said to him: Wariahejage gives you no wages, why should you go to Crown Point,

you can do nothing there but crack Lice; with me there will be something to do worth while.[11]

Hendrik closed on a note of loyalty, saying that he wanted the officers of the expedition to know why no more Indians have joined their army, thereby doing his brother Johnson the great service of exposing Shirley's tactics to the men of New England and greatly strengthening the commander's position. No doubt Johnson, who had rather a gift for showmanship, suggested this line of rhetoric to his old friend. Thus Hendrik made his last speech in council; he who had voiced in memorable orations the wrongs and aspirations of his people before King's governors in halls of state, ended his career as an orator where he had begun it—in an open glade. Death waited just around the corner for one who had never been false to friend or ally.

. . . . . .

While the invaders of the Crown Point sector sawed and hammered, there descended upon them one of the most intrepid soldiers of his generation, Ludwig August von Dieskau, German baron, French maréchal de camp, whose arms bore the motto "Boldness Wins." Thus far in his career—he was then fifty-four years old—he had followed audacity as his star with never an occasion to lose faith in his destiny. After his defeat it was easy for Monsieur Doreil to write (October 28, 1755) to the Minister of War at Paris:

I avow that I had a recent presentiment that misfortune would overtake him (Dieskau) because I knew him to be too great a stickler for the dangerous principle that intrepidity alone can accomplish the most difficult things.

Hind thoughts establish no reputations for wisdom; yet it may be presumed that Dieskau's admirers were already wondering whether his luck, so good in Europe, would hold in the vastly different combat conditions of the New World. But

Dieskau himself never seems to have doubted success from the moment he set foot on Canadian soil until he found himself, wounded and a prisoner, suffering terribly in Johnson's tent.

Dieskau's first assignment was the capture of Oswego, which Governor de Vaudreuil planned as a parry to check Shirley's drive on Niagara through the Lake Ontario port. The French strategists held, at this stage, a supreme advantage in information, because Braddock's papers, captured on the Ohio, laid all the British moves wide open to them in detail. When they saw, however, that Shirley would be too late in reaching Oswego to proceed farther, the French troops on their way thither were recalled and sent south under Dieskau to meet Johnson's militiamen. Shirley had reduced Johnson's effectives on the argument that his advance on Niagara would weaken the French at Crown Point: this conjecture proved correct at the outset, but its effects were defeated by Shirley's slowness.

Dieskau the Bold had no intention of resting quietly behind his fortifications. To do so would be to violate, not only his code of personal conduct, but also the well-established policy that a commander of regular disciplined troops should attack less disciplined troops at the earliest feasible moment, so that the latter would have little time for seasoning. No doubt Dieskau believed also that Johnson's green militiamen would be better in attack than in defense. While green troops will charge valiantly, men must be trained in order to sustain fire without flinching. Therefore he would attack, but with a force as mobile as possible, leaving his artillery behind and enough men to man it in case of attack. Altogether, this was a soldierly plan; it offered an opportunity for decisive victory and, even if the worst should happen, as it did, Crown Point could still be defended. The usual criticism against division of forces in the face of the enemy hardly holds in a case like this, where a com-

mander possesses a presumptive advantage in morale, and has a tenable position to which to retreat.

His objective was Fort Edward, at the Great Carrying Place, to be taken by surprise assault. The fort might have fallen quickly, if surprised when the garrison contained only four companies of New York troops, not in too good spirits, though their artillery was formidable. Then, having broken Johnson's lines of communication and supply, Dieskau planned to turn on the foe, pin Johnson down to lake shore and receive his surrender. Probably it looked quite simple to this confident protégé of Maréchal Saxe, as he boated down Lake Champlain through the long ribbon of the Narrows to South Bay with his two hundred and sixteen regulars, six hundred and eighty-four Canadiens, and about seven hundred Indians.

In his report of September 14 to his minister of war, Dieskau says that, led astray by a treacherous Iroquois scout, he found himself on Johnson's road to Lake George, some distance from Fort Edward, on the evening of September 7, his fourth day out from Crown Point. He refers, no doubt, to one of his Caghnawagas, Mohawk by blood but settled near Montreal. Though solidly French in opinion and Catholic in religion, these kinsmen of the New York Mohawks shrank from killing the latter in battle, and vice-versa. Instead they were apt to fraternize on the war path when white officers were not looking, but in this campaign these Indian kinsmen were more than usually hostile. Johnson declared later that Dieskau's Indians kept their courage to the very end of the battle, making one of the last charges. What the defeated general may have thought was Indian treachery, since he knew precious little about Indians, probably was merely the ingrained Indian dislike for facing artillery.

Instead of blaming the scouts for missing their objective by four miles, Dieskau should have thanked them. The garrison of

the fort had been reinforced by a New Hampshire contingent of five hundred men, so full of fight that they at once fell to quarreling with the New Yorkers. Though sorely tried by this private war, Colonel Blanchard put it down and kept a guard too sharp for any surprise. Dieskau must have been completely unaware of this (the New Hampshire) reinforcement. If he had attacked Fort Edward, therefore, no doubt that he would have been repulsed with heavy loss, and probably caught on the rebound by reliefs hurrying in from Johnson's camp, less than fifteen miles distant, with a fair road to travel. Opening the engagement at Fort Edward, under all the conditions, probably would have meant the capture of the entire French force, whereas at least 1,300 out of 1,700 of its effectives crawled back to their base after losing at Lake George.

Dieskau's Indians, who had muttered against being led against the fort's artillery, turned gladly in the other direction, not aware that Johnson had cannon with him. About midnight the latter learned of the enemy's presence between camp and fort. A daybreak council of war, certain the fort would be attacked, unanimously despatched a thousand whites and two hundred Indians to the relief of the fort. Colonel Ephraim Williams, of Massachusetts, commanded the column, with old Hendrik as chief of scouts. Neither leader was to return alive from the engagement which has earned the grim but erroneous title of "the bloody morning scout."

The truth is that this force was acting as a relief column, not as a scouting expedition. On the reasonable supposition that Dieskau would attack the fort, it was a strong enough force to engage him whether he succeeded or failed in that objective, and to hold him until reinforcements could hurry up from the Lake George camp. Until Dieskau had been pinned down to action, the camp's garrison could not be reduced too sharply; afterward men could be pushed forward with less danger.

Consequently the council of war properly overrode Hendrik's timeworn criticism of the number, "if they are to fight they are too few; if they are to be killed, they are too many." They were certainly not too few to fight, being 1,200 against Dieskau's 1,700, less reserves which the Baron has to maintain to cope with a possible sortie from the fort. Moreover, they knew their reserve forces were ample and close at hand, certain to arrive before any action they began with due caution could be decided against them.

That so many were killed, including both leaders, must be charged, not to the commander or war council which sent them on, but to the fact that they did not join action with due caution. Instead, they permitted themselves to be ambushed two miles from the camp. Instead of scouting, Hendrik and his braves marched gaily in the van when they entered the fatal defile of Rocky Gulch where the French and their allies were hid in a half circle behind bush and tree. Dieskau, more alert and with better scouting, had employed his troops with rare adaptability to his new problem of woods warfare. The ambush would have been perfect if his Indians, obeying orders, had held their fire a little longer.[12] As it was, firing began before the rear guard, under Lieutenant Commander Nathan Whiting, entered the defile.

Stout old Hendrik, too infirm and heavy to take the trail afoot, fell from his horse at the first volley and was bayoneted;[13] a staunch friend of Britain and one of the noblest characters who ever walked in moccasins, gone in what was certainly his worst fight. Colonel Williams, heroically mounting a rock the better to reform his broken troops, received a bullet through the head. The retreat, though hurried, never quite became a panic, thanks chiefly to Whiting's men, who had escaped ambush. At Bloody Pond the survivors steadied down, and fought pluckily on the basis of every man for himself until

the arrival of Colonel Cole, who came to the rescue with three hundred Connecticut men, dispatched by Johnson as soon as the sound of the firing reached the camp. Soon the weary survivors and their rescuers climbed the barricades which Johnson had erected. They were short upwards of a hundred men, most of whom had lost their scalps because of the rashness of their leader in ignoring the fundamentals of woods warfare. Colonel Williams, who knew the requirements of woods warfare, showed far more rashness than did the greenhorn Braddock at Monongahela; but his forces escaped more easily because they knew how to take cover and fight as individuals rather than by platoons.

So far Dieskau stood victorious, not so much by his boldness as by his prompt use of time and his shrewd choice of cover. Indeed, it was his boldness which overthrew him in the end, although we may well believe this lucky soldier thought the battle won when he chased Williams' broken companies back to the lake. He ordered his officers to form their troops for the assault; but his Indians, surprised at seeing Johnson's thirty-two pounders where no cannon were supposed to be, skulked toward the woods on either flank. This caused a delay while other units were rushed up to take their places—a delay estimated at fifteen minutes, which is considered by many to have been decisive in that it gave the provincials a breathing spell wherein to improve their rude breastworks and compose their souls for slaughter.

For our part, we doubt the essential verity of these hair-trigger crises which are forever popping up in the minds of historians and the evidences of onlookers. It is in the nature of man to screw the uttermost in drama from human experience. Looking at the battle of Lake George calmly, we believe that Dieskau, with the forces available, never could have beaten the colonials that day. He might have beaten them if he had

HENDRIK AND SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON

Comrades forever in stone. Albert Weinert's statue, one of the noblest public memorials in America, overlooks the battlefield of Lake George, where Hendrik fell and Johnson won the victory which established his fame.

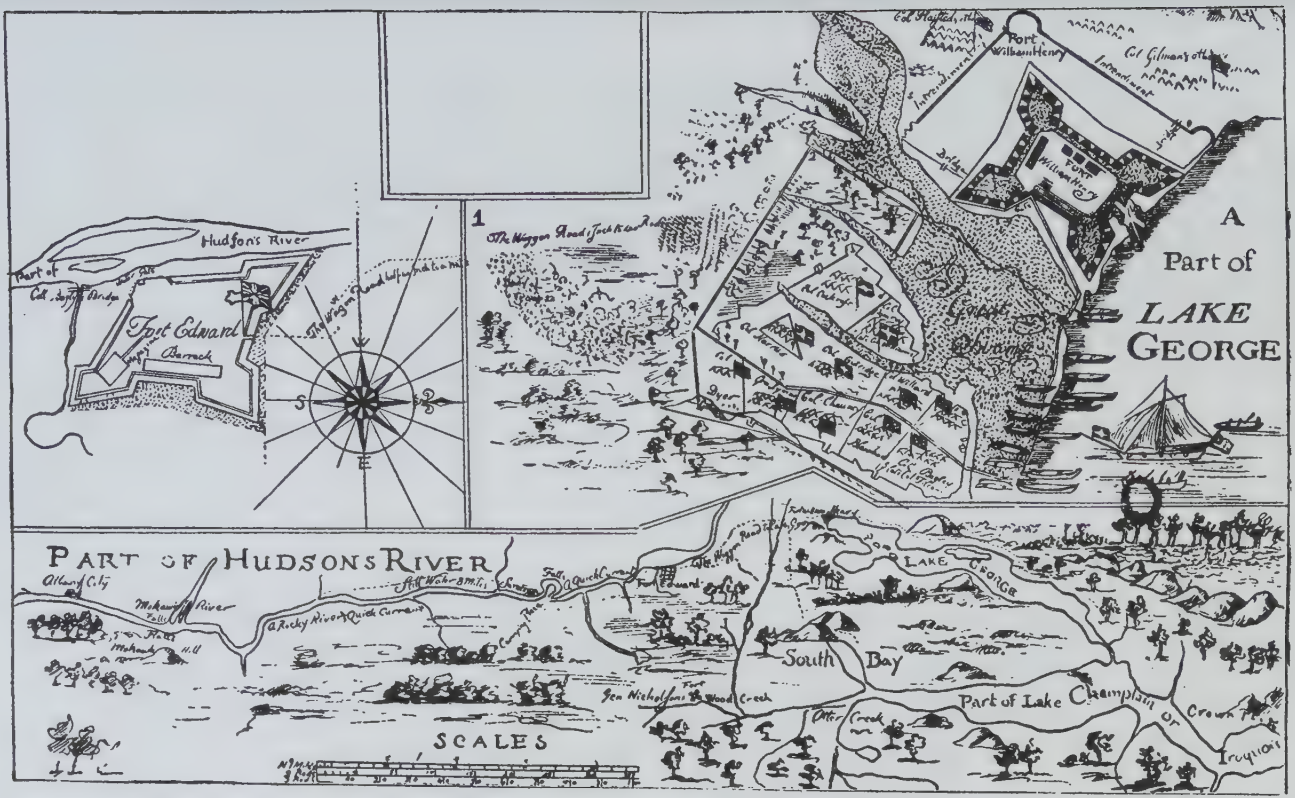
caught the entire force a few hours earlier, when he routed Williams's men; he might have beaten them had he caught them a few days later, when the morale of the militia had wilted somewhat through inactivity. But at the moment of impact his army did not weigh enough, in combined man power, will power, and experience, to whip the defenders of that hastily fortified camp. Man for man, the two hundred French regulars were perhaps the best men on the field of battle that fateful eighth of September; but they were too few for the assignment, and the average of excellence was reduced by the unequal order of his Canadian levies. Johnson had at least five hundred more effectives at the moment of attack; they had been blooded but not routed, and now blazed with the fierce courage of the godly. Those creatures on the other side of embattled wagons and uprooted trees were not merely subjects of another king; they were also Papists and sons of Belial. "They fought like devils," said poor Dieskau later; but it is more likely that they fought as they fancied angels would fight against devils.

The story of the action is soon told. Dieskau's regulars tried the center first, halting at intervals to fire by platoons. With that cool determined progress which usually scared undisciplined men into breaking long before they were hurt by the usual inaccurate musketry fire, these white-clad men of Louis advanced on the center, died by dozens, and retreated. Reforming, they tried even more desperately the colonial right, defended by Massachusetts men—Titcomb's, Ruggles's and the remnants of Williams's. It was the misfortune of the French grenadiers to meet, in this the decisive action of the afternoon, men who were out for revenge. There was no give to that line, though Titcomb fell and scores with him. While this desperate struggle wavered back and forth on the barricades, bayonet against clubbed musket, the artillery shelled the French

Indians out of a swamp from which they were enfilading the barricade.[14] When the regulars withdrew it was as beaten men, flying a field strewn with dead and dying; before they could reform, the dour saints from Massachusetts Bay leaped over their defenses and chased the survivors, all semblance of order gone, into the woods. Later in the day some six hundred to seven hundred New Hampshire and New York men from Fort Edward pounced upon a battered French remnant near Rocky Brook, inflicted much loss and chased the survivors some distance; but no general pursuit was ordered, and probably all save three or four hundred of the enemy made their way back to Crown Point. Of the gallant grenadiers, the regiments of Languedoc and La Reine, however, only a few survived. Their lovely uniforms proved too much of a temptation to the Indian love of finery, so that many a weary Frenchman no doubt fell victim to his own allies in the disorderly retreat to their boats.[15]

The provincials lost two hundred and twenty killed and ninety-one wounded; the Mohawks forty killed. This percentage of killed to wounded is extraordinarily high; no doubt because those wounded in the morning retreat were finished by Caghnawaga and Abenaki tomahawks. Surgeon Thomas Williams stated in a letter to his wife another reason for the high mortality—bullets poisoned by a solution of copper and yellow arsenic. He cites two patients who died of this cause, and a third who was thrown into convulsions. The surgeon says that he proved the mixture from the contents of many captured bullet pouches.[16]

Without attempting to place responsibility for this barbarity, we cite it as a possible explanation of the painful nature of the bullet wound which General Johnson sustained early in the fight. He was hit in the thigh, bled copiously, and retired to his tent, leaving Brigadier General Lyman in command.[17] Although Johnson's defense measures and troop dispositions



CONTEMPORARY MAP OF THE LAKE GEORGE BATTLEFIELD, TOGETHER WITH SKETCH OF FORT EDWARD, AND ALSO OF THE HUDSON RIVER ROUTE TO LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Drawn by Timothy Clement, 1756, and reconstructed for use in Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of the United States*, v. 586 a, b.

in the early part of the day leave little to be desired, the battle of Lake George, as such, was Lyman's fight, and he seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly in the best Puritan-Berserk manner. From this combination of Johnson in the tent and Lyman in the thick of slaughter grew a whispered rumor of cowardice on Johnson's part. If Johnson had merely seated himself in the open, with his back against a stump like General Herkimer at Oriskany, he would have been quite as safe as he was in his tent, which was but a mean refuge with bullets flying; but after all, he would probably have required more attention there and exposed those in attendance on him to some unnecessary danger. The fact is, of course, that the firing line is no place for a general in command, well or wounded. An experienced officer, or a coward, would hardly have exposed himself to fire in the first instance. Being wounded, Johnson wisely got himself out of the way. He was as little concerned later at these attacks on his bravery as he was in adopting an heroic pose during the conflict. As for the wound, the bullet remained in him and gave him intense and protracted pain at various intervals, and contributed, probably, to his early breakdown and death. When his remains were moved in 1862, that wretched bullet came to light at last amid his dust. Whoever cares to do so, can puzzle how the course of American history might have been altered if a competent surgeon had promptly extracted the tormentor, poisoned or not, at Lake George immediately after the fight.

CHAPTER XXI

PAINS OF VICTORY

MEANWHILE, what of Dieskau the Magnificent? How fared this victorious man of the world, the soldier of fortune, in this bloody wrestle with embattled farmers in a wilderness angle? As badly, alas, as his few faithful grenadiers had fared at the barricades. Thrice he was shot in the legs, and a fourth bullet struck his knee during the last assault. Refusing to yield, he had himself propped against a stump, and continued to shout his ineffectual orders: *"Allons, allons!"*

During the first hot gasp of victory when the colonials poured over their barricades after the fleeing foe, Dieskau was shot again—a ghastly, grievous wound across the hips, from which this gallant officer suffered to his dying day. Stone says a "renegade Frenchman" fired this shot; but on Dieskau's own testimony it seems to have come from the musket of a young colonial, to whom the Baron was making the usual gesture of surrender. The lad evidently thought this a hostile move and fired in fright. Lieutenant Colonel Pomeroy had the broken officer carried at once to General Johnson's tent. Thereupon the Baron became a guest rather than a prisoner of war. Johnson refused to have his own wound dressed until Dieskau had been put into the best situation possible considering his sad plight and the crude surgery of the age. When the Baron could be sent on to Albany, Johnson directed that the wounded man be taken on to the General's Albany house, where Mrs. Matthew Ferrall, a sister, was in residence. Johnson explained this move as made in order that his guest might escape the curiosity of the

burghers and the fatigues of a less comfortable residence. In war as in peace Johnson ever played the game of hospitality in the grand manner. The Baron begged that he be moved when he learned that his hostess' husband, a captain of Indian scouts, had been killed in the morning ambush. Thanking her for the tender care which this dear lady lavished on him, Dieskau indicates that he grieves because his presence must remind her of her husband's terrible fate at the hands of the Baron's savage allies. A good-hearted, spendthrift fellow was Ferrall who, after a bad start in Ireland, redeemed himself here and met the worst of deaths as courageously as any victim of that strange lapse of caution.

Thus these two famous men and the brave, kindly woman played out the European code of honor, against the backdrop of the raw American scene.[1] The centuries of evolution between the points of view of civilized man and savage showed starkly when Dieskau asked Johnson what his Mohawks wanted, as they came so often to look darkly down on the sufferer.

"What do they want?" returned Johnson. "To burn you, by God, eat you, and smoke you in their pipes, in revenge for three or four of their chiefs that were killed. But never fear; you shall be safe with me, or else they shall kill us both." [2]

To Shirley, Johnson wrote: "It was with great Difficulty I prevented our Indians from knocking the General & all in the head."

The Mohawks and Oneidas soon took themselves home, as was their custom, to condole with the home folks over their losses, which had been heavy beyond precedent. They promised to return, but did not do so, leaving Johnson dependent for information upon white rangers, notably Robert Rogers, a scout and woodsman of almost superhuman skill and endurance. In November, when Johnson tried to lure the Mohawks back to his camp, they sent word that he must not try to swallow

them all up in one war. Now he should look to the Western Nations—the Senecas and Onondagas—who had more men left to lose.

No doubt the fleeing French should have been pursued in a systematic, orderly way. Instead there was no orderly pursuit after the victors, spent and hungry, decided it was time to return to mess. If Johnson at forty had been a competent officer, he would have sent out the freshest of his troops promptly in pursuit of the fleeing foe, and if he had been a Napoleon no doubt he would have moved on Crown Point within a few days, while his troops were still in the stride of their pride. But he took counsel of caution, magnified the numbers of the enemy Dieskau had left at Crown Point, worried over entrenchments the enemy had thrown up at Ticonderoga, stormed at shortages of supplies and wagons, and went on building boats and forts as if he could win a war with hammers and nails. Mind you, all these obstacles to advance were real enough, and his verdict for delay after delay had full sanction of successive councils of war; nevertheless, a great soldier would have laughed at those obstacles and told his praying demons there was plenty of food for them at Crown Point.

The following extracts from Johnson's letters in the autumn of 1755 illustrate his view of the military conditions that prevailed after the action of September 8.

To Spencer Phipps, Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, he wrote September 17:

> Our wounded for the most part, I am afraid will not be capable of Service this Season—Our Sick daily increase and as the Weather is of a Sudden become very wet and Cold I am afraid their Numbers will grow and indeed I am sorry to perceive and confess that our People in general, do not show that Spirit and alacrity which might have been expected from the Providential defeat of our Enemies and the prospect of the Business before us—smiles do not seem to dwell on their Countenances from the one, nor Ardor inspired for the other.

THE HERO OF LAKE GEORGE

As the London of 1756 thought Sir William Johnson ought to look. A mezzotint engraving by J. Spooner from the Adams painting.

However I am Building large flat Bottomed Boats for our Artillery, have sent Spies to learn the posture of the Enemy—keeping Scouts to observe their Motions and putting everything in all the forwardness in my power.[s]

To Shirley, on the 22d, he made the following complaint:

To my great Mortification, I must confess to you, that Notwithstanding the Providential repulse we gave to the Enemy, Our Troops are so far from being invigorated thereby or filled with any Additional Ardor for pursuing the Main Plan, that the reverse of this has been evidently the Case almost ever since. The resolute & obstinate Attack made upon our Breast work in the Face of our Cannon seems to have given our Troops a dread of the Enemy. We have had wet & cold days since, the Men are thinly clad are ill bedded & Tented were pretty much fatigued, by the Engagment. by the false alarms & precautions taken afterwards, Bad weather, . . . Life to w^ch^ they are wholly Strangers, Sickness since the 8. greatly increases amongst; Winter at no great Distance, Family tyes, In short all all Causes put together, have so influenced our Men that they are by no Means inclined to proceed further & I have reason to believe many of their officers of the same Mind. I have called a Council of War & given therein an opening to be let into the true State of things, but tho many of the Members spoke plain enough without Doors, they gave an Opinion in Council in favour of pushing the Expedition forwards, & tho some of the Members moved for it yet Inquiries w^ch^ would have put matters in a true Light were over-ruled. Tis true the Desertion and want of Waggons for some time past, had none of the foregoing Incidents taken place would have so retarded our Operations, that had we been suff^t^ in number, the true Season for pushing our Designs would have been greatly elapsed. Before the Visit paid us by the Enemy I had sent to reconnoitre Tionderogo & if the French had not taken post there, I had Battoes bro^t^ up & did intend to have embarked myself with a chosen part of the Troops & tried to taken possession.

But the Enemy & consequent Intelligence have put an End to that Scheme, for they have not only a number of Forces there, but thrown up Strong works, & have a Vessell w^ch^ sails & brings all sorts of Supplys from Crown Point thither, and I have some reason from Intelligence to believe they have a Body of Men between this & Tionderogue at South Bay the only place we hear favorable to our Landing. It is impossible for me to conseal these Intelligences from the Troops, tho I am convinced it tends to weaken their Expedition Appetite.

. . . . . .

My Council of War are playing Politicks upon me; some of them have unadvisedly pressed for numerous reinforcements, unknown to me & promised Matters I believe beyond what Circumstances did Justifie & our present Situation renders even probable, hence they are unwilling to own in Council what they see & know & even speak of in private Conversation. They have opposed with great Obstinacy the building a respectable Fort at this important Post, w^ch^ whether the Expedition goes on or not, would in my Opinion have been a very prudent Measure, they declared any other than a Stockaded Fort would breed a general Dissatisfaction thro the Army & in Short that the People would work at no other. So tha[t] I was over-ruled & obliged to consent to Stockades w^ch^ is in hand but when it will be finished I know not.[4]

In a communication of October 10 to Lieutenant Governor Phipps, Johnson characterized his officers and the popular basis of their selection in these terms:

Sure I am that the popular channel thro w^ch^ this Army in general roll^d^ its officers, was a Capital defect in its Original Construction & w^ch^ has given me inexpressable Vexation & almost constant Obstructions in carrying that little command w^ch^. I have been able to do. A Popular choice in Military Life & that by new Levies is founded in Ignorance & will be guided by Caprice, such officers will in all probability be like the heads of a Mob, who must support their preheminence by unworthy Condesensions, & Indulgences subversive of order & of the very Existance of an Army. After assuring you Sir that there are several officers in this Army worthy of the Rank they bear, I will also assure you there are very many under the Rank of Field officers who are in no respect but by their Commiss^ns^. superior to any of the Men they command, nay that are utterly incapable of Acting in the posts w^ch^ have fallen to their Lot. For my own Share I was not bred to Military Life, nor do I claim the knowledge of an experienced officer. I have held myself quite indiff^t^ to the Ceremonials, & only been attentive to essential parts of Discipline. All my Orders if inspected will I believe be found, both easy to be understood & as easily obeyed, yet they have in very few Instances been duly complied with, & many daily & notoriously Violated. If I am asked why I did not enforce my Authority supposing I had w^ch^. I think I had not the requisite powers to do it. I answer the Evil was too general to admit of a Remedy, it was radical in the Constitution & could not be conquered but by a Dissolution. General Court Martials & Regimental Ones

have been held but with a Success suitable to the Fabric which occasioned them.[5]

In the meanwhile what were distant critics, friendly and unfriendly, saying? Peter Wraxall, Secretary for Indian Affairs, one of the noblest specimens of a loyal subordinate that history records, was sent to Albany to meet the Governor and Council and give and receive information. He summed up the opinions of the Council thus pithily:

They ridicul'd Doctors reports, said they were pompous & in many points incredible. Major Champlins Calculation [concerning wagons] *they believed* not correct, (the delay of Waggons I found touched a sore place) we were never like to have 7000 Men fit for Duty. Did not believe the Enemys artillery were any ways equal to the Informations mentioned in Capt. Eyre's Opinion—*perhaps a few Small Mortars & a few 6 pounders.* Capt. Rodgers' Intelligence from Tionderogo, not to be depended on, should send again & again to be confirmed in the Truth of it—I told 'em I did not believe there was another Man in the Army woud go, *try if there is not,* was replyed. Councils of War short & not explicit in their Opinions, told 'em you were aware of that, but for political reasons found they would not or at least those who led would not, mentioned L. & R. saying whatever their private Opinion they would not give it in Council against proceeding.[6]

It should be explained that L. was General Phineas Lyman and R. was Colonel Timothy Ruggles.

Wraxall mentioned the constant inattention to orders issued by Johnson. "Govr. said he believed it, saw yr. Situation & pitied you."

Wraxall continues:

Govr. said he would make a push with 4000 Men, march by Land, some artillery & provisions in Battoes by water . . . they said if you could not attack Tionderogo why not the advanced post of the 1000—Lieut. Govr. said the Carrying Place the beginning or Landing 3 Miles from where Fort & grand Camp is. How is that?[7]

Governor Shirley at Oswego looked sharply after Johnson's campaign. On the 19th of September he gave a fairly com-

plete description of the demoralized condition of the beaten French, and coupled with it this counsel:

> To make the most of the Advantage, you have gain'd, it seems clear, Sir, that you should make use of the Opportunity it hath given you of proceeding upon your Expedition, whilst the Spirits of your own Army are elated with Success, & those of the Enemy lower'd by the loss of the greatest part of theirs. . . .
>
> I can't therefore but think, you may spare from the Fort at the Carrying place, & from your Camp at Lake George, a Body of Troops more than sufficient to drive the French from Tenonderoge, & possess yourself of that pass; & hope you will lose no time for doing it.[8]

Five days later he addressed to the victor of Lake George this reflection:

> The more I think of your situation, the more adviseable I think it will be for you to proceed to Tinonderogue; as the Honour of his Majestys Arms and the Interest of the Colonies seem to require it: The Consequences, I fear will be bad, if you do not; and I cant but hope that you will see these matters in the same light, which I view them in.[9]

The next day a new solution of the matter occurred to Shirley. Again we quote:

> As it is possible that your Wound may render you unable to proceed in Person to Tenonderoge, in such Case I would recommend it to you to order Major General Lyman, who I apprehend hath escap'd unhurt, or Colonel Ruggles, in Case General Lyman should be unable to go in person, to march the Forces under your Command to that Pass, and take possession of it, and secure it against the Enemy, leaving with you such a Number of Troops as you shall judge sufficient for strengthening the Works at the Carrying place, and erecting such at Lake George, as you shall think absolutely necessary.[10]

October 5th found Johnson still at the southern end of Lake George; and it seemed to Shirley time to sum up on the Crown Point expedition in a letter to Sir Thomas Robinson, Secretary for the Colonies. This task was accomplished in the succinct fashion here displayed:

Since those two Actions General Johnson hath reciev'd very great Reinforcements from New England, particularly from my own Government of the Massachusetts Bay, & the Colony of Connecticutt, the former of which hath in the whole voted 4300 for that Expedition, & M^r. Johnson must, according to Accounts transmitted to me from New England have had in the whole 8000 Men at least: What will be the Issue of that Expedition this Year, I don't certainly know yet, but have Reason to think it will be a dissatisfactory one to all the Colonies of New England, as well as to myself.[11]

The fact is that Johnson probably never had more than thirty-five hundred effectives in shape to advance at any given moment, what with deductions for sickness, death, wounds, desertion, garrison requirements, and expiration of enlistments.

Of more significance if of less personal interest are the assertions and admissions of the councils of war which Johnson summoned. Two weeks after the battle, a council attended by General Lyman and all the field officers but two, one ill, the other wounded, made this declaration:

It is the Unanimous Opinion of this Council that every further Measure be taken by the General in order to prepare the Army to proceed forward on the present Expedition as soon as the designed reinforcements & the necessary Stores & Provisions Cannon &c^a. arrive here.

In consequence of w^ch Opinion the General is advised to order the 18 ll^s. at Albany to be brought up here & to apply to the Gov^r. of New York for some more Cannon, Musket Ball & Flints, and to order the Shot & Shell from the half Moon to be brought up hither.[12]

On October 9th the outlook was much less favorable. Let the council speak, Johnson not present:

They are Unanimously of Opinion that in the present Circumstances of this Army an immediate attempt upon Tionderogo or any passes or Posts between this Camp & that important Pass, is not adviseable. And for these Reasons. The Want of a sufficient Number of Men & a suff^t. Quantity of Provisions. as to the Second Point it is the Unanimous Opinion of this Council of War that no Tools or Workmen shall be employed on the Flat Bottomed Boats so as to hinder the compleating the Fort now building here.[13]

Three days later a committee on the state of the army presented this report:

> We find that our Army at Present Encampt near Lake George including the Reinforcements already arrived consists of about 3600 Men, the Garison now at Fort Edward of 500 men, and the recruits at Albany and on their March hither of about 2500 men, the whole amounting to 6600. whereof by the several returns from the Regiment here, and at Fort Edward, it appears that about 700 are unfit for duty, besides many others who must soon inevitably be rendered incapable of Duty, thro' want of proper Lodging, Bedding, Watch-coats, and other necessaries against the inclemency of the weather to which they are continually exposed, in Camp duty, in building the Fort mending the Roads, Advanced and scouting parties, in all which different services they cannot have the use of fire.
>
> As to the Grand and important point of Provisions, it is notorious from returns of the several Commissaries from time to time given in, the Army in General has never at any time (since their Encampment at Lake George) been possessed of two weeks provisions in advance, (saving the Article of Meat).[14]

To this discouraging description is appended a dreary forecast of conditions certain to prevail when wagons are broken and horses killed on the almost impassable roads, while the Hudson and the Mohawk, swollen by autumnal rains, conspire to forbid the transportation of supplies to the army. A week passed and a return showed 2,381 men at Lake George fit for duty and 659 absent and unfit.

Another week elapsed, Johnson again called his officers together, and on the second day, October 20, Lyman presiding, the question was put whether it was advisable to proceed with the expedition that fall. The vote was in the negative. A series of reasons sustained this opinion. The decrease of supplies, the rising of the rivers, the approaching storms on Lake George, the want of tents and blankets, the loss of strength and spirit in the soldiers, deficiency of cannon and ammunition, strength of the enemy in numbers, defenses and scouting service, are details of a picture which must have impressed most minds.

Not the mind of General Shirley, however, for on November 18 he sent from Albany to Johnson this demand:

> I desire you will send me Word by the Return of this Express as soon as possible what Number of Men you shall think necessary to employ in the Attempt, w^ch^. you shall forthwith make against the Enemy, in case you determine to make one, what Train of Artillery you propose to carry with you in such Attempt; Also what Number of Men the State of your Battoes will admit of transporting over the Lake, over & above what is necessary to be employ'd in carrying that Train & Warlike Stores; likewise what Number of Men the State of the Provisions, w^ch^. you shall be able to get together for making this Attempt will admit of sending.[15]

. . . . . .

One must remember also the restraining lesson of Braddock's campaign. A regular force far better trained and supplied with artillery than his own had been crushed on the Monongahela in one day's fighting. Himself far more statesman than soldier, Johnson probably reflected that the British cause could not stand two such blows in the same year. Fortune had given him a victory, not the greatest victory in the world, but enough to reassure public opinion, and carry it over the winter undismayed. With an eye ever alert to Indian feeling, he knew that he had braced the faltering faith of the Iroquois in British prowess, but at a price in Mohawk blood which discouraged that faithful tribe. By next year he might get them back into the field; for this year they were through. With them as neighbors he had to live and move during the coming year; his prestige with them was now safe, but if he continued north and met any sort of reverse, his Indian problem would be complicated. After all, his big task both from the standpoint of personal power and the welfare of the colonies, was Indian relations, not war. Therefore he would use this army and this autumn—these precious shreds of time and this mass of grudging labor—to make Albany safe forever from French attack.

Of course this conviction against going forward did not spring all at once into his mind. He knew some of his officers were saying he was afraid to march, though they were never willing to put themselves on record in a war council to that effect. Shirley, bogged in Oswego, kept writing him nasty letters on the subject. As late as October Johnson pushed boat-building, as if to indicate he might still go forward. As late as November Shirley goaded him on. The Attorney General could hardly have been serious in that, for November on Lake Champlain is no time to move a citizen army, gone sour by this time, upon a well fortified post which had been reinforced. In short, our conclusion is that Johnson, not having struck promptly after beating Dieskau, showed wisdom in not striking at all.

After all, he had won the only victory of the year, defeated an illustrious soldier, and commanded in the first purely American victory over regular European troops. Both at home and abroad leaders and masses alike applauded. Meantime his effectives were growing fewer. Desertions increased, the short term New Hampshire contingent had filed away home and all hands wanted to follow. So after garrisoning the new forts, Johnson sent the balance of his troops home and set off to Molly at Mount Johnson, where he soon held a council and condoled with the Mohawks on their campaign losses. On December 2 Major General Johnson resigned his commission by letter from Albany to the various colonial governors, and on December 30 he went down to New York City to be the guest of the city in one of these howling celebrations for which the metropolis has been famous ever since. His friends were eloquent on the subject of his glories; his critics kept silent or buzzed about together on the outskirts of the cheering crowds. There were plenty of critics, no doubt; there always are, but the mob was with the sole victor of a sad, mean year.

S^r William Johnson Bar^t.

Major General of the English Forces in North America

CHAPTER XXII

HE BECOMES SIR WILLIAM

WITHIN ten weeks after his victory, Johnson was a baronet.[1] Considering the sluggish travel of news, hardly enough time intervened for the intrigues and log-rolling which usually accompanied the bestowal of a title on a commoner. The ministry knew his paramount position with the Indians, and his losses in the preceding wars; consequently they were well disposed before his surprising victory made him the lion of the hour. Certainly he had in the Lords of Trade and Plantations two notable champions—the Earl of Halifax and John Pownall, the secretary of the Board. Johnson afterward referred to Halifax as his patron. With John Pownall, Johnson had an extremely close tie through Thomas Pownall, brother of John and one of the most acute Englishmen ever to visit America.

Thomas Pownall's acquaintance with Johnson began at the Albany Congress of 1754, which Pownall attended as an observer for the Lords of Trade. Johnson opened his mind freely on the subject of Shirley's interference to Pownall, then lieutenant governor of New Jersey. Writing to the latter from Lake George four days before the battle, Johnson uses the strongest language to be found in any of his letters. Referring to a letter of Shirley's from Oswego, Johnson writes:

> This letter is wrote with all the Insolence of a Man drunk with power, envenomed by Malice & burning with Revenge—his Arguments are weak and confused they bear the evident Marks of Passion overruling Reason—he asserts facts notorously false, & attempts tho very clumsily, artfull to pervert all my Actions and Arguments—in short

the Attorney General appears quite rash . . . I perceive plainly from the Stile, Temper & Character of the Man that I may expect everything that can be executed by a bad Man abandoned to passion & enslaved by resentment. I have therefore in defence of my Character, wch is all I am truly anxious about thought it a prudent step to write the letter I herewith send to the Lords of Trade—after perusal you will please to Seal it & forward it, and if truth and Prudence permit, I wish it might carry with it your sentiments in a general way.[a]

Johnson's letter to the Lords of Trade, together with Hendrik's speech at Lake George and Pownall's "sentiments" of approval, were sent forward promptly by the latter, as will be seen from Pownall's reply of September 24:

I much approve your spirit in declining ye Trust (the Superintendency of Indian Affairs) unless you can have it upon a proper Establishment. I have taken ye Liberty to speak to that point in my Letters, as well as to ye Footing you have it upon now not be (according to my opinion) what ye Ministry meant. These matters must & will be sett right.

Furthermore, in case Johnson succeeds at Crown Point, Pownall is on tiptoe to carry the good news abroad as soon as possible, for he adds:

As I was ye first Mover & Negotiator of this Expedition if it has success I shall be happy to carry ye account home. Sir Charles Hardy has engaged to go to England on ye occasion, & I desire I may carry your Letters. Refer in them to me for any matter you would have explained or wherein I could serve you.[a]

With Johnson, to New York, went his two aides, Secretary Peter Wraxall and Assistant Secretary Daniel Claus. After the tumult and the shouting died, the real business of the day was taken up in a hotel bedroom—Sir William's. His influential friends—Banker Watts, Local Politician De Lancey, Imperial Politician Pownall, Deputy Secretary Banyar—foregathered there for a bumper and a whack at Shirley. It must have been apparent to them all that, with such bitterness in the air, either Shirley or Johnson had to sink in influence while the

other grew. The Johnsonites felt theirs the better case and also felt that Shirley had too long dominated the scene in the northern colonies.

The immediate purpose of this little gathering was to prepare Johnson's case in the matter of Shirley versus Johnson. It was certain Shirley would appeal to the Lords of Trade, in order to save face. Each of this counsel for the defense had a stake in unhorsing Shirley and exalting Johnson. For Watts and De Lancey anything that advanced a Yorker in position and estate might be to their advantage without any possible loss. With both men Johnson did business. His son and heir, John, married Watts' daughter. Banyar's finger was in so many land pies that the favor of the Indian Superintendent meant much to him. Pownall sought, and in due time obtained, Shirley's place as governor of the most populous colony, Massachusetts. While Johnson was already a baronet, neither he nor any of his guests were aware of the honor.

Claus offers this record of the meeting:

After saluting & seating themselves Govr. Pownall told Genl Johnson in confidence that altho he had been so well rec'd just now (he made so successful a campn.) that General Shirley & party were his declared Enemies and were going to make serious & heavy Complaints to the King & Ministry against him laying the whole Blame upon him for not having done anything on their Expedn. on Acct. of his having sent a Belt of Wampum to the Six Nations clandestinely that not a Man of them would join General Shirley's Expedn., which accordingly was the Case & he had no Indians & without them could not pretend to go on with his Troops & that he Genl. Johnson had diametrically acted contrary to the orders & Instructions of which he should officially acquaint the Kings Ministers etc. Genl. Johnson assured the Gentlemn. present upon his word & Honour that he was an entire Stranger to what they were saying & he was easy in his conscience at the Affair. The Gentlemn. replied that Genl. Shirley had the very Belt of Wampum in possession by wch. the 6 Nations were desired to follow Genl. Johnson & that it was sent while he was in Albany preparing himself for ad. Expedn.; that Genl. Shirley had good friends at Court would

make his Story appear plausible & it might greatly lessen the Merit of his Success with the King, Gen. Johnson persisted positively of having sent no message by a Belt to ye Six Nations after the meeting at Fort Johnson where the number of Indns. was settled that were to join each Expedn. & that to the mutual satisfaction of Genl. Shirley and himself.[4]

At this up spoke Mr. Claus to such purpose that he made his fortune in a few decisive sentences, giving the conference hitherto unknown details of Shirley's methods in the Mohawk country. Claus had never told Johnson what he saw and heard in the valley just before escorting Hendrik and his warriors to Lake George. Pownall saw instantly that this was precisely the ammunition with which to bring down Shirley. Every one agreed that Claus's testimony must be put in the form of an affidavit, sworn to, and embodied in Johnson's account of his campaign. "And wch. accordingly was done." Pownall felt so beholden to Claus that he secured for the young man from Lord Loudoun a commission in the Royal Americans, or 60th Regiment, then being raised; and Johnson, as we shall see, did even better by him when the good news of the baronetcy and purse came in from England.

Probably none of the bedroom confrères in New York City imagined that the case they were preparing would win Johnson £5,000, any more than they could have dreamed that he was already a baronet. Their chief interest was defensive, to protect Johnson from Shirley's venom and, in Pownall's case, profit by the latter's fall. But Pownall hastening to London within a month found opportunity to place his friend Johnson forever in his debt without cost to himself. Halifax knew that Johnson had lost money serving the Crown in Indian affairs during the former war, and it was plain that no other man had a tithe of his influence with the Iroquois. By pressing Johnson's claim, moreover, Halifax could take some revenge upon the military clique who rode roughshod over his opinions on the

conduct of the campaign the year before. Pownall emerged from the situation with the governorship of Massachusetts earmarked for himself, and the Indian superintendency neatly arranged for his friend, Johnson, precisely as the latter desired. While Pownall started this line of action with a selfish motive to the fore, he went far beyond his own interests in pushing the Johnson cause in London. Five years later he again proved his regard for the Indian Superintendent by asking Sir William for permission to present his name to the King's advisers for appointment to the governorship of the Crown colony of New York. Unlike Banyar who was always tagging the Johnson cart into land deals, Pownall never seems to have sought any favor from Johnson at all commensurate with his services in maintaining the latter in the favor of Court and Parliament.

The patent of nobility was granted late in November, 1755, and when Parliament later voted Johnson the thanks of the British nation and a purse of £5,000, banker Baker soon invested that sum for him in "the funds." Not for many years shall we be able to speak again of Major General Johnson; that brief glory had departed, but in place of that hesitant officer stands Sir William Johnson, Baronet, with a title to pass on to his oldest son. (Will Johnny deserve it?) Another brief tilt with Shirley and Johnson stands supreme in Indian affairs; no more will he be disciplined by colonial governors. Shirley rid him of colonial assemblies; now Halifax rids him of the Shirleys of this continent. Not a bad year for a most amateurish soldier; but though dropping major generalship he still clung to the post of colonel of the Albany county militia, and continued in that wearisome command for years to come. We think his keeping that humble post amid the flow of honors and wealth, argues the essential humility and serviceability of the man. The neighbors could still call him Colonel Johnson, if Sir William came hard to their "demokratical" Dutch and German tongues.

Though his high rank in the Royal forces was of brief duration, he rose in militia circles, becoming in 1768 Brigadier General in charge of the Northern Department and in 1772 Major General of militia.

. . . . . .

The year 1756 opened for Johnson with a complete victory over Shirley on the issue of authority in Indian affairs. Our new baronet received his commission as Six Nations superintendent, as you will recall, from Braddock as commander-in-chief. Succeeding to that position on Braddock's death, Shirley had interfered with Indian administration, belittling the Superintendent while he was away on military duty and claiming superior authority over the astonished Iroquois. As if to clinch the latter, Shirley sent Johnson a new commission which the latter shrewdly refused to accept.

His position is admirably stated in his reply of January 3:

> With relation to the New Commission, which your Excellency has thought proper to send me, and desire my answer whether I will accept and act under I must beg leave to observe to your Excellency that I apprehend the late General Braddock's Commission to me for the sole management of the affairs of the Indians of the 6 Nations, and their Allies was granted in consequence of the Royal Instructions, and with the concurrence of the Council of Alexandria of which your Excellency was a member, and that it remains still in force.
>
> Under this opinion I do not conceive the necessity of your issuing another Commission to me or that I can consistently accept it.[5]

The lesser Johnson had waited four years until pressure of dire emergency thrust the pinch-penny Assembly of New York out of Indian affairs. The greater Johnson of '56 did not propose to surrender one iota of his freedom of action by reason of the death of one commander-in-chief and the accidental succession of a colonial governor to that vacancy. Taking the position that Braddock, in this matter, acted as a channel of royal

authority, rather than in his own right, Johnson preferred to let the King in council decide the issue: therefore, if he continued to act, it must be under the Braddock commission. It was a nice point, and argued so well that even the lawyer-governor, who dearly loved a knotty argument, yielded. No doubt to test the genuineness of this surrender, Johnson politely but firmly called upon Shirley to withdraw his agents from the Six Nations. However, the whole nature of Johnson resented half measures and uncertain tenure. Unsatisfied with anything short of an unequivocal status, he pressed the matter home to the Lords of Trade, where Halifax acted to such good purpose that in February Mr. Secretary Fox signed the following commission settling his powers and perquisites on a broad and definite basis, a document under which Johnson acted to the end of his days:

Feb. 17, 1756

George R.

Sir Wm. Johnson Bart. to be Colo. of the Six Nations of Indians & Agent & Superintendent of their Affairs.

George the Second &c[a]: To Our Trusty and Welbeloved Sir William Johnson Baronet, Greeting. We reposing especial Trust & Confidence in Your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct, do by these Presents constitute & appoint You to be Colonel of Our Faithfull Subjects, and Allies, the Six united Nations of Indians, & their Confederates, in the Northern Parts of North America, & You are to observe and follow such Orders and Directions from time to time, as You shall receive from Our Commander in Chief of Our Forces in North America now and for the time being, or any other Your Superior Officer according to the Rules and Discipline of War; and We do also constitute & appoint You Our Sole Agent and Superintendant of the said Indians and their Affairs, with the Annual Salary of Six hundred Pounds Sterling, payable Quarterly at the four most usual Feasts or Days of Payment in the Year, out of such Sums of Money as shall be in the Hands of the Commander in Chief of Our Forces in North America for the time being, applicable to the Service of America; to hold, exercise & enjoy the said Office & Employment with the several respective Salaries, Perquisites & Advantages during Our Pleasure. And We do hereby direct Our said Commander in Chief of Our Forces

in America for the time being, whose Commands & Directions You are punctually to observe in all Matters relating to Affairs of the said Indians, to take effectual Care, that the said Salary of £600 be duly paid & satisfied to You according to Our Will & Pleasure herein declared. Given at Our Court at S^{t}: James's the 17th. Day of February 1756 in the Twenty Ninth Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command
H. Fox.[8]

With this were transmitted instructions to each northern province forbidding independent transaction with the Indians. It will be noted that the Baronet carried completely his cardinal points—separate establishment and "no subordination but to London" and to the King's direct representative, the Commander-in-Chief. This drastic extension of royal authority in America occurred at a time when that authority had been in decline for twenty years, yet there was surprisingly little dissension. A year of warfare had driven home the need of authority, no one disputed Johnson's fitness, and assemblies were not sorry to pass a growing burden of Indian tributes and bribes over to the Crown. Occasionally a voice of authority revived the cry of the old Indian commissioners that all Indians needed to put them in good humor was trinkets and bull-feasts. But one governor, Sir Harry Moore of New York, questioned seriously Johnson's authority from this time on, and Moore, acting from ignorance only, soon changed his tune when he had been instructed on Johnson's status.

Johnson's commission, however, applied only to Northern Indians, the Southern Indians—chiefly Catawbas, Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws—being already grouped in another superintendency. West of the Appalachians, the line between these two vast realms ran as far south as the Six Nations exercised any sort of overlordship. He interpreted this to mean all the Ohio Valley, south of the main stream as well as north of it, an assumption which might have lifted out of the Southern super-

GUY JOHNSON

Sir William's nephew and Principal Secretary during the Baronet's later years. Guy arrived in America in 1756 and married Mary Johnson, the Baronet's younger daughter, in 1763. His skill as a draftsman appears in many maps.

intendency the control of the hinterland of three southern colonies, owing to the great bend of the Tennessee. Twelve years later, when Johnson drew the famous Fort Stanwix line, John Stuart, Superintendent of Southern Indians, questioned without success Johnson's jurisdiction over the region between the Ohio and the Tennessee. The merits of the much disputed Fort Stanwix line will be discussed in proper sequence. Here it is sufficient to record that under his commission Johnson exercised power through all British America west of his dwelling and that during most of the remaining years his wampum spoke with authority in the world of forest and wigwam, stretching from the Saguenay to the Tennessee.

CHAPTER XXIII

MONTCALM MAKES HIS BOW AT OSWEGO

FRANCE: A light runner with a rapier, dancing down forest paths to strike and disappear. Britain: A lumbering giant with a bludgeon, smashing out roads which too often led nowhere, losing often, and blundering back for more. France ever swift; Britain always late. So ran the next three years of combat, until Amherst and Wolfe changed the tempo. The light runner struck neatly at weak Fort Bull, guarding the Oneida portage on the Oswego road. Three hundred men skated from Montreal to La Présentation, received Father Picquet's food and blessing, changed skates for snowshoes, and plodded on to the portage. Johnson's scouts saw them coming; the Colonel sent warning and ammunition. There was a sharp and successful assault—thirty prisoners taken and forty thousand pounds of powder destroyed. M. de Léry brought his expedition back to Montreal with the loss of but three men. Clearly Oswego was in danger.

The blundering giant, whose sea legs were ever better than his land legs, loved his fresh water port of Oswego. He might neglect his wretched servants in garrison there; but his sentiment remained engaged to that particular spot on the hazy American map. Oswego had been in want all winter; now, with Fort Bull gone, something must be done about it. Even Dogberry Newcastle, who had written himself down an ass in many state papers, concluded it was high time, after fighting for two years on a peace basis, to bring all arms to bear on the adversary even though a declaration of war be required. Britain

made a declaration on May 17 and France counter-declared in June. Preparations were made in London to marshal ten thousand men for the American operations.

Albany, it was self-evident, would be the British base; no one dreamed of repeating a drive against Duquesne. At Albany or in near-by forts already rested in garrison the battered 44th and the shamed 48th, which had marched thither from the Monongahela battlefield, via Philadelphia, the preceding autumn. While it was generally understood that Shirley would be superseded by the Earl of Loudoun as commander-in-chief, the Massachusetts governor bustled into Albany in May. In a council late that month he declared that, since forces could not be found for two expeditions, there should be but one, a drive on Crown Point, while Oswego and its communications should be strengthened. The council approved this and declared for another fort at South Bay on Lake Champlain.

Modest as this plan was, troops for it could not be found until the newly-arrived Major Generals Abercromby and Webb brought up their two half-strength regiments. Both regiments were to be recruited in full strength in Scotland, the drafts to come over later.

By the end of June there were close to eight thousand British and colonial troops available, and considerable preparatory work had been done by Shirley; but Abercromby's sloth and lack of tact prevailed over all who urged vigorous prosecution of the war. After a disgusting quarrel between himself and General Winslow of Massachusetts, whom Shirley had selected for the colonial command in a second try at Crown Point, over recognition of colonial commissions as the equal of regular commissions, Abercromby finally yielded, with the inglorious proviso that regulars would do garrison duty in the northern forts while the provincials marched on the French post. Winslow finally started, but his expedition tried little and

accomplished nothing, except perhaps to forestall a push by Dieskau's successor in command, Montcalm,[1] who was now commencing that gallant ride to fame which ended in a mortal wound on the Plains of Abraham.

Shirley hoped, even yet, to get Abercromby to do the right thing toward Oswego. Behold the earnest and supple advocate, who had suffered the miseries of denied ambition in Oswego less than a year before, humbly beseeching this stubborn Scots commander to march his regulars that way. The vigorous governor, who so often barked up the wrong tree, never shone better than in this emergency when he unquestionably had the right tree to bark up, and a most solid one at that. Shirley had prepared the way, storing ammunition and supplies at convenient points along the route; all Abercromby had to do was to reap the glory of saving Britain's only grip on the internal water communications of America. Through June this duel continued between the gritty governor and the grum Scot, who would do nothing until the new commander-in-chief, the Earl of Loudoun, arrived. When the Earl reached Albany on July 29, it was already too late, because Montcalm was already on his way to pluck the Oswego apple from the British tree.

Meantime one John Bradstreet, a choleric Englishman settled in Albany, had been commissioned by Shirley as his adjutant general, and ordered to keep Oswego supplied. Always in a headlong hurry, driven by a keen military imagination, Bradstreet plunges into one adventurous exploit after another—a man to follow rainbows and occasionally bring them to earth. Though he ended rather ingloriously, being tripped by the responsible command in 1764 of an expedition which took sound planning and statesmanlike behavior, nevertheless Bradstreet was a soldier to cheer despairing hearts.

The thing he did at this slumbrous time roused even "Nabbycromby" as his Scots soldiers called their general, who rather

favored himself in dress uniform. With forty bateaux manned by boatmen many of whom were brought by Shirley from the New England coast, Bradstreet lashed out toward Oswego "on his own," running the gauntlet of the waterways against a force of French and Indians brought into the vicinity by De Villiers. Though frequently challenged, the Americans fought their way through the woods and over the portages, outwitting and outfighting superior numbers, to land six months' provisions for five thousand men in a fort which had begun to feel the pinch of short rations. Bradstreet's progress was a campaign at close quarters with small forces, in which mere handfuls marched and countermarched this way and that with infinite courage, and dozens held off hundreds. If one can believe the tales of this expedition, surely there were supermen in those days; and even with a liberal discount on the enthusiasm of its participants the expedition remains a glorious feat of arms.

Bradstreet returned to Albany on July 13, reporting to General Abercromby the information, gleaned from prisoners, that a large force of French were descending on Oswego. "Nabbycromby" still insisted on waiting for Loudoun to land, but he relaxed his caution long enough to order his next in command, Daniel Webb, to hold himself in readiness to march with one regiment. More incredible still, he dismissed most of Bradstreet's militant battoemen who stood ready to turn round and fight their way back to Oswego again.

Meantime Johnson had been out among his brown wards, trying to rouse them in the British interest. Johnson kept on this trail from June 3 to July 7. On the former date he set out for the sacred fireplace of the Six Nations at Onondaga, moving slowly the better to cultivate the Indian castles on the way. On the 14th and 15th he held counsel with the Oneidas, and on the 19th reached the fireplace, to open next day one of the most

difficult of all his many conferences with the Six Nations. It will be recalled that the Mohawks had lost very heavily in the Crown Point campaign; consequently these old reliables hardly relished another campaign. Moreover, the stoutest Anglophile among them, old Hendrik, perished in that bloody engagement. All the tribes, but particularly the Oneidas and Onondagas, felt their homelands were open to French attack as long as Britain neglected to clear the Oswego approaches of French interference. De Villiers squatted under the eaves of the Long House; where were the British warriors? Joncaire put these and other embarrassing questions into circulation throughout the Confederacy through the medium of his Seneca friends. Johnson returned to Fort Johnson to confer with representatives of the distant Shawnees, Delawares, and River Indians, with whom he had better success; and then hurried to Albany to report to Abercromby.

Sick at heart because of delay but keeping up a brave front before the tribes, Johnson believed as late as mid-July that the campaign could be saved by resolute action. On July 17 he said plenty of Indians would go to Crown Point if His Majesty's troops acted with the provincial levies now on the march thither, and he promised to lead the Indians himself if necessary. His two provisos will bear explaining. The Six Nations had few contacts with New Englanders, and were allies, not of New England colonies, but of the British King. Accordingly they preferred to act under regular officers, making an exception of course in favor of Johnson, always considered one of themselves. As for the personal proviso, the Baronet explains it in a postscript to what is apparently a letter of record detailing what had previously passed by word of mouth in council:

> I am at this time in a very ill state of Health wch was known & visible to the Gentlemen present wch was the reason of my putting in those Words.[3]

Even on the subject of Oswego he was still optimistic that something might be done from that base, to which push he could bring a large body of Indians, "Five Hundred, provided there was the Appearance in our favour of a formidable and respectful Enterprize." The sick man, worn down by his arduous travels and already in the grip of the chronic dysentery which was to break his rugged constitution, saw that Abercromby's inaction threatened the very existence of the Covenant chain:

> And I beg leave to give it as my Opinion, that if Circumstances should not admit of any considerable Attempt to be made against the Enemy this Year from Oswego and the present Obstinacy of the Provincials against being joined by His Majestys Troops & Indians continues, that it will be very prejudicial to His Majesty's Indian Interest. . . .[8]

However, it was written in the book of fate that not all the King's horses or all the King's men, including such diverse beings as Shirley, Bradstreet, and Johnson, could pull Humpty-Dumpty Abercromby off his wall before Loudoun's arrival. What a pickle Abercromby would have been in if Loudoun had been sunk at sea! At length Loudoun, characteristically late, landed at New York July 23 and reached Albany July 29. Webb must have marched out of Albany a day or two later, for the news that Montcalm had invested Oswego found his regiment at the Oneida carrying place, between the headwaters of the Mohawk and Wood Creek, on the 14th. Though swift enough in retreat, Daniel Webb never bounded forth toward any foe, so he must have taken ten days to reach the take-off for his first runaway in America. But not the last! This Daniel was not the man to face lions!

Had Webb stayed, he would have had to face one bolder than lions—the master Montcalm making his bow on the American stage. Succeeding Dieskau in the French command, the Marquis de Montcalm continued to show the fumbling British how

to practise the art of war until his love for open maneuvers drew him out of his breastworks to try issue with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. The speed and skill with which he captured Oswego proved to the startled British the presence of a great foeman.

Montcalm appeared before Oswego on the tenth of August. Cutting its land communications with his Canadiens, and sinking two captured war vessels across the river to check escape by water, he completed the circle of investment with trenches, pushing his men forward through them as the fight wore on. Two errors have crept into accounts of this engagement; one is that Montcalm had no artillery; the other that his artillery consisted of guns captured from Braddock. The fact is that the Marquis brought artillery from Montreal, and used it so well that on the evening of the thirteenth the garrison abandoned Fort Ontario, on the east side of the river, which had sustained the hottest fire, and moved across the river to old Fort Oswego, otherwise known as Fort Pepperell. There was still a third work, unfinished and shabby, and untenable under fire, which the soldiers called "Fort Rascal," although it was carried on the books as Fort George.

It is said that the garrison was still in good heart when Fort Ontario was abandoned, the move being dictated by shortage of ammunition rather than losses sustained. But the morale of the garrison must have been low from the start. Both Shirley's and Pepperell's, the 50th and 51st, were new regiments, recruited only the year before of rather shoddy man power in the seaboard cities. Straightway they marched through Indian country to this isolated post in a wilderness of woods and water. As military organizations they lacked the pride born of long service and glorious traditions, which enables military bodies to function admirably in conflicts in which the individuals composing them have no personal interest. Never

under fire before, they were now called upon to face, in their first engagement, the test of being shot at by better guns and gunners than their own.[4] Schuyler's Jersey Blues, provincials whom Shirley had taken away from Johnson's Crown Point expedition, were in better spirit; but even they considered themselves forgotten and deserted by their generals in Albany. No wonder, then, that the fort was surrendered on the 14th, a day after Colonel James F. Mercer, the commanding officer, had been killed, and just as the French were preparing to storm the position through a breach made in the walls by excellent artillery fire.

In song and story Lieutenant Colonel Littlehales, who succeeded to the command on Mercer's death and gave orders to hoist the white flag, has become the scapegoat of this defeat. The theory that he was bought by French gold finds expression in Cooper's novel, *The Pathfinder.* Some of the enlisted men, as prisoners in Montreal, said, as enlisted men are ever wont to say, that they would have kept on fighting but were betrayed by their officers. We think this is all nonsense, but discipline was hopelessly lax.[5] The only justification for continuing the unequal fight would have been the confidence that relief was on the way. But even if they had hung on a few days longer, it is altogether unlikely that Webb with his 48th Foot either could or would have relieved them. He was not the man to take a chance, and he had too few troops with him to break through Montcalm's lines. As it was, he burned every fort he could find to keep the French from seizing it, of course, and scuttled back to German Flats, where Colonel Johnson met him with the hastily rallied militia, to ward off the threatened blow against the valley and the Six Nations. Oneida Carry would have been a better defense point, but Webb appears never to have stood when he could run away conveniently.

M'sieu Montcalm was too sharp to turn his sword against Iro-

quois villages. Instead of invading their territory, he burned the forts and everything he could not carry away, saying that his master, Onontio, wanted the Six Nations to have their own lands back again from the British, an act and an explanation which gave Sir William Johnson something to explain away for several years to come.[6] With sixteen hundred prisoners and all the stores his bateaux fleet could carry downstream Montcalm departed for Montreal, having confounded by this attack all the offensive plans of the British for the year.

The Oswego peephole on the movements of New France, painfully kept open these thirty years, was now closed. On the lakes and rivers of Mid-America from New Orleans to Quebec flew only the lily flag of France; and the produce of the richest peltry trade on the continent went, for the time being, to Forts Niagara and Frontenac instead of Oswego, to Montreal and Paris instead of to New York and London.

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ON THE GENTLE ART OF SCALPING

At Oswego Montcalm stopped a threatened massacre of English prisoners by ordering regulars to fire on his bloodthirsty allies, an act which has endeared the Marquis to historians, who as men of peace condemned to write of wars rejoice in every least flash of ideal behavior against the vast background of human cruelty. Without detracting from Montcalm's laurels, it is only fair to his predecessors to point out that the situation had then been clarified by declarations of war.

Up to this time, the French had taken the logical attitude that those British subjects caught in French dominions bearing arms against the French King, were outlaws, not privileged by the laws of war and not deserving the protection those laws throw around prisoners. At the surrender of Fort Necessity they sent the captives home on parole rather than hold them as prisoners,

simply because war had not been declared. Thus it was possible for the French victors of the Monongahela to excuse themselves as they listened to their Indians howling around the stakes where twelve British soldiers died with every agony sadist savages could invent. The dying men were mere outlaws, not prisoners for whose safekeeping the officers of the Most Christian Majesty were responsible.[7] British officers may have excused the perpetration of equal cruelties by their aides on the same reasoning; but we find no evidence that they did so. On the contrary, Johnson, commanding Iroquois, once had to meet the objection that British officers did not give Indians enough leeway with prisoners. "Why don't you look the other way, the same as the French do?"

As for Johnson himself, he never permitted cruelty to captives either before or after the declaration of war. However, Johnson sent out "scalping parties," checked in the scalps on their return and paid for them at the rate established by the thrifty New York Assembly which insisted on this proof that the Indians had really been at work in the colonial interest. But once a prisoner came into Johnson's hands, he was safe thereafter, and there is evidence to show that he always urged the Mohawks to treat well the prisoners in their castles, whether the latter were held for slavery or for ransom.

For that matter, scalping was then so common that no practical man, like Johnson, would have dreamed of eliminating it from the code of his red allies. The Indians scalped not to give pain, but to prove their bravery to the home folks. A warrior returning home without scalps was like the fisherman returning without fish—the butt of the camp! No special distinction clung to a scalp detached while the victim was still alive; a scalp was just a scalp, no more—simply proof that the scalper had done his duty toward clan, tribe, Confederacy and the Great Spirit.

Montcalm wrote home, in error, that Indians took scalp and life together. The fact is that many survived the ordeal, scalpers frequently being in more of a hurry to prove their bravery than to be sure of their quarry. We find no record in which a scalpee describes his sensations during the operation, probably because it was usually performed when the subject lay unconscious; but there are many authentic cases of scalped persons living to ripe old age. Oddly enough, a scalped white man always seemed to bear a grudge against Indians thereafter; and war or no war, proceeded to take his revenge when and where he could. Few whites were broad-minded enough to appreciate the Indian point of view on scalping.

This was dramatically brought out in the case of a Revolutionary colonel, Frederick Fisher, of the Mohawk Valley. Scalped by an Indian of his acquaintance, Fisher lived to identify the operator and vowed his death, keeping a loaded musket behind his door for the express entertainment of the scalper. Sure enough, the Indian did call after the war and boasted his exploit, strolling innocently up to Fisher's door to inquire for his old neighbor. Mrs. Fisher just had time to warn the fellow away before the Colonel swung into action. The Indian fled into the woods with a guttural shriek and left the neighborhood for good, probably with the conviction that the Colonel was no sport. It seems impossible for men of one race to appreciate the nice points of etiquette and sentiment involved in the ancient practices of another race. Mrs. Fisher's behavior under these trying circumstances should hearten those who see in feminism the only hope of everlasting peace.

Scalping, of course, is a small matter compared with the more deliberate tortures of captives, which seem to have been run largely for entertainment. The French point of view would naturally be more lenient toward such spectacles than those of the English, since the English sought colonization and security

for family life while the French would have been content with a redskin America on a furskin economy. French commanders flattered their Indians, while British commanders usually bullied theirs; but we feel sure that Braddock, if the tables had been turned at Fort Duquesne, would have risked everything, even life itself, rather than listen to the anguished howls of a single captured Frenchman burning at the stake under his windows.

Some trace of Johnson's effect on the Indians most under his influence may be seen in the steady improvement of the Mohawks in this matter of torture. In the seventeenth century they were among America's most cruel peoples—witness the slow torture of Father Jogues. A century later, thanks to the counsels of Van Curler, Schuyler, Johnson, Barclay, and other leaders lay and clerical, the Mohawks had learned to treat their prisoners quite decently, probably better than most prisoners were treated during the World War.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE COVENANT CHAIN WEARS THIN

JOHN CAMPBELL, Earl of Loudoun, Governor of Virginia, new Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America, brought more soldiers with him and complete authority to prosecute a legal war against the French with the help of the royal navy and the thirteen colonies. In the Albany sector he commanded more than ten thousand men, a larger army than had ever been under one command in America. If, in the dark days after the fall of Oswego, he had given the colonies proof of ability and initiative, he could have raised double that many colonial troops. Yet Loudoun did nothing in the field that year, and what he did in camp and town roiled the feelings of the people so that he grew steadily unpopular.

Loudoun [1] was a peculiarly hateful combination of vigorous speech and slothful deed. He could damn a trooper or a town right masterfully; but his heat ran all away in words. A small mind with a high military polish, he delighted in bringing civilians to heel; one of his chief enjoyments was quartering troops upon protesting towns and consigning their spokesmen to hell. His attitude toward the good folk of Boston, Albany, and New York appears far more bellicose than his attitude toward the French. As between these two unfortunately selected Scots, Loudoun and Abercromby, Loudoun was probably the more expensive to his master. Abercromby lost the king two thousand stout soldiers at Ticonderoga; Loudoun lost him the goodwill of a hundred times that many civilians in America.

It was said of Loudoun that he went into winter quarters in

August and emerged in June; but the less His Lordship did in the field the more Johnson had to do in council. Montcalm's successful stroke at Oswego, and the diplomatic use the French made of it, wrenched away from the British alliance the Western Nations of the Iroquois and left only the Mohawks unquestionably true. Even they had to be continually urged to provide even the minimum of scouting necessary to protect the valley. Never had the white inhabitants of the Mohawks lived in greater fear of their lives. Hostile Indians from the St. Lawrence roamed the country between Oswego and Schenectady. One of Johnson's messengers to Webb at Albany was scalped and his body thrown into the Mohawk. Hostile war parties filtered through the very neighborhood at Mount Johnson, seeking to do likewise by the Baronet, but he was too well guarded by a file of soldiers when at home and a bevy of Mohawk braves when he went abroad. At this stage Mount Johnson is rightly called Fort Johnson; a fort it was, guarded by cannon sent up by Sir Peter Warren after his capture of Louisburg, and garrisoned with proper watches day and night. Except for these precautions this story might end at this point, with Sir William's scalp decorating a Caghnawaga brave.

The warden of the Mohawk worked unceasingly at his double-headed job—managing the militia of a beleaguered countryside and improving Indian relations which had never been so difficult since his adoption into the tribes. Everywhere the tide of Indian opinion turned toward the enemy. Thanks to the do-nothing earl, the problem of Indian relations was no longer that of bringing reluctant allies into action; instead, it had become the problem of keeping the Western Nations from going over to the French. So far did the Senecas, Cayugas, and Onondagas lean toward the enemy, that it would be a triumph now to keep them neutral, while the best one could hope for from the Eastern Nations would be small scouting

parties instead of the hundreds Hendrik led to Crown Point. To this end, so vital to the British cause and the safety of American pioneers, Johnson called the Six Nations to meet him at Fort Johnson, June 10, 1757. The council shows the Indian Superintendent at something like his best, fighting with his back to the wall for these small boons from his red brothers. Through the whole council he moves serenely, hiding beneath a calm and benevolent exterior his inward fears, lest this supreme test of his stewardship should end in failure and let loose upon the colonial frontier a scourge worse than it had ever known.

When the Senecas, Cayugas, and Onondagas had notified Brother Warraghiyagey that they held on to the Covenant chain but expected the English to do the fighting, for the present at least, and offered their best wishes, Johnson replied in earnest and cogent words. After denying that it was ever arranged, as the Indian delegates pretended, that the aid of the Six Nations would not be required unless the English had first failed in a trial of strength with the French, he said:

> From the first meeting I had with the Six Nations after my return to this day, I have been constantly calling and exhorting them as Children of the Great King of England, as Brothers and Allies of the English, to join and assist His Majesty's Arms against our common enemy the French. . . . Formerly you told me that if you had Forts built at your towns and some men to guarrison them, you might then go to war with your Bretheren the English, and not be afraid of your old men your wives and children during your absence. These Forts tho' very expensive to your King your Father, were accordingly built for you, and if you had applied you might have had men to garrison them. Bretheren, your conduct will in my opinion appear very ungrateful, and your reasonings very inconsistent to the King your Father and to all your Bretheren the English when they come to their knowledge as they soon will do. . . . It is certain the Covenant Chain was made for our common good and safety, and it is well known to you all that it speaks in this manner:— *That the English and the Six Nations shall consider themselves as one flesh and one blood, and that whenever any enemy shall hurt the one the other is to feel it and avenge it, as if done*

to himself. Have not the French hurt us? Is not their ax in our heads? Are they not daily killing and taking our people away? Have not some of your nations both to the Southward and Northward joined the French against us? Nay, some of you, by your own confession, have gone out by your selves and struck the English. Have you not now several of our people prisoners's amongst you, whom you conceal from me? . . . Let me ask you now if all this is behaving like Bretheren, & whether you ought not to be ashamed when you put us in mind of the Covenant Chain? Surely you dream, or think I have forgot the old agreement between us, when you talk in this manner. I take you by the head & rouse you from your lethargy and bring you to your senses.

Bretheren. You say must take care of yourselves and not leave your country unguarded. When our Brother's house is on fire will an other Brother look quietly on, smoak his pipe at his own door and say he can't help him because perhaps his own house may take fire? Does the Covenant Chain speak this language? Did your forefathers talk after this manner? [8]

Johnson then reminded these people of his journeys through ice and snow in the preceding year to protect the Onondagas, Oneidas, and Tuscaroras from a threatened French incursion.

Still the most that he could accomplish was to bind them in an engagement of neutrality. His forceful eloquence impressed them less than the loss of Oswego, the inertness of Loudoun, and the cowardice of Webb.

. . . . . .

Loudoun sailed for Halifax in June, '57, with 4,000 men, for a go at Louisburg. Though joined by Lord George Augustus Howe with 6,000 regulars, and sixteen ships of the line, what did this incredible sluggard do but waste a precious month in camp near Halifax before weighing anchor? Then, hearing that the French fortress had received reinforcements, he sailed back to New York, having wasted the heart of a campaign and the time of 10,000 troops. The only advantage Loudoun brought back from Nova Scotia was Viscount Howe; the most

popular of British officers among colonial citizens and troops. The military dispositions during Loudoun's absence were: Webb with 6,000 men in garrison at Fort William Henry, Fort Edward and the posts along the Mohawk; Stanwix with 2,000 men along the Pennsylvania frontier; and Bouquet with 1,000 on the borders of the Carolinas, for the southern Indians had gone on the warpath for the French.

From Montreal, Monsieur le Marquis watched approvingly this division of the British forces. On July 23, while Loudoun was still raising vegetables and fighting sham battles in Nova Scotia, Montcalm's experienced lieutenant, Marin, tested out the temper of the Fort Edward garrison. In a skirmish close to the fort, Marin's Indians gathered thirty-two scalps and one prisoner, who probably reported the morale of the garrison "exceeding low, m' Lord."

Bagging British scalps became a bloody game played by French officers and western Indians, as yet almost untouched by civilizing influence. With Ottawas from the Great Lakes, Lieutenant Corbière set out to beat Marin's record. At sunrise of the 27th the force attacked twenty-two bateaux threading the islands of Lake George under command of Lieutenant Colonel Parker of the Jersey Blues. One-half of this gallant but unlucky regiment marched captive from Oswego to Montreal; the other half was doomed to suffer even worse in this water-fight, one hundred and sixty of them losing their lives. Of twenty-two barges, twenty were captured or sunk. Having thrown the fear of God into both forts guarding the Great Carrying Place, Montcalm prepared his *coup de grace.*

The Marquis brought 7,600 men to the northern end of Lake George by the end of July, of whom 1,600 were Indians gathered from near and far over the whole broad range of French America. Always loving a winner, they flocked to Montcalm as one who would give them good hunting. They liked his

hardihood, his willingness to travel light, his swift lunges and quick retreats. Sharp action, good pay, then home again—that sort of campaign suited Indians better than the cumbersome, hold-fast campaigns of British commanders.

Montcalm sent part of his force under Lévis down the western shore, and brought the remainder in boats to a cove two miles from Fort William Henry but out of range of its cannon. Not too wisely, it seem, did our Mr. Johnson select the site two years before. In this attack the structure showed itself a jerry-built structure reared by troops anxious to get home. As Johnson had only one regular engineer officer with him, no wonder Fort William Henry was a botched job.

After Lévis stationed himself between the two forts, in position to oppose any attempt by Webb to reinforce the garrison at William Henry, Montcalm called for surrender. Colonel Monro refused, and the unequal duel was on—7,600 against 2,200, part of whom held the fort and the remainder a fortified camp. One thousand of these were newly come from Fort Edward. Montcalm also had the edge in cannon. Webb, fourteen miles away, with 1,600 regular troops and Albany militia already on the way to support him, listened to the cannonading day after day, yet did not move.

The conduct of Major General Daniel Webb in this crisis has been condemned so well and often that there is no need for us to add abuse to his wilted laurels. Men said he was a physical coward, trembled at the sight of blood and the sound of cannon; also he seems to have lacked even a chemical trace of that quick decision which might enable even a coward to send others where he would not go himself. Clearly his duty required him to press forward. Instead, he did nothing but shriek for help, yet when the help arrived Webb would not use it.

Johnson received Webb's word of Montcalm's approach on

August 1, when he was holding an important council at Fort Johnson with the Cherokees and other Indians. He replied as follows, and then set out for Fort Edward as soon as he could rally some of his Indian and militia followers:

about 3 a Clock this Morning I received yours of the 30th. Ulto. p the Express. on receipt of which I instantly Issued My Orders to the two Lieut. Collos. of the Militia. Ranslear at Albany is to detach as many Men from the first Battallion, as he and ye Comdg. officer there may judge Sufficient for ye. defence of that Place, and March the remdr. to Join you. Lt. Collo. Glen is to order Boats Canoes &ca: to Nestiganny [1] (Niskayuna) and Join me with those of the 2d. Battallion from this River & Indians there tomorrow or next day at furthest, if my Health will permit me to go. It could not have happened at a worse time, as the People are all busy with their Harvest, wh. must now Suffer. I have my hands & Head full with some delegates from ye. Cherokee Nation & Severall others from the Southward here also vizt: —Oghguagoes, Nanticokes Canays &ca, who were this day to have had a Publick Conference. there is a party of Indians I expect will be at the Lake by this time on their return from Tiendarogo or Crown Point, by whom you may very likely have some Intelligence, or acctt. of the Enemys Movement. I shall send two or three Spys of from here this Day with orders to bring you wt. Intelligence they may learn. I am apt to think if they are assembled they will be pritty numerous, & make a bold push soon as it will be difficult & expensive to keep so many Indians there any time. If the Militia from New England will but come time enough, & those of the lower Countrys & here together wth. Indians can be got in so short a time, I doubt not but you may be able to give the Mosts. coup Mortel wh. God grant.[2]

That Johnson was an incorrigible optimist may be gleaned from his hope that Daniel Webb, after displaying his prowess in retreat from Oneida to German Flats in '56, would give Montcalm "un coup mortel" in '57, no matter how many militia raced to Fort Edward. Johnson arrived there after a day and a night in the saddle on the second day of the bombardment, while the defenders were still capable of making a sortie. Seeing Webb pegged to the spot by his fears, Johnson asked per-

mission to lead out Putnam's Rangers and a mixed force of volunteers, many of whom were clamoring to go. Scarcely were they out of sight of the fort when Webb recalled them, and, instead of the vital assistance which the case demanded, dispatched only a courier with instructions to Monro to surrender. The courier being intercepted, Montcalm sent Webb's letter in the fort, with the request that Monro follow its advice and save bloodshed. Monro acknowledged receipt of the letter but resumed firing. Finally, after sustaining five days bombardment from superior artillery and without hope of relief from the craven Webb, Colonel Monro hoisted the white flag. No soldier in American history ever conducted a braver defense or suffered more at the hands of a superior officer.

We have already alluded to the horrid aftermath of the surrender, and it need not detain us here. As might have been expected, such a miserable failure roused contention. Strange as it may seem, the regulars defended Webb from the hot criticism of the colonials by saying the militia had not come up swiftly enough or in sufficient numbers. That some of the Albany county militia were there on the 6th is proved by entry in the Johnson calendar, on page 89, of a return of the second battalion at Fort Edward on that date. This document was destroyed by fire. Our opinion is that at least 1,000 were present. A general return of the militia encamped near Fort Edward on the 12th shows a total of 4,239 privates, of whom 1,676 are listed as under Sir William Johnson's command. On the 17th a comparable return shows a total of 2,931, with Johnson's men listed as 1,403. Even with these additions Webb thought of burning Fort Edward and retreating to Albany until the arrival of Lord Howe with a regiment of regulars, stiffened his nerves.

. . . . . .

For the rest of the summer the war on the Mohawk degenerated into guerrilla warfare by the French, while the British and colonials bickered with one another. Johnson gave Loudoun and Abercromby some sharp, and as events proved, sage advice on the proper defense of the valley in a letter of September 16, which paints the sad picture of settlers in distress while soldiers moved aimlessly about or grew stale in camp:

> I likewise mentioned to his Lordship (Loudoun) the distressed Sittuation of the Germans at Burnets field, and that I feared if the Enemy continued their Scalping Parties those People would break up & abandon their Habitations, they having represented to me that they were too few & too poor to endeavour to protect themselves by keeping out Scouting Parties. They say the Troops posted there as they keep within the Bounds of their Garrison are no cover or protection to them, their Habitations being Scattered & distant, and that was the Garrison Stronger it would not avail them the more, against the sudden attacks of Scalping Parties. and Sir as you are pleased to ask my Opinion, I shall freely give it, that the scattered Settlements on these Frontiers will not I apprehend be effectually protected from the Scalping Parties but by a suff^{t}. Number of Men qualified for Ranging kept out in constant & well directed Scouts.
>
> As Troops can be spared, to Garrison the several Posts up this River as strongly as they will admit, seems to me the best Method to be in readiness to oppose any considerable Body of the Enemy if they should make an attempt this way as these could quickly & easily be drawn together & make a Stand.[4]

This warning, like many another, went unheeded at Albany, and the expected happened when the Palatine village of German Flats was attacked on November 12. This settlement, often called Burnetsfield because the original patent had been taken out by Governor Burnet, occupied both banks of the river, the military post of Fort Herkimer being on the south side while the larger population lay on the north side, now the village of Herkimer. By rights, the name of Herkimer should have been given to the south settlement and German Flats retained for

the north one; but legislatures are no respecters of history and mixed the two. As for Fort Herkimer, it was a small post near the fortified dwelling of Han Jost Herkimer, originally Herchheimer, the founder of the famous valley family which gave noted soldiers to both patriots and Tories in the Revolution. Han Jost was a mighty man, astonishing the Mohawks by his prodigious strength when he came pioneering, and fathering his German neighbors as best he could.

Investigation after the attack revealed the astonishing fact that the Oneidas had given the German villagers on the north side of the river a warning of the approaching blow two weeks before it occurred, saying the French were moving in their direction. Six days later, with better intelligence of the French raid, an Oneida sachem came to tell the inhabitants, in open meeting, of their danger. He suggested that they gather the women and children into the largest blockhouse, prepare defenses, and notify Sir William. These extraordinary Germans, as George Croghan reported to his chief, laughed at the Indians, "slapping their hands on their buttocks, saying they did not value the enemy." [5] So often they had been warned, yet never molested, why should enemies molest quiet, God-fearing folks who mix not in politics? They neither notified Colonel Johnson nor prepared any sort of defense. Probably they did not even pass the word along to Captain Philip Townsend, commanding a company of the 22d at little Fort Herkimer just across the river. At any rate the Captain sent this dispatch to Johnson on the eve of the attack, as if it were his first information of the French movement:

Herkymers ffort Novr. 11th 1757

SIR

This Moment two Indians of the Onoyadas brought me the Belt of Wampum I now send you wth Intelligence that Seven Indians had arrived there wth an Acct of a body of ffrench Consisting of Eight hun-

dred were on their March to Skinectady first & then to March back and take all these Settlements and that they were so near as to be here to Morrow Morning.[6]

The French force, about three hundred Canadians and Indians under Bellêtre, attacked at three o'clock next morning. In the last moment the villagers seem to have organized a resistance, probably on Captain Townsend's orders, for the war whoop was answered by shots from the five blockhouses on the edges of the settlement. Shortly, however, the villagers surrendered, asking for quarter. Nearly all of the sixty-five houses were burned, a hundred and fifty of their inhabitants were taken captive to Canada, and forty killed, many of them tomahawked while leaving their burning homes. The survivors forded the river and received the protection of the fort, whose garrison had not stirred to defend the attacked settlement. In extenuation of Captain Townsend's conduct it was said that his company would have been outnumbered by the enemy at least three to one, and he could depend on little effective help from the villagers. Nevertheless, his conduct at this distance seems inexcusable. History was to show how well these Palatines could fight when well led; if he had provided the leadership with his regulars, it is possible this loss might have been avoided. The incident reflects gruesomely the lack of confidence existing between the regular troops and the civilian population. Instead of attacking the fort, the invaders spent the next day looting, and departed unhindered with the cattle, sheep, and grain which these thrifty but fatalistic folk had amassed through their patient toil.

Poor Townsend remained scared for some time after the enemy started home, for on the 13th he wrote Johnson:

I intended writing to you yesterday by y^e^ Express who left this About one o' the Clock y^e^ Afternoon but he went away without Calling on me to Inform that y^e^ whole Great fflats are destroyed. Many y^e^ Inhabitants

Men Women & Children Killed or Missing Three or four came here this day & Numbers yesterday morn for refuge. Their Consternation to be Express'd & the more as we have this morn; information that the Enemy are intrenched & threaten farther Mischief no attempt has been made here but from y^e^ Numbers of ffrench & Indians said to be there they Might possibly intend it this I thought My Duty to inform you as y^e^ poor people here depend on you Only for relief.

I am Just now informed the Number of the Enemy Am^ts^ to 800 & that they are determined on a fight before they disperse.[7]

. . . . . .

This disaster found Sir William down with an illness so acute that for weeks he had been unable to turn himself in bed. Therefore he had with him at Fort Johnson his extremely able chief deputy in Indian affairs, George Croghan, whose acquaintance we made when Johnson engaged him to find Delaware Indians to guide Braddock's army from the Potomac to the Ohio. Croghan was tireless in this emergency both in rallying the Mohawks and militia to service and in ascertaining the truth. Regular officers seized upon the German Flats attack as an opportunity to discredit the whole conduct of Indian affairs under Johnson, and as an indictment of Johnson's policy of considerate treatment for the Six Nations. Lord Loudoun thundered of smashing those sons of Belial; consequently, until Sir William learned that the Oneidas had remained loyal, and that the military and the villagers were jointly responsible for the loss, he must have been a most melancholy man in his sick bed.

With a loser's zeal to find a cause for his failure outside of himself, Lord Loudoun blamed his difficulties upon the lukewarmness of the five Western Nations of Iroquois, whereas the sober truth was that those Nations dared not take up the hatchet because of Britain's military failures. Johnson fretted painfully over the possibility that this petulant martinet would put his threats against the Six Nations in action, and thus overthrow,

not only Johnson's life work, but also the ancient Covenant, already more than a century old. Shrewd little Banyar,[8] near the center of administration in New York City, thought there was real danger of Loudoun making that fatal blunder, even before the catastrophe at German Flats stirred him to renewed thunders. Banyar wrote to Johnson:

New York, 21 October 1757

Yesterday Lord Loudoun embarked for Albany where many we hear have waited for him impatiently. I suppose you will soon have an Interview with his Lordship which, if it be true that his Lordship is much displeased with the six Nations, & not altogether satisfyed with the Management of their Affairs, will not be a very pleasing one. I have been told that he has expressed so warm a Resentment against those Nations, that if I did not think it would abate before his Lordship proceeded to Action, I should be greatly alarmed with the Apprehensions of an approaching War with those People, more to be dreaded in my opinion than the War we sustain already against five times their Number. Let the Situation of those People be considered, & though they are not so powerful in themselves or their alliances as formerly, yet we should soon severely feel the Weight of their Resentment. We have never been at War with them yet, and but till now they have been always our fast Friends. I am still willing to look on the Bulk of them not as our Enemies, & disinclinable to break with us, & though a few of their young Men should by the Artifices of the French be led astray, we should use all conciliating Measures before we proceed to Extremities. We have already more business than we can contend against except with very great loss, why then should we add to their number: Were we to ask the French how they would have us act on this Occasion they would tell us, attack them immediately if one of them take up arms against you, and then you will bring about what we would gladly see, the five Nations in general at War with the English, and we are sure in that Case there is not an Indian Nation within reach of You but would follow the Example.[9]

Consequently it is no wonder that in sending on Croghan's report to General Abercromby on December 5, Sir William should lash out strongly on the military duty of protecting the isolated settlements of the valley. He writes:

The Suffering of the Poor People of the German Flatts together with my Illness, (which made the Militia &c^{a}. more Slack in their Duty than they used to be,) had Struck such a Pannick in the remainder of the Inhabitants of this River Stoneraby, & Cherry Valley, that they before I knew it Sent away all their Effects, or moveables, and were ready to follow, if I had not by Example, perswasion & threats prevented them Stirring untill I wrote you, & had an answer whether you would please to Cover, or protect their Settlements soon. they are realy S^{r}. too weak to Stand against any Body of the Enemy. and as to the garrisons along the River they are, or can be little or no protection to them, as the Enemy can burn & distroy them & what they have before the Face of the garrison, as they did lately at the German Flatts. w^{h} discourages the People greatly. I hope S^{r}. you^{l} pardon my freedom, as the poor People have no Body Else they dare apply to, and My motive nothing but the Saveing this part of the Country, & so many of his Majestys Subjects, w^{h}. I flatter my Self you have equally at Heart.[10]

Croghan's report cooled Lord Loudoun's stupid wrath, so the supreme blunder a British commander-in-chief could have committed in America was spared the colonies by a close margin. But Loudoun was destined soon to depart the scenes where he had troubled the builders of British America more than he had troubled its enemies.

CHAPTER XXV

WRINGING HOPE FROM DISASTER

Not even patient England could endure bungling in America forever. Newcastle gave way to the elder Pitt,[1] a statesman who comprehended both empire and America. Colonel Monro's report to the ministry on the fall of Fort William Henry caused the prompt recall of Loudoun and Webb. The same vessel brought welcome letters from Pitt to the colonial governors. The minister solved the nasty quarrel regarding precedence of British officers over colonial officers of the same rank by the simple process of moving colonial colonels and lieutenant colonels up one grade. The Crown promised to provide arms, ammunition, tents, provisions, and boats; the colonies were asked to clothe and pay troops, and appoint the officers. On this basis Massachusetts agreed to raise 7,000 men; Connecticut, 5,000; New York, 2,680, and New Hampshire, 800. With Rhode Island and New Jersey troops added, no less than 20,000 ardent provincials were encamped near Albany in May, 1758.

Grum Abercromby, who so far had preserved a reputation for wisdom by keeping silent, and for generalship by doing nothing, succeeded Loudoun as commander-in-chief; but on the eastern edge of the far-flung line appeared two new generals, whose coming marks the beginning of the end for New France—Amherst[2] and Wolfe.[3] They came too late to save Abercromby's Albany army from disaster; but straightway they set in to win the war by investing Louisburg. While these preparations for the year's campaigns were in the making, Sir William roused from the convalescence of a long illness to take

the field in the ding-dong business of protecting the Mohawk Valley, in constant danger now that the Oswego cover had been removed.

The last day of April the Swegatchie warriors burst again upon the valley. A letter from John Butler at Fort Hendrik states the extent of the injury inflicted.

> Last Night came one Hendrik Clock here who made his Escape from thee Germean flats and Say that yisterday about five a Clock in the afternoon a large party of Indians atackt the house on this Side the Fort and Says he beleves he is the only one that has made his escape as the Enemie was all round them he Saw Sevrll strive to get to the fort but ware all tacken he Saw about 90 or 100 men but by the Noyse he heard beleve theay ware more I have Garret Van Slick & three Indians to go to the Flats this morning by whome I expeckt the Porticalters.[4]

Johnson rallied his militia at Canajoharie, and while there on May 5, expecting to be attacked, he was waited upon by "all the women of the chief men of the castle" and warned by them of treachery in the Western Nations. As Peter Wraxall, Johnson's secretary, reproduces the scene in his Journal of that journey, it is one of the most touching scenes in Indian history, and reveals the affection in which the elderly Mohawk women viewed their tribal champion at this trying time:

> About noon all the women of the chief men of the castle met at Sir William's lodging, and brought with them several of the sachems, who acquainted Sir William that they had something to say to him in the name of their chief women.
>
> Old Nickaus Brant, being appointed speaker, opened his discourse with condoling with Sir William for the losses his people had sustained, and then proceeded:
>
> Brother Warraghiyagey: We understand you intend to go to a meeting at Onondaga; we can't help speaking with this belt of wampum to you, and giving our sentiments of your intended journey. In the first place we think it quite contrary to the customs of any governor or superintendent of Indian affairs being called to Onondaga upon public business, as the council fire which burns there serves only for private consultations of the Confederacy; and when matters are con-

cluded and resolved upon there, the Confederacy are to set out for the great fire place which is at your house and there deliver their conclusion. In the next place we are almost convinced the invitation is illegal, and not agreed upon as desired by the Confederacy, but only the Oneidas—which gives us all the more reason to be suspicious of your going, as it looks very suspicious. Did they not tell you, when they invited you, the road of friendship was clear, and every obstacle was removed which was in there before? They scarce uttered it, and the cruelties were committed at German Flats, where the remainder of our poor brethern were butchered by the enemy Indians. Is this a clear road of peace and friendship? Would they not be obliged to wade all the way in blood of the poor, innocent men, women and children who were murdered after being taken?

Brother: By this belt of wampum we the women, surround and hang about you like little children, who are crying at their parents, going from them, for fear of their never returning again to give them suck; and we earnestly beg you will give ear to our request, and desist from your journey. We flatter ourselves you will look upon this our speech, and take the same notice of it as all our men do who, when they are addressed by the women, and desired to desist from any rash enterprise, they immediately give way, when before everybody else tried to dissuade them from it and could not prevail.[5]

In answer Sir William said he had already sought the advice of their children, the Oneidas, as to the safety of proceedings, and would await an answer. The Oneidas replied that too much blood had been spilt on the road to make it safe for him. Furthermore, three French parties were out: it would be better for Sir William to stay near home, make his preparations on war and leave it to them to report faithfully what happened at the Onondaga council. "For if anything should happen to you on your journey . . . the English might suspect us of having a hand in it."

All this gives the appearance of a plot against Johnson's life; such attempts, indeed, were constantly being hatched by the enemy: his correspondence for these years is dotted thick with warnings from all quarters. Accordingly, Wraxall called

together the women of the castle, and Warraghiyagey answered them thus:

> Sisters, your tender and affectionate speech, made some days ago I have considered, and therefore have dispatched messengers to Oneida, in order to inquire how things stand there after what happened at the German Flats and whether my presence at the meeting would still be necessary. These messengers are returned, and I find by them that the sachems of the Oneida likewise disapprove of my proceeding any further, for sundry reasons they give in their reply. Wherefore I shall comply with your request to return, and heartily thank you for the great tenderness and love expressed for me in your speech.[6]

With that he returned their belt with a grand gesture and, we have no doubt, moist eyes, for well he knew that the women of the tribe were its soul and their voice was the spirit of the tribe speaking. While Johnson had no reason to apprehend danger from any of the Onondagas if he went to their castle, there was ground to believe that they would not protect him against French Indians who were continually visiting Onondaga territory at this time.[7]

. . . . . .

When scouts brought word that the raiders of Burnetsfield had flitted too far for him to pursue, Sir William sent his militia home and rode back to Molly at Fort Johnson. Two weeks later he gathered the Mohawks round him to tell them that the Big White Chief, Abercromby, intended soon to start for the north at the head of the greatest army America had ever seen, to shoo little Onontio off their ancient hunting grounds once for all. It is significant of the low pass to which repeated defeats had brought the British cause that Johnson made no more advances toward the other Five Nations; if they kept their pledge of neutrality that was all he could expect until the generals won an engagement somewhere, anywhere. But

the Mohawks volunteered to a man, and the Stockbridge Indians, amalgamation of the New England tribes and the Mohicans, volunteered to go along on the big party. Johnson feared the Mohawks would resent assistance outside the Confederacy and so declined.

Johnson and his deputy, Croghan, marshaled some three hundred Indians for Abercromby's drive on Ticonderoga, some from western Nations coming along as squads and individuals since the great strength of the expedition promised good scalping. They arrived just in time for the attack; in time, that is, to see Montcalm with 3,600 [8] men defeat Abercromby with 16,000—6,000 British regulars [9] and 10,000 colonials and Indians, all full of pluck and confident of victory.

Montcalm awaited the issue calmly behind entrenchments and an improvised abattis of uprooted trees. The odds were against him, but as Parkman says, Montcalm knew Abercromby. Montcalm believed that Abercromby would charge on sight, a prospect which seemed incredible to the other Frenchmen. But Abercromby had room in his mind for but one idea at a time; one of those infernally obstinate humans who do not let events influence them once they have determined either to do something or to do nothing. We have seen how Shirley, Bradstreet, and Johnson threw themselves against that stony will in trying to save Oswego in '56; now equally good men tried to get him to wait until his artillery arrived. Obsessed with the thought that he must carry Ticonderoga before Lévis reached Montcalm with reinforcements, Abercromby apparently gave no thought to the fact that his army, if well handled, was large enough to beat Montcalm even after he had been reinforced.

As luck would have it, probably the only man who could have restrained Abercromby from ordering that fatal charge had been killed two days before in a woods skirmish. Viscount Howe, with his ever gay spirits and hearty ways, commended himself

to the colonials; particularly as he, unlike some others, heeded the advice of men trained in the woods. It is possible that, if Howe had stood at Abercromby's side when his engineer officer, Clerk, and John Stark, Captain of New Hampshire Rangers, reported to the General on the state of the defenses, the Viscount might have induced his superior to wait for his artillery. Clerk thought the defenses weaker than they looked; but Stark, who had been with Johnson in the defense of a more hastily constructed abattis in the battle of Lake George, advised against assault. It was characteristic of Abercromby, but not of Howe, to give more weight to the opinion of a regular officer, though inexperienced in the particular military problem involved, than to the opinion of a provincial officer, no matter how experienced. Next morning—the eighth of July—Abercromby gave orders to attack with the cold steel.

Followed one of the bloodiest engagements in American history, a charge by gallant men who never had a chance at victory. Advancing at one o'clock in four columns led by Rogers' Rangers, regulars could not solve the riddle of the tangled and sharpened branches under the fire of Montcalm's well-served swivels and rifles. British and colonials, in various combinations, tried successively the left, center, and right, without ever penetrating in force to the enemy's entrenchments. Five hours they fought against men whom they could not reach, and then retired in disorder having lost nearly two thousand in killed and wounded. Of these victims perhaps half belonged to two valiant regiments then young, but destined to earn fame on other fields—the Royal Americans and the 42d Highlanders, known as the Black Watch wherever men talk of glory in arms.

When a will as stiff as Abercromby's is smashed upon the anvil of fact, the fracture is complete. There was not enough resilience in "Nabbycromby"—not so nobby now, lads—to let him snap back into competence after his great shock. He had

still close to twelve thousand men, most of whom had not been engaged in the assault, which occupied only a narrow space. Also, he had plenty of artillery close at hand. But in this pinch of fortune the commander, though rich in military resources, found himself bankrupt of anything approaching a military idea; and so he retreated from a foe he even yet outnumbered three to one, and who rather expected to be beaten next day. The conduct of the two commanders on the night following the costly assault is in striking contrast. Montcalm worked feverishly improving his defenses and the morale of his little army, while Abercromby beat his fugitives to the boats. Except for Bradstreet—indispensable man, Bradstreet, always around when needed—there might have been a panic at the embarking place next morning; but he policed the operation with steady troops and turned what had become a rout into an orderly retreat.

Colonel Johnson took his four hundred and forty Indians home the more regretfully because, while they had not been called upon for any important service, they had seen British soldiers defeated once more by Montcalm the Invincible. It was decidedly ill for Indian relations for the Indians to see their allies beaten and on the run; courage was the code of the Iroquois and courage they expected from their white allies. They had seen men die bravely enough, but on the whole rather stupidly, at Ticonderoga; but they had also seen British moving swiftly in the wrong direction, and that was decidedly bad medicine. Therefore Johnson had to wipe away that memory as far as he could with oratory and presents. He spent a busy month cultivating the head men of the tribes in private conferences, and framed one important treaty, between the Six Nations and the Southern Indians in a six-day conference at Fort Johnson, ending August 1. All this time the militia stood to arms and early in August Sir William rode with Bradstreet

from Fort Johnson to German Flats.[10] Troops were again moving west.

. . . . . .

At last, the Oswego door to invasion was about to be closed; Bradstreet, the dynamic, decided it was high time for him to try the unexpected. Hastening to the Oneida Carrying Place he borrowed twenty-six hundred provincial troops from Brigadier General Stanwix, who was building a strong post there to protect the portage and cover the German settlements. Eleven hundred of his men were New Yorkers, and Red Head, on Johnson's plea, brought in forty loyal Onondaga scouts. With Bradstreet went our old friend and erstwhile Oswego trader, Tom Butler, as a captain of scouts. In boats and bateaux Bradstreet's force threaded Wood Creek, Oneida Lake, and the Oswego river, passed the ruins of Oswego, crossed Lake Ontario, invested the important French Fort Frontenac and trading post at Cadaracqui, and received its surrender after a day's bombardment. Here was Oswego revenged in kind without the loss of a man in action, and with only two wounded. The victors took one hundred fifty prisoners who went to Montreal under pledge to return an equal number of "our own," including and especially Colonel Schuyler of the Jersey Blues. They took, also, according to Butler's report to Colonel Johnson "an incredible quantity of stores" and two vessels with which to transport them to the American side.[11]

Butler's report to Johnson on this deftly executed raid closes with a postscript which condenses its most important military result: "The enemy have not one single vessel left on this lake."

Looting and burning Fort Frontenac was well enough; cutting French water communications was even better. Pitt considered that the winning of the lake guaranteed success of Forbes's

expedition against Duquesne. Even Montcalm fell from elation over his victory at Ticonderoga to something like despair at the news from the west. "I am not discouraged," he wrote, "nor are my troops. We are resolved to find our graves under the ruins of the colony." Bradstreet had cut a vital cord.

Rarely has a flying column so justified itself as this one of the peppery Bradstreet. Hope replaced gloom all through the northern colonies, and in addition to the improvement in public feeling, that decisive action brought in its train an unexpectedly easy success in another quarter. When the invalid Forbes had doggedly cut his way through Pennsylvania's forest to the forks of the Ohio, he found Fort Duquesne abandoned. With the silvery thread broken which tied Montreal and the Ohio together, the French wisely concluded to concentrate their forces at Niagara. The loss of Duquesne had no great significance to the French; but they understood that the loss of Niagara would mean, unmistakably, the loss of the interior of the continent. There, amid the roar of the mighty waterfall, would be fought the really critical engagement of nearly a century of conflict. The stage was set for Johnson to move on the center of the French line.

CHAPTER XXVI

SIR WILLIAM WINS NIAGARA

THE Duke of Cumberland, you recall, tried crushing New France between pincers applied simultaneously at the forks of the Ohio and Nova Scotia. The eastern end held; the other slipped from Braddock's dead hand. Pitt followed the same strategy and might have had little better luck except that Bradstreet came to his rescue with a masterful improvisation—the dart at Fort Frontenac which cleared Lake Ontario of French bottoms and broke the communications between Montreal and the western reaches of New France. That break in the line crumpled the western end without a blow being struck, and French Fort Duquesne became Fort Pitt. With all respect to the memory of the minister, it was John Bradstreet who presented Britain with that plum pudding in a bag.

Britain's hold on Lake Ontario, however, was still slight. To hold the advantage Oswego must be refortified, and Niagara reduced, because there were still enough Frenchmen in the Niagara-Ohio-Detroit triangle to threaten Britain both on the Ohio and on Lake Ontario. Meantime, to make use of interior lines and sea power, wisdom dictated coincident drives on Montreal via Crown Point and on Quebec by a joint expedition of land and sea forces.

Abercromby gave way as Commander-in-chief to Major General Jeffrey Amherst, the second victor of Louisburg as "Old Pepp" had been the first. A soldier from his very boyhood as a page in Flanders, General Amherst reflected most of the vir-

tues and few of the vices of the life-long soldier. Thorough, patient, and dependable, he was a welcome relief to the long-suffering northern colonies, whose citizens after five years of failure savored just enough of victory to find the taste sweet in the mouth. Probably no better man could have been found to win colonial support. However, he had one weakness common to all Englishmen. Cold and proud by nature, he drew the color line sharply against Indian civilities, and his consideration for local populations stopped short of the Six Nations and those further west. This lack of tact toward them endangered for a time all his successes in the field, leading directly to Pontiac's Conspiracy.

Amherst elected to crash the center of line at Crown Point and then take Montreal, while Wolfe led the right against the stern fortress of Quebec and Brigadier General John Prideaux took a lighter force toward Niagara. Prideaux was a Devonshire man, with military experience in Europe, a highly capable officer destined to die before his real worth could be proved; but on his last journey he took the wise precaution of naming a bay of beautiful Ontario after himself and so he lives on the maps, at least. It was Amherst's luck to score only a limited success in his venture, but to emerge without a scratch, while both his aides on either end of the long line were destined to win their objectives yet perish in the effort.

The Commander-in-Chief called on Johnson to rouse the Indians for the Niagara drive, a task which Sir William relished the more because he had vainly tried to interest Loudoun and Abercromby in the same distant objective. First he called in the elder brothers of the Confederacy, the Mohawks and Senecas, to tell them of the new chiefs the King their Father had sent to push the falling French over the great falls of Oniagara and out into the sea of salt. For four years the Senecas had shown

LORD AMHERST, THE CONQUEROR OF CANADA

Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America, 1759-63.

little or no interest in a British cause; two years before Johnson counted himself lucky to hold them neutral. Now the mist had been wiped from their eyes, and they saw clearly it was time to leap lightly on the British chariot as it rumbled by. Later the other Western Nations were invited to follow, which they did with all speed. Seven hundred Iroquois and two hundred and forty-four other Indians met Johnson at Oswego when he went thither to join Prideaux. Attracted by the prospect of victory, plenteous food, and an occasional drink, many fickle sons of the forest shifted allegiance, flocking to Johnson now as they had flocked to Montcalm's standard two years ago. As the buzzards sense from afar the stricken bullock's first faltering step, so these vagrant Hurons and Messessagas came by water-path and wood-path to be in at the death throes of New France. Here was the largest Indian column ever mustered in British America.

Colonel Sir William Johnson's Indians brought the invading force up to nearly thirty-two hundred men. The balance consisted of the 44th Foot, 46th Foot, part of the Royal Americans, and the 2d Regiment of New York Provincials. One recognizes here, with a cheer, the regiment that went through hell with Braddock four years ago, and has never had opportunity since to prove itself in successful action. Well, there are no Braddocks on this trip, and the 44th at last is to record a smashing American victory on its records. The little army, well found and in splendid spirits, embarked on July 1, leaving Oswego in charge of Colonel Frederick Haldimand with a battalion of provincials.

Haldimand, a tough, tenacious Swiss, soon was put to a test which, had he failed, might have wrecked the whole expedition. Out of the north swept La Corne St. Luc, with a considerable force of mixed troops, and buoyed by the hope that he could

save Niagara by seizing the expedition's base. This soldier of infinite risks and forlorn hopes met here a rugged opponent who ever played a stiff, tight game of war without much luck. Haldimand defended his breastworks stoutly, twice repulsing the enemy in sharp engagements with some loss. Colonel Amherst's diary says that Abbé Picquet of La Présentation mission was in the attacking party.

Meantime Sir William and his companies proceeded peacefully up the lake without interference from man or nature, camping nights at Sodus, Irondequoit, Prideaux Bay, and Johnson Creek. This little stream is perhaps the only place-name which preserves exactly the name of the man who did more for the New York frontier than any other. They landed near Niagara on July 6 and made camp on an open roadstead, which forced continuous details to police the bateaux as there was always danger of attack by water. The business of disembarking and encamping proceeded with a soldierly precision such as Johnson had never seen in the face of an enemy.

Fort Niagara, strong and well provisioned, could hardly be taken by assault. Its commander, Pouchot, had six hundred men under him, plenty of ammunition, and hope of reinforcements from the back country. A siege began which, compared with recent British operations in the New York sector, appears to have been highly efficient, though complaints were registered against the engineer officers on the score of bad trenches. For that matter infantry always scores on engineers. However, the trenches crept nearer and nearer, and Prideaux was about to reap the reward of his thoroughness when he was killed by the bursting of a "coehorn," one of his own cannon.

In the Prideaux and Johnson Orderly book, probably written by John McKenzie of the 2d New York Provincials, appears the order in which Sir William Johnson assumed command in this emergency:

Camp before Niagara July 21st, 1759

. . . . . .

Sir William Johnson's orders. The command of the army devolving the death of the late General Prideaux (on me I trust) that as I am determined to persevere in the same just and vigorous manners, which was carried on by the Deceased General, that the troops will exert themselves to the utmost and act with the same laudable spirit which they have hitherto shown and of which I shall not fail to acquaint his excellency General Amherst. The business we are upon being nearly finised the completing of which will be easily effected by the continuance of the same measures and the utmost exertion of our abilities, all orders given therefore by the late general to be punctually obeyed.[1]

Both the new commander and his reporter probably felt a little shaky when that jumbled, tentative order was issued. The situation itself was strangely jumbled. The fate of the fort, and in some sense the fate of America, hung by a thread. Question; could the besiegers cut that thread before help arrived from the West? Their operations, relentlessly pressed under Prideaux, had breached the walls and reduced the garrison to the point of despair. With Prideaux and Colonel Johnson of the provincials killed, whose was the command? The highest regular officers remaining were lieutenant colonels: Sir William Johnson outranked them, but his was a most unusual commission. Though it came direct from the King, the document would appear, in the eyes of a regular officer, somewhat more civil than military. At best Johnson was merely colonel of the Six Nations, as his command in the Albany county militia would not be accorded full standing in his present company. But as an American colonial holding a royal commission, Johnson felt that he could not yield to a regular officer under the circumstances. For years the question of military precedence as between regular and colonial commissions had been troubling military relations in America, and every colonial felt a duty to insist on his rights whenever a dispute over rank arose.

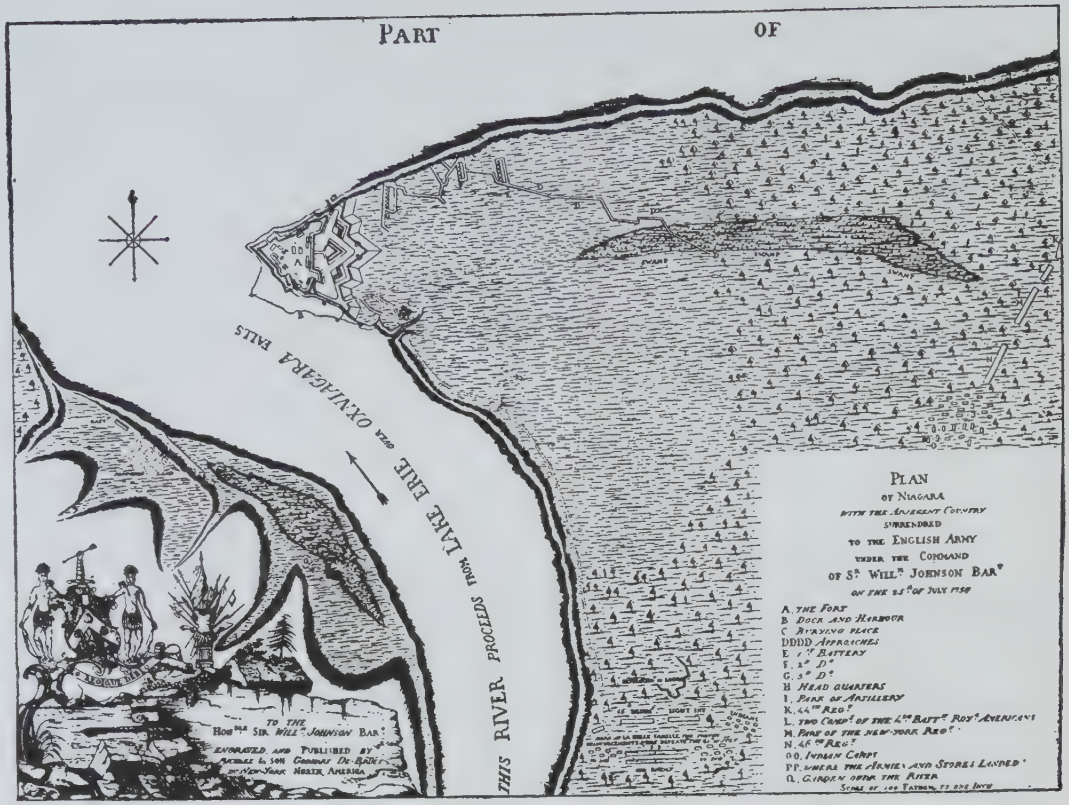
The orderly book of the campaign contains no reports of a

council of war, but the matter came to a head when Lieutenant Colonel Haldimand of the Royal Americans arrived from Oswego to take command on the 28th, the day following the burial of the two lost leaders. Johnson stood stiffly on his rights, as the diary entry for that day shows:

> Colonel Haldimand arrived with Captain Williamette from Oswego, to claim the command, which I refused to give up, as my commission gave me rank of him. He gave up the point until General Amherst's pleasure was known, which may be soon, as Colonel Haldimand, on receipt of my letter (reporting Prideaux's death on the 19th) wrote him upon it.

Possibly, if Haldimand had been present when Prideaux was killed, Johnson would have yielded what was really a nice point; but in the meantime he had managed to finish the enemy both within and without the fortifications. On the 22d the parapet of the flag bastion gave way under terrific fire. On the 24th D'Aubry arrived from Detroit with the expected relief, twelve hundred hastily gathered soldiers, Indians and traders, and trappers, the last reserves of New France. It is reported that the Iroquois and Ottawas shouted back and forth to each other, before joining battle. Parkman considers this conversation proof of impending treachery; instead, it is probable that the Iroquois, at Johnson's orders, were merely trying to break the fighting spirit of the Westerners by telling them of the new deal in British leadership. The best Parkman can find to say of Johnson throughout this whole encounter is that he acted energetically, whereas the facts are that he acted with resolution and wisdom as well. For Brother Warraghiyagey the Iroquois had really stretched themselves this time. Their scouts had brought in full information of D'Aubry's approach, so Johnson had plenty of time to make his dispositions.

Johnson's own report to Amherst on the battle can hardly be improved for clarity and conciseness.



MAP OF NIAGARA PUBLISHED TO CELEBRATE JOHNSON'S VICTORY.

Note Johnson arms in left corner.

S^r/ *Niagara July 25^th, 1759*

I have the Honour to acquaint you by Lieutenant Morcrieffe Niagara Surrendered to his Majestys Arms the Twenty fifth Instant. A Detachment of Twelve Hundred Men with a Number of Indians, under the Command of Mess^rs Aubry & Delignery, Collected from Detroit, Venango & Presque Isle, Made an attempt to Reinforce the Garrison the Twenty fourth in the Morning. But as I had Intelligence of them, I made a Disposition to Intercept them. The Evening before, I ordered the Light Infantry & Picquets to take Post on the Road upon our Left Leading from Niagara Falls to the Fort; In the Morning, I reinforced these with two Companys of Grenadiers and Part of the Forty Sixth Regiment. The action Begun about half after Nine; But they were so well Receivd by the Troops in front & the Indians on their Flank, that in an Hours time the whole was Compleatly Ruind & all their Officers made Prisoners, among whom are, Monsieur Aubry, DeLignery, Mavin (Marin), Repentini to the Number of Seventeen. I cannot ascertain the Number of the Killd, they are so dispersd among the Woods, But their Loss is Great. As this Happend under the eyes of the Garrison, I thought Proper to send my Last Summons to the Commanding Officer for his Surrender, which He listened to. I enclose you the Capitulation,[a] M^r Moncrieffe will inform you of the state of our Ammunition & Provisions I hope Care will be taken to forward an Immediate Supply of Both to Oswego. As the Troops that were Defeated Yesterday were drawn from those Posts which Lye in General Stanwix's Rout, I am in hopes it will be of the utmost Consequence to the Success of His Expedition. The Publick Stores of the Garrison, that can be savd from the Indians, I shall order the Assistant Q^r Master General & the Clerk of Stores to take an account of, as Soon as Possible.

As all my attention at present is taken up with the Indians, that the Capitulation I have agreed to may be Observed, your Excellency will excuse me for not being more Particular.

Permit me to assure you, in the whole Progress of the Siege, which was Severe and Painfull, the Officers & Men behavd with the utmost Chearfullness & Bravery. I have only to Regrett the Loss of General Prideaux and Colonel Johnson; I endeavourd to Pursue the Late Generals Vigorous Measures; the Good effects of Which he deservd to Enjoy.[a]

In the action of the 24th Johnson's forces captured twenty-three officers, in addition to ninety-six of the French rank and file and Indians. The commander sets forth in his diary his

difficulty in getting captured officers away from his braves, saying he managed it "by ransom, good words, etc." The French lost in this engagement nearly two hundred effectives, but most of the attacking Indians and coureurs-de-bois escaped. Among the captured officers from the West were men who had been in the thick of French combats for years, two of whom—Desligneris and Repentigny—had come to Johnson with flags of truce from Canada in 1748 when he was in command at Albany and remained to negotiate with him the exchange of prisoners.

When the fort surrendered next day, the prisoner list was swelled by six hundred and seven men and eleven officers, together with a number of women and children. The latter were placed in charge of a French priest, and sent to the first French post. The male prisoners of war were dispatched to England, via Oswego and New York, in charge of a detachment from the 46th. Johnson did two things characteristic of his kindly heart. He outfitted the French officers with shoes, stockings, and blankets for their journey, and he gave the 44th the position of honor in the ceremonies of surrender. Lieutenant Commander Farquhar of that regiment became the new commandant of the post. After attending minutely to the repairing and provisioning of the place, Sir William embarked his forces for a swift journey to Oswego, where he landed after a three days' run. Perhaps the last flourish of French power on Lake Ontario occurred when two small French schooners delayed the embarkation.

At Niagara Johnson captured his old long range antagonist, Jean Cœur Chabert and his brother. This was the famous Joncaire, old French half-breed trader, who had been trying for years to seduce the Western Iroquois from the British connection. Johnson found his foe had lost his fur cache looted during the siege, and, as if considering loss of power and wealth punishment enough, seems to have turned the trader

loose, while sending the brother, a lieutenant of marines, along with the other prisoners. Years afterward Joncaire wrote Johnson asking his aid in getting reparation in Paris for his losses in Niagara. Johnson complied, but Joncaire never recovered damages.[8]

Sir William's diary of this journey reveals both the extreme competence of the man and his capacity for squeezing enjoyment out of intense action. He writes down as reminders whole pages of "things to do"—the minutiæ of a responsible officer not quite at home in his new job but leaving nothing undone that he can foresee. He takes advantage of his nearness to visit the great waterfall, accompanied by several officers and three companies of infantry who, for once, probably did not grumble at the hike, since they saw the magnificent spectacle in its natural frame, before either the tourist or the manufacturer had arrived.

Both at Niagara and Oswego, where he broke the return journey, Sir William was besieged by Indians bent on getting right with the King's Superintendent of Indian Affairs. The Chippewas sent in a sachem to Niagara, to whom Sir William proceeded to sell the delights of trade at Oswego, and told him to pass the word along to his neighbors, the Messessagas, near Toronto, that the British were again in position to take their chattels at the best possible rates. The Onondagas descended on Oswego in a body, led by that grand old warrior and drinker, the Bunt, and proceeded to get very drunk by way of celebrating the victory. When the Senecas, under Old Belt, arrived with the same intention, they were outwitted long enough to get a council going, in which all the Nations confessed their sins to Johnson and promised better behavior in the future. Johnson stayed at Oswego until the middle of October, counseling with Indians, hunting and fishing for entertainment, and trying to stir Brigadier General Gage to slip down river to attack La

Galette and Swegatchie. He might as well have saved his breath. Good Thomas Gage loved soldiering too well to cut it short by decisive action.

The Niagara campaign and its aftermath show Johnson at the peak of his competence, at the height of his power to enjoy life. Never again would he take the trail in as good physical health, or return in as good spirits. He had met the enemy, beaten him, and relished his victory. On the homeward trail Johnson rode through woods aflame with color, down a valley whose inhabitants rose to him with cheers and torches. His valley, their valley—now forever safe because he had won at Niagara; because he had conquered, at last, the ravagers of the Mohawk vale even as he had tamed the Mohawks themselves. Strange, that, among the next to come that way a-burning would be his own son. Fortunately Sir William could not read the future. With a song on his lips he rode home to Miss Molly, waving a hand at his neighbors as they ran to their doors to see their great man come home from the wars.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE END OF NEW FRANCE

WOLFE'S capture of Quebec, justly celebrated as a splendid feat of arms, came to pass through one of those daring improvisations which mark the truly great commander. His siege operations failing, Wolfe took a short cut to glory by leading his troops by a surprise route up the heights to the Plains of Abraham. Romance has wrapped this battle round, not only for its gallantry, but also because both generals met death in the encounter and both were men to love. Their soldiers followed them, obeyed them, and died for them with a devotion which was almost adoration. Montcalm had proved himself worthy of that regard in three years of stern campaigning in America; worthy, too, of the plaudits of history. By restraining his Indians in victory at Oswego he had erased at least part of the blot on French honor which remained after the atrocities following the victory at Fort Duquesne. A later arrival in the American theater of war, and the younger by fifteen years, Wolfe already had established himself as a resolute and resourceful leader.

However, we cannot agree that Quebec was the decisive American battle of the Seven Years War. Upon sober reflection we incline to doubt if there has been a truly decisive battle since the wills of peoples were substituted for the wills of princes in the matter of ending wars and possessing territories. No matter who wins the battles in these days, the belligerent that can and will bring to the struggle the greater resources

inevitably wins the war. Will power, man power, power of purse, invention, manufacturing, and transport—these settle the issues, rather than tactics and strategy. Obviously the allies would have defeated Napoleon eventually even if he had won the battle of Waterloo. They were the stronger side; they were out to win; they would have won later, if not then. So also at Gettysburg. Sixty years afterward, when one can balance the effective resources of the North and the South of the Civil War period against one another, is it credible that the North would have quit fighting in '63 if Lee had won? Even if Washington had fallen as a result of a Southern victory at Gettysburg, the North would have gone on to the end of its rope, and its rope was a good deal longer than the South's. In the so-called World War of recent and bitter memory Germany won most of the battles but the larger, stronger, richer, more mobile, and stronger-willed group of nations prevailed in the end. Wars are decided, we fancy, less on battlefields than in banks, factories, laboratories, lecture halls, newspaper offices, and (most fundamental of all) maternity wards. Men die wondrous well in battles who would change the course of history more by keeping at their lathes and ledgers.

Of Quebec's decisiveness the less said the better. Its fate was sealed, of course, by sea power; and the roots of that supreme advantage trace back, historically, to Pepys and Elizabeth, Canute and Hengist, and, geographically, to an island position so ancient that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. Any time the mistress of the seas wanted Quebec badly enough to pay well for it, Quebec could be picked up. Montcalm, in agony of soul, must have comprehended that; otherwise he would hardly have come forth from his battlements to fight on the open plain. No soldier of his day knew better the value of cover; with 3,500 had he not defeated 15,000 at Ticonderoga? By taking full advantage of his walls, Mont-

calm almost certainly would have defeated Wolfe. To what end? A year's delay, or at most two. Montcalm realized New France was done for long before either the English or the Americans realized it. After Bradstreet's destruction of Fort Frontenac in '58 the Marquis spoke with calm resignation of the approaching doom, because he understood that in a single flashing action the stronger party had gained the initiative long denied to it by dull generals, niggardly assemblies, and lively foes. New France approached the end of her reserves, while the prolific and adventurous colonists to the south had increased both numbers and plow land even during the war. No wonder Lieutenant General Louis Joseph Montcalm de Saint Veran preferred to risk defeat in a sharp engagement rather than endure a siege destined in the very nature of things to be hopeless. Wolfe collected, heroically and dramatically, a bill long past due on which were written—Frontenac, Niagara, Louisburg, Cape Finisterre, and the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Major General Jeffrey Amherst emerged safely from a year in which death and victory were joined for both his wing commanders, Wolfe and Prideaux. With overwhelming forces the Commander-in-Chief moved ponderously upon Ticonderoga and Crown Point, whose garrisons melted away as he advanced. There caution hamstrung him. Instead of pushing on toward Montreal, as planned, he rebuilt Crown Point on a more elaborate scale, cut a road some distance toward New England, and to command the southern end of Lake George erected Fort George, as a replacement for destroyed Fort William Henry. This elaborate system of defenses was of some assistance to the colonials during the Revolution but did the British no good, beyond keeping a high-spirited army exercised. At the lower end of Lake Champlain the French dug in on Ile-aux-Noix: result, instead of benefiting by a division of French forces,

Wolfe met larger numbers than he expected to be there. Comparing the two British generals, men sneered at Amherst as "the cautious commander."

An equally cautious person was Thomas Gage,[1] Brigadier General commanding at Oswego. There he stuck fast through the autumn of '59, while Johnson and Haldimand tried to hurry him forward to the conquest of La Galette and La Présentation, on the upper St. Lawrence. But Thomas would not move; a pleasant, good man, with an American wife and American friends, he lacked the cutting edge of quick decision at Oswego in '59, as in Boston sixteen years later. A nicer fellow never lost an empire. Even the ardent enthusiasm of a Johnson could not prevail against the phlegm of a Loudoun, an Abercromby, or a Gage.

It must have been a relief for Johnson to give Gage up as immovable and turn again to Indian relations. The Nations were stoics but at least they would move when victory loomed. The Six Nations were in fine feather for the coming campaign; but they had to be outfitted for the fray and their castles provided with food. Also, Croghan needed money with which to bribe the Pennsylvania Indians in order to insure safe journey for the supply trains bound to Fort Pitt. So Sir William tapped Amherst's war chest for £5,000. In his letters relative to this appropriation he says the French Indians are beginning to weaken, not from love of the English cause, but because France can do little for them. Some of the western tribes, long in the French circle, may be drawn out of it if the Six Nations will carry the message. But the Six Nations prove loth to have company. Since the coming campaign looks so easy, why bring in outsiders to share in the loot? By the time all this has been done, the £5,000 is gone and Sir William is again advancing funds from his private purse.

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"THE CAUTIOUS COMMANDER."
Contemporary caricature of Lord Amherst, by Thomas Pownall.

The 1760 campaign for the final reduction of New France proved easy enough; but it nearly came to grief at the start. Lévis, who succeeded Montcalm, leaped at Quebec early with ten thousand men, practically every effective on the St. Lawrence. This bold stroke scored a preliminary success, captured one thousand men sent out on a sortie, and might have won back the city from Murray's smaller garrison except for the saving arrival of the British fleet. Pitt gets credit for this aid. At the fleet's coming Lévis hastened back to Montreal as swiftly as he had come. With both ends of the St. Lawrence firmly in British hands, and the center strongly held by those new forts of his, Amherst began the task of "mopping up" New France.

A neat precision in preparation and execution marks this entire campaign once it got under way. Considering the distances involved and the lack of quick communications between the three columns, the accuracy of timing is little short of marvelous. Brigadier Haviland was detailed to push directly north to Montreal, while Murray drove in on the doomed settlement from Quebec, and Amherst dropped down the St. Lawrence from Oswego, taking the French posts en route. The last expedition was the most formidable of the three—four thousand regulars and six thousand colonials, with as many Indians as Johnson could secure.

Accustomed as the valley folk of the Mohawk had become to the passage of troops, this expedition of Amherst's must have roused in Dutch and German breasts a new notion of imperial power. It surpassed anything they had seen in numbers, artillery, and all-round competence. Here were regular regiments that had mastered the tactics of woods fighting after bitter losses. Here were colonial regiments full of lean veterans who had learned to like campaigning, who thought less of homes and harvests than they did five years before. Some of

them had been with Johnson in '55. Undependable then for a long campaign, they were "old dependables" now, able to go a route without tiring. Moreover, they liked Amherst. Cold and haughty though he was, Amherst knew a man when he saw one, whether the biped wore homespun or gold braid. He understood, too, the immense military resources of this new country and its people. He was convinced if this campaign of his crushed New France, the Americans would surge forth to occupy the western territory and make it British beyond all recall. The Indians—pouf—mere savage sots!

Amherst left Schenectady on the 12th of June and rested at Oswego on the 25th of July—a slow progress, because the cautious commander was still cautious. All along the route companies and battalions joined the procession. Garrisons were trimmed down all over the west; Stanwix sent along every man he could spare. With Oswego as the concentration point, the columns pressed in from many quarters. The lumbering giant, trained down to a fine point now, and worn a little wise by losses, marched stoutly forward upon a fainting foe—marched past Fort Johnson, its colors dipping in salute; past Canajoharie Castle, where the squaws, children and old men of the dwindling Mohawks marveled and mumbled; past German Flats, where dooryard grasses had drunk the blood of massacred Palatines; past Fort Stanwix, where another flag would some day take the light; past the carries Bradstreet had defended with his battoemen. Through the waterways along which wealth of furs had flowed, the army moved to the fresh-water harbor where Montcalm had won his first victory in America, a take-off now for the march of the ten thousand on the trembling heart of New France.

Johnson led to the Oswego rendezvous six hundred Iroquois. He could have had more, but he picked and chose, having spent all Amherst's appropriation and more, too. Indians of other

tribes joined at the port; there was a general rush to be at the death. Haldimand, the thorough Swiss, went on ahead to subdue the way stations, while Amherst and Johnson embarked ten days later. Stone says Johnson took 1,330 Indians with him on the journey; but Johnson, writing to Pitt on October 24, places the number lower. In this letter the Baronet explains briefly his part in the campaign:

I yet was able to proceed from Oswego with upwards of 600 Warriors, but as there were nine Severall Nat^{s}. & Tribes of Ind^{s}. inhabiting y^{e} Country about Montreal consisting of above 800 fighting men, previous to our departure I judged it highly necessary to gain them if possible, at least to bring them to a Neutrality, being very sensible of the difficultys which an Army had to encounter in their way to Montreal where a few Indians Joined with other troops might act to great advantage. I therefore proposed to Gen^{l}. Amherst the sending them offers of peace, & protection, which he agreed to, and on our Arrival at Fort Levi, deputies came from the before mentioned Nations on my Message to them from Oswego, who there ratified a Treaty with us, whereby they agreed to remain neuter on condition that we for the future treated them as friends, & forgot all former enmity. After the taking Fort Levi many of our Indians, thro some disgust left us, but there still remained a sufficient number to answer our purpose and bring us constant Intelligence having none against us, and the Peace which I settled with the 9 Nations before mentioned, was productive of such good consequence that some of these Indians joined us, & went upon Partys for Prisoners &a whilst the rest preserved so strict a neutrality that we passed all the dangerous Rapids, and the whole way without the least opposition, & by that means came so near to the other two Armies, that the Enemy could attempt nothing further without an imminent risque of the City and inhabitants.

Thus Sir we became Masters of the last place in the Enemy's possession in these parts and made those Indians our friends by a peace, who might otherwise have given us much trouble.[a]

On occasion Sir William could call attention to his own merits when writing to London, but in this report he remained beautifully modest over the incident at Fort Lévis where "many of our Indians thro some disgust left us." They left because Sir William would not let them loot and scalp prisoners; later

on, he will chide them for it, humble them, read them anew the lesson on civilized behavior which he is forever dinning at these stone-age men. But Pitt had the story, or something equivalent, direct from Amherst, who wrote:

> Sir William Johnson has taken unwearied pains in keeping the Indians in humane bounds; and I have the pleasure to assure you, that not a peasant woman or child, has been hurt by them, or a house burned since I entered what was the enemy's country.[3]

Another striking testimonial to Johnson's control of the Indians while on the warpath appeared during the negotiations leading to the capitulation by Vaudreuil. Article 9 of "the Articles of Capitulation between Major General Amherst and the Marquis de Vaudreuil" contained these words:

> The British general shall engage to send back, to their own homes, the Indians and Moraijans, who make part of his armies, immediately after the signing of the present capitulation. And, in the meantime, the better to prevent all disorders on the part of those who may not be gone away, the said generals shall give safe guards to such persons as shall desire them, as well in the town as in the country.

Amherst promptly struck out the request, and noted at the foot of the article:

> The first part refused. There never have been any cruelties committed by the Indians of our army; and good order shall be preserved.[4]

The good conduct of the Mohawks on this campaign is the more remarkable because, in proceeding down river, they had evidence that two of their kindred had been foully dealt with the year before. Several times they were on the point of breaking loose to revenge this loss noted above, and only Johnson's presence and personal influence brought the campaign to a close without atrocities of a sort to dim the luster of the British victory.[5]

Before leaving Montreal Johnson, as he relates, conferred and

made treaties with nine nations of Canadian Indians. Like the white Canadiens themselves, these Indians remained quite consistently loyal to their new masters, as Johnson prophesied they would. Only three of the nine yielded to the temptations offered by the conspiracy of Chief Pontiac, and they were soon brought to book by Sir William. In these negotiations at Montreal Johnson had the help of his future son-in-law, Captain Daniel Claus, who remained in Montreal as deputy superintendent of Indian affairs in charge of Canadian Indians. Claus, a dependable person, loved both his chief and his chief's eldest daughter, Nancy. After a year of trial as deputy of Indian affairs for Canada he would write Sir William for her hand in marriage.

. . . . . .

Amherst's three-ply campaign culminated with the certainty of clockwork. On September 7 Murray met his commander in front of Montreal, and the next day Haviland's column came swinging in from the south. Before this concentration Vaudreuil, one of the feeblest of French governors, signed a capitulation surrendering all of Canada and her western holdings—Detroit, Michilimackinac, Sault Ste. Marie, St. Joseph, Green Bay. The document was a tender, but not a deed, to Mid-America. After five years of a stern chase, the blundering giant had crashed his bludgeon down full strength on the once fleet runner. The white-and-gold fleur-de-lis Bourbon banner descended to the roll of "God Save the King," a scene to be repeated in many posts in forest clearings under the eyes of savages wondering what their new master intended toward them. Never would the fleur-de-lis rise in those lands again, and not for long would it continue to float o'er France itself, since defeat in America and the treasure wasted in the vain

effort to hold New France, helped to send a Bourbon to the guillotine and uplift the tricolor of the First Republic.

The British held Mid-America at last; or, if you prefer, the English, for in this year of 1760 the new, hastily gathered British Empire was not yet conscious of a common destiny. In a pinch every man of every breed under the banner of St. George would claim "the rights of an Englishman" instead of the rights of a British subject. The English won with copious drafts of Scots, Irish, and Germans in their line regiments. And yet in Mid-America language, blood, law, and point of view on fundamentals are still basically English, and will always slant in that direction.

The English tore Mid-America and Canada away from the French because they had sea power, and because the colonials on their side had both numbers and a burning appetite for land. But these elements do not exhaust the equation. There were intangibles in it, and not the least of these was English character. We have noted the ill success of the English in Indian relations, only one Englishman appearing in the long list of notables who led the peaceful penetration of the Indian country by winning Indian friendship. With Dutch, with Germans, especially with the French, Indians could live peacefully; but not alongside the English, who craved land, would not intermarry with the red folk, and bullied them shamefully. For the reverse of the medal let us quote from Harold Frederic's *In the Valley* which here, as in many other points of Mohawk history, hits truth on the nail with an accuracy almost inspired:

> The Frenchman contrived to get on with the Indian by deferring to him, cultivating his better and more generous side, and treating him as an equal. This had the effect of improving and softening the savage, but it inevitably tended to weaken and lower the Frenchman—at least, judged by the standard of fitness to maintain himself in a war of races. No doubt the French and Indians lived together much more quietly and civilly than did the English and Indians. But when these two systems

came to be tested by results, it was shown that the Frenchman's policy and kindness had only enervated and emasculated him, while the Englishman's rude domineering and rule of force had hardened his muscle and fired his resolution.[6]

Fifteen years after the fall of Canada, the American Revolution began. It drew its greatest strength from New England and Virginia, where Englishmen of the old, hard strain had taken solid root and perpetuated the rigid color line, the domineering instinct. They led the Revolution from Lexington to Yorktown, while the colonies of mixed strain proved somewhat less belligerent. England as an ideal, a Mother Country, a seat of empire, meant more to many a Dutchman and Irishman in America—yes, to many an Iroquois brave, likewise—than it did to the unconquerable children of the unbending conqueror race.

. . . . . .

Six soldiers crossed the Atlantic to command the full forces of their sovereigns on this continent. Montcalm was dead, and Dieskau a hopeless cripple. The three Scotsmen born—Braddock, Loudoun and Abercromby—were failures. To the lone Englishman in the list—Amherst from Kent—went the palm of victory.

On the American side three men stood out as strong, successful leaders—Rogers the Ranger, Bradstreet, and Sir William Johnson, sole Superintendent of Northern Indians and Colonel of the Six Nations. Since they had won the West, it was inevitable that they should go there to dispute that golden apple with one another.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A RUM-RIDDEN AGE

THOUGH the Iroquois had reached the cultural level of celebrating Berry and Corn Festivals when the whites first darkened their horizon, these able Indians had not yet taken the inevitable next step of putting berry juice and corn juice to work for them. We say "inevitable" because the discovery of fermentation and use of its products appear to be the normal development—dare we say compensation?—of the hoe culture into which the Iroquois were moving.

Probably they had been many times on the verge of discovering fermentation. Since they had pots and fruits, it was only a question of time until fermentation took place and some brave sampled the novelty, to find it good and call the clans to witness. But as it happened, unfortunately for them and fortunately for the covetous whites, they had not yet developed, through the use of lighter beverages, either moral or physical resistance to alcohol when they were plied with two of the strongest of intoxicating liquors, hollands gin and West India rum. Experience had provided them with no taboo against firewater. Wherefore they leaped at the demijohn as valiantly as at the foe, and lust for intoxicants raged among them like pestilence.

Father Lafitau, a Jesuit missionary at the Sault St. Louis, Canada, gives this picture of Indians in liquor:

> When these people are intoxicated they become so furious that they break and destroy everything belonging to their household, cry and howl terribly, and go in quest, like madmen, of their enemies to poignard them; their relatives and friends are not, at these times, safe from their rage, and they gnaw even each others noses and ears. . . .

Disunion and the dissolution of their marriages are always the result of their debaucheries, in consequence of the sorrow and despair experienced by their wives on beholding themselves robbed by their drunken husbands, who strip them of everything in order to obtain drink, and defrauded of the products of the chase, which belong to them, and are taken away from their husbands by their creditors before arriving at their village.

He further declares rum selling is

opposed to the good of the Colonists, who, attracted by the hope of gain from this trade, abandon their farms and families to go among the Indian Nations, sometimes even without leave, where many, giving themselves up to debauchery, live without law, scandalize the Indians, and after having consumed the goods they have often obtained on credit, and seeing themselves without the means of payment, settle among the Indians and become bankrupt to their creditors.

In another paragraph the missionary shows the losses to merchants who have supplied the traders with articles for barter other than this beverage, and hoped for pelts in payment.

Another missionary, the Reverend John Ogilvie of the Church of England and chaplain of the Royal Americans, notes similar effects in this letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts:[1]

It is with the most tender concern that I am obliged to inform the Venerable Society that my Prospects among the Mohawks still continue to be very unpromising, & rather more so than when I wrote in August 1751.

Their strong & stil growing propension for spirituous liquors, proves the most fatal obstruction to the Progress of the glorious Gospel of Christ, among that unhappy people. The disolute lives of the greatest part of those, who converse with them upon account of trade, seem to have a very ill-effect upon yr Minds, & I fear in a great measure influences them to think that Christianity is not of that importance that the Missionaries represent it of.

. . . . . .

It is impossible for me to express, in a proper manner the shocking effects of strong drink upon these people; they commit the most

barbarous actions; they grow quite mad, they attempt to burn yr own little hutts, threaten the lives of yr wives & children, abuse yr neighbors & cast off all signs of regard to every body. Upon these occasions I shun them, & as soon as they are sober, I severely reprove them, & set before them, the fatal consequences of this detestable vice; they seem penitent and promise amendment but upon the first opportunity fall to the same extravagancies.[1]

So innocent were the Iroquois in the matter of intoxicants that they saw no harm in them. They held rum to be food; Handsome Lake chides them for this opinion as late as 1800. In Johnson's day a respected chief of the Senecas carried proudly the name of The Drunkard, and lived up to it whenever possible without losing his tribal influence. Long after the missionaries had pointed out to the Mohawks the ravages of rum, and after their head men declared themselves against the habit, two of their noblest sachems, Hendrik and Abraham Peters signed, while drunk, the deed to the infamous Connecticut purchase at the Albany Congress. Later, when they knew that they had signed away their tribal birthright, they quite properly repudiated their signatory marks, since no individual possessed power to sell tribal lands unless authorized to do so by full council. The significance of this drunken act and its repudiation can hardly be understood unless we realize the veneration in which these two leaders were held by their folk. A parallel situation in modern statesmanship is impossible; yet so unconscious were the Mohawks of any sin or evil involved in this act, that neither chieftain suffered any loss of prestige whatever, either by signing or repudiating. Their tribesmen took the view that nothing a man did when drunk mattered in the least. When Johnson sat as magistrate in the investigation into the Ury Klock land fraud, a sachem explained Klock's conduct in a long speech punctuated by the presentation of empty bottles to the court, precisely as wampum belts were presented in councils. The

elaborate staging of a good joke is enough to confute the charge that American Indians have no humor.

Responsible white officials of those days took a jovial view of all intoxications, confessing drunkenness with the same naïve boastfulness with which college boys of more recent times confess their triumphs over bootleg liquor. Thomas Pownall, Lieutenant Governor of New Jersey, and one of the shrewdest of Englishmen in American affairs, wrote to Johnson from New York on September 24, 1755:

> I do not know whether you can read my writing. I now can scarce write. I was so exceeding drunk Last night aboard ye Sphinx Capt. Gambier, where we drank your Health & Crown Pt under English Colours with a salute of ye ships Gunns to You. I was down at ye Jerseys ye Day before yesterday to Qualify as Lt Govr there, & am now scarce qualifyed to write my name my hand shakes so.[3]

. . . . . .

In the time of Count Frontenac Canadiens were driving a brisk trade in brandy with the Indians, which the Jesuit priests opposed and the Governor approved. In 1727 a French minister of state made the charge that the English supplied the Indians with goods at a low rate and furnished them with rum "their favorite drink" to capture their trade. A French governor, in dealing with the Indians some fifteen years later, described rum as "bad milk," brandy as "good milk." By the middle of the century thoughtful observers feared the direct effects upon the Indians and the indirect effects on the colonies of a traffic grown so large that it threatened to reduce whole tribes to squalid dependence.

The revenue from this sale was considerable. In the instructions given to Governor Andros of New York by the Duke of York in 1674 it was prescribed that wines from any port brought into New York should be subject to a duty of 10 shillings per

butt or pipe; brandy and other spirits to a duty of 15 shillings per hogshead; rum to pay 6 shillings per hogshead. Four years later the duty on "rumme" was increased with the proviso that it should not be higher than in the neighboring colonies, for there was no design to cut off its introduction into the Duke's province. The reason assigned for curtailing the importation was the excessive use of that article and the injury to public health. A few years later the Duke's agent, sent over to investigate the government and in particular the revenues of New York, framed a report which contained the following clause: "Rum w^{ch} formerly paid but 6^{s} p hhd since 1678 pays 1^{ll} p hhd entred att New Yorke & 1^{ll} p hhd more up Hudson's river besides 10^{s} 6^{d} p Anchor att Albany paid to yo^{r} Royall Highn^{s}. use." In the reign of William III the Governor and Council stated in an address to the King that New York City derived its main support from the exportation of flour and bread to the West Indies in exchange for "a liquor called Rumm" and other things. After 1730 the distilling of rum was carried on in the province, though at first on a small scale.

The vendor's profits in rum sales to Indians were enormous. To his disgust, Johnson learned that one John Abeel, a white living among the Senecas, boasted that he received a Spanish dollar for every quart of rum sold to those people. While this tariff may not seem high compared with those of the prohibition era in the United States, it represented at least 1,000 per cent profit.

Since Iroquois economy was communal, with personal property restricted to what one wore, carried or used in daily life, they were deaf and blind to profit, the incentive which keeps acquisitive races on the go. Consequently, the only way to rouse them to bring in more furs, was to increase their wants. Weapons and trinkets stirred them somewhat; but the great compeller to action was alcohol. To gain the wherewithal for

a rousing drunk Indians would thread wilderness trails for days; endure hunger, cold, and danger; and then trade the proceeds of that gruelling labor for a night's debauch. Although a little liquor would intoxicate an Indian, as compared with the capacities of hardened whites, traders were always complaining of Indian thriftlessness in the consumption of liquor. An Indian would start away from the post with enough liquor to last a week and drink it all in a day. For intoxicants a native would sell anything and everything he possessed, even his wife. Alcohol became the ax with which the white, seeking huge profits in the fur trade, broke through the crust of custom and Indian indifference to gain.

This is forcibly, if selfishly, presented by the Albany traders who in 1764 petitioned the Lords of Trade for the restoration of the trade, which had been legally terminated. These men said:

> Tho true it is that some of the Five Nations have exclaimed against the sale of rum amongst them, yet its equally true that the other Tribes with whom your Petitioners carry on a far more considerable Trade, look upon such a Prohibition as the greatest Indignity, and as an encroachment on their liberty of trade, your Petitioners finding by Experience since this prohibition took place a considerable decrease in the Trade, which they can ascribe to no other reason than such prohibition because when the Indians have nothing farther to provide for than bare necessaries, a very small quantity of Furs in Trade will abundantly supply that defect, Whereas when the Vent of Liquors is allow'd amongst them, it spurs them on to an unwearied application in hunting in order to supply the Trading Places with Furs and Skins in Exchange for Liquors.

When the French merchants at Detroit memorialized Sir William on September 22, 1767, in a petition against the regulated trade conducted at the fort, to protect the Indians from rum, the second and third resolutions of their petition concerned this same feature:

> 2nd That the considerable traffic in brandy that goes on at the post works great injury to his Majesty's interests, and to the trade of the

Mother Country, which is in the heart thereof, for if the Indians did not have brandy or rum as freely as they liked, and at such low prices, they would do more hunting which would produce a greater quantity of peltry, and a greatet demand for goods and hence they conclude

3d That the extraordinary craving which they have for this drink prevents them from paying the debts contracted in the autumn for their winter support, and that, on arriving here, instead of discharging them, they utilize the debts, which they have a disposition to pay, in procuring the brandy offered them on all sides, a thing highly prejudicial to the Mother Country, and seeing themselves quite destitute, they beg relief from the King, and contract by force, so to speak, new debts which they pay no better.

The charges that intoxicants could be obtained cheaper in the fort than outside must be taken with more than one grain of salt, since these were merchants seeking to annul regulations in restraint of trade. But even if their charge were true, Johnson would not be the only liquor regulationist who has discovered that legal restraints have an odd way of producing unlooked for results. With all his earnest efforts to regulate the trade in the interest of Indian welfare and decent frontier conditions, as practical a person as William Johnson would not advocate complete prohibition or overlook the economic relations of the fur trade and the rum trade. On August 9, 1764 he wrote Colden as follows:

I took Notice in my Estimate of the Number of persons throughout the Frontier of each Province, who trade with the Indians many of Whom are guilty of great frauds & none of them Subject to Inspection, I therefore Judge it necessary that they should pay an Annual Duty & enter into recognizance for the future as well as ye other Traders & I flatter myself it will in some measure agree with your Opinion. I have also recommended in a Strong light the necessity of allowing the Sale of Rum, I was oblidged to promise it to them when at Niagra & without it they will never be contented, besides that, they can supply themselves with other Articles on a much Smaller quantity of peltry, & will gladly purchase that liquor at any rate wh may enable us to encrease the Duty thereon, & the Ill consequence of that liquor will be guarded against by the Steps now to be taken, the Duty I proposed

was 5 per cent but double that Duty on liquors Arms & Ammunition wh I know it will very well bear and ye Traders will think they themselves happy that they have it to dispose of.

When Johnson started trading he looked on rum only as a help to fur-getting and quick profits. Thus he is found sneering, a year after his arrival, in a written report to his uncle, at the efforts of the Rev. Mr. Barclay, at Fort Hunter, to restrict rum sales:

Moreover there is no likelihood of much vent for Rum, if this act passes wh the Rev. Barkley petitions for in the Indians Name the Cheifs of whom I have asked how they come to sign such a petition, whereas they were so well pleased at my settling here and keeping wt necessarys they wanted, to wh they declared they never knew one word of it, but that it is all Mr. Barckley's doing wh the Indns dont like, Rum being the only thing they mostly trade for.

Service of a summons in 1743 shows that Johnson fell afoul of regulations against selling British rum and blankets to French Indians a year before King George's War opened. The colony was then trying to monopolize the fur trade by supplying with British goods only those Indians who brought their furs to British traders. As Johnson goods in the Oswego sector were handled by independent traders instead of by his own agents, no doubt he proved his innocence quickly, as there is nothing to show that the case was pushed.

These quotations show young Johnson less sound on the rum question than old Johnson was years later. Probably the change began when Johnson was welcomed to Mohawk dwellings and perceived the inroads which alcohol was making in the tribe's effectiveness. Johnson's fur trade has been cited as one reason why he protected Indians in their possession of their lands as against settlers and land speculators; in this respect he was in exactly the same position as the Hudson's Bay Company occupies in certain parts of the Canadian wilderness today, where

alienation of Indian lands is discouraged by the Company because it spells fewer furs. On the other hand, as time passed, Johnson paid more attention to bringing in settlers than to trade, so his motives were ethical as well as economic. Since drunkenness reduced the hunting Indian's effective years, and tended to decrease Indian population, Johnson must have perceived that the greater profit through debauching Indians with rum would be more than offset by the eventual losses by shrinkage of supply and market. As he became better acquainted with his red neighbors and customers, learned their language, and was admitted to their firesides, he would hear many an oration delivered to the young men by the elders, describing evil effects of firewater. Even sachems who could not resist the temptation of a rum bottle, would talk fervently, and no doubt honestly, against rum between bouts. Generations of agitation must have gone on in the long houses before their great religious leader of a century ago, Handsome Lake, could lead his people into a revised religious code in which abstinence from intoxicants is a virtue and drunkenness a vice.

. . . . . .

Another influence which turned Johnson into a temperance legislator was his military responsibility. Rum in colonial annals could lose a fort or wreck a campaign. It was rum that gave Oswego to Montcalm so easily.

Johnson reports to Loudoun on September 26, 1756, that Tuyaguande, head warrior of the Onondagas, is back from Montreal. When the French returned there with their prisoners one John Newkirk, Colonel Mercer's interpreter at Oswego, requested this Onondaga warrior to tell Johnson that

> The Garrison behaved monstreously ill, that the Officers were dejected, and the men all Drunk, haveing knocked the heads out of Seveal Casks of Rum, and drank it till they were all Drunk as Beasts,

Colonel Mercer, One of the Gunners, and Eight men more were all that was kill'd on our side & but three of the French, one whom was killed by a French Indian Accidentally.

Captain Horatio Gates, in command of Fort Herkimer, complained to Johnson that old Han Yost Herkimer was selling rum to the Indians at his fortified house. The letter reveals far more than the sins of the Herkimers; it is also evidence of the bitterness existing there and then between regulars and militiamen. Gates commanded one of the King's Independent Companies, while the Herkimers were in Johnson's militia:

I can no longer avoid acquainting you of the extreme ill behavior of Justice Herkimer, his family & relations who are not only perpetually making the Indians drunk with Rum, which they sell in most unreasonable quantities but are taking all opportunities to create an animosity between the Officers, Soldiers & the Indians. Of this, I have most authentic proofs as this scandalous & perverse conduct of these people may & will, if persisted in, produce the worst of consequences. I thought it my duty to acquaint you of it, & desire you will exert your magisterial authority to stop this growing ill, which will save me the disagreeable office of doing that by force of arms which ought to be done by the powers of governments—As there is at this time a quantity of Rum in the houses of Herkimer & his daughter to prevent future mischief I think it should be seized which I did not care to do without first having your opinion thereon. When Herkimer meets with any thing he does not like, he threatens to complain to Bradstreet, but this does not deter any one for doing any thing consistent with Honor, & reason.

Johnson disregarded the complaint, perhaps because he dared not offend the powerful Herkimer connection at such a tense time, perhaps because he realized that a settled trade and a social custom could not be broken up all at once even by the fact of war, perhaps because he realized that the animus of the complaint might be the jealousy existing between the two arms of the service. Gates, later victor at Saratoga, failure at Camden, and plotter against Washington, was not exactly the man

to win German souls, and Johnson may have spotted him as one over-quick in criticism.

As a commander in the field Johnson had his troubles with rum. In the '55 campaign Colonel Cockcroft wrote to his general from the Camp at the Great Carrying Place:

I expect we shall have a Mutiny as soon as our Soldiers here that the (y) are allow'd half a pint of rum per Day by ye Province. I have Issued no more than a Gil.

To which Johnson could but reply:

When the Men know they are allowed half a pint of Rum a day & will not be easy without it you must e'en let 'em have it.

A more serious complication, and one that was continually arising through the contacts of Indians, soldiery, and rum, appears in this letter of Sept. 4, 1755, from Johnson to Lieutenant Governor De Lancey:

The officers are most of them low weak People who have neither the Ability nor Inclination to maintain a necessary Superiority. some of them I believe are sorry Fellows & rather join than restrain their Men. I have this morning ordered one Cap'n Hall of the 3 Connecticut Companies into Confinement on suspicion of being concerned with one of his People in selling the Store Rum to the Indians. The Indians are perpetually Drunk, their Insolence is scarce to be born at these times—they give me not a Moment's rest or leisure.

One of the prime obstacles to success in the management of Indian relations was the weakness of their warriors and statesmen when they smelled rum, a frailty complicated in time of war by the treason of traders in pushing sales. When Abercromby moved toward Ticonderoga in 1758, Johnson found his warriors so disabled by drink that he despaired of getting any decent scouting out of them. In his report of this trying experience, he says:

I satt of from my House last Thursday with as Many as I could then get Sober to move with me, which were but verry few, for Liquor

was as plenty among them as Ditch Water, being brought up from Schenectady by their, and other Squaws as well as white & Sold to them at Night in spight of all I could do.

In general, however, the women were somewhat less under the spell of alcohol than were their men. The following is not the only occasion recorded in the Johnson papers in which sober squaws took up responsibilities neglected by their drunken men folk.

Thomas Butler wrote to Major James Clephane, commanding at Fort Stanwix, April 9, 1759:

Yesterday a squa from Oneida, told me she was come from the Castle all the men being drunk or not at home, to let us know, that a french army was at the ossego falls on their way to Attack this place.

. . . . . .

Soon after receiving his commission as superintendent of the affairs of the Six Nations from Braddock, Johnson committed himself to rum regulation in this letter to the Lieutenant Governor:

Mount Johnson 2nd June 1755

SIR

Seth the head Sachem of the Indians living near Schohere & the leading Sachems of the upper & lower Mohock Castles, have made heavy Complaints to me of the White People in those parts selling Rum to the Indians, represented the ill Consequences thereof and prayed that it may be prevented.

Your Honour I persuade myself is sensible this Selling of Rum to the Indians, has been ever attended with fatal Consequences to the public Interest with them & at this juncture must be more than commonly detrimental.

If an Act of the Legislature cannot be obtained to prohibit this Sale of Rum to the Indians without any limitation of Time, I do in the most earnest manner request your Honour that you will apply to the Assembly to form an Act with such pains & penalties against this Sale of Rum to the Indians during the present sittuation of public affairs, as may be (so far as possible) effectual to prevent it. Unless such a Law is made & the Observance of it secured in the strongest man-

ner, the general Interest in my humble Opinion will infallibly suffer, and those Measures now in Agitation for the Honour of His Majesty's Crown & the Security & welfare of His Subjects in these parts, be greatly embarrassed.

P. S.: there should be a Clause in ye Act to prevent any Persons buying their (the Indians) Arms, Amunition, Cloathing &ca or exchangeing.

Nine days later and apparently before receiving an answer, Johnson issued the following proclamation on his own responsibility:

June 11, 1755

By the Honourable Major General Johnson One of His Majesty's Council for the Province of New York & sole Superintendent of all Affairs relating to the Indians of the Six united Nations & their Allies.

Whereas I expect the Six Nations & other Indians down hither to meet me on Affairs of the utmost Consequence to the Welfare of his Majesty's Dominions on this Continent in general & of this Province in particular. I do hereby in His Majesties name warn all Manner of Persons whatsoever from selling or giving to any of the said Indians in their Passage down to my House or in their Return any Rum or other Spirituous Liquors. And I do hereby give this public notice that whoever shall be discovered to sell or give any Spirituous Liquors to any of the said Indians shall be prosecuted by His Majesty's Attorney General as Enemies to the public Welfare of their Country.

That Johnson realized, however, that rum and other alcoholic beverages had their sovereign uses in diplomacy, as well as their abuses in war, is demonstrated by the following items which appear in his expense accounts for the same month:

June 27, 1755	To 6 Barrels of Beer and Carriage of it to my House for ye Meetg.	£4 3s 6d
	To 2 Barrels Rum from Schenectady £13 4s & freight	£13 16s
29	To 5 Bottles Claret at the War Dance & suny other things requisite	£1 6s

Another item shows as provision for a real war dance at Lake George forty-five bottles of wine on August 20, 1755.

From the time Johnson took over the Indian superintendency he fought the rum traffic among his wards against the stiff opposition of the traders. At his instance, his first secretary wrote a paper on Indian management, which advises that the sale of rum to Indians at forts in the Indian country be prohibited. Absolute prohibitionist Johnson never was; he understood that the Indians, however much they might orate against rum, never would do without it. By the time he arrived on the scene rum had become their chief source of recreation. Moreover, as long as whites could get intoxicants, they could not be kept out of Indian hands and stomachs. The best arrangement Johnson could hope for was strict regulation of rum sales to Indians through licensed traders; but his counsel to his wards was ever on the side of temperance. Though he provided what seems large quantities of liquor for his Indian guests, they were probably as small as was consistent with the ceremonies involved and his own reputation as a host. More important still, we find no record of Sir William's ever using excessive stimulants to "put over" a treaty or land deal, while he broke up many tricky schemes built on a basis of cheating Indians through rum. This fact is the more remarkable when one recalls the complaisant attitude of his contemporaries toward such underhand tactics.

On the personal side Sir William seems to have been a temperate man for his times. Lavishly hospitable, he bought what seems like oceans of Madeira and other wines; but once past the reckless days of youth he kept sober, as one must who works as prodigiously as he. In his Indian organization he made a point of hiring sober men. Claus he liked because of the latter's steadiness, and George Croghan won a place in the Indian service for Henry Montour by writing this recommendation in the year '58 of the drunken eighteenth century:

Captain Montour Desiers me to make his Complements to you He is very Industrouss and Does not Drink at all.

Frequent references occur in the correspondence to dismissals from Johnson's employ, both private and public, because of drunkenness. The difficulty of keeping subordinates sober, both in his household and in distant posts, was one of his sorest trials. Even the highly recommended Montour fell from grace, according to one letter. Usually, Sir William, either from a soft heart or the difficulty of getting replacements, forgave and reinstated the delinquents. Enough evidence has been presented to show that firewater somewhat complicated the life of Colonel Sir William Johnson, Bart.

CHAPTER XXIX

ORDEAL BY THE WEST

THREE Americans, we have said, divided the credit for victory—Rogers the Ranger, Colonel Bradstreet, and Sir William Johnson. In comparison with these three, Washington stood far down the list of war heroes. He had opened hostilities, but action had not come his way since; therefore he mourned as a forgotten man.

As for the three who emerged with enhanced reputations, each was an extraordinary person. As an adventurous scout Rogers towered without an equal on a border wise in the warfare of trail and woodland. Rogers Slide, a precipice on Lake George, testifies to one of his hairbreadth escapes. For four years he had been the scourge of France in the disputed country between Crown Point and Port Royal. Johnson had leaned on him in '55; Abercromby in '58; Amherst in '59. Perhaps his greatest exploit had been the midwinter raid on the Algonkin settlement at St. Francis, in which he wiped out an Indian town accustomed to send scalping parties into New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

The reader already knows Bradstreet, that peppery Englishman from Albany who thrilled the downcast colonies with two exploits—one, the relief of Oswego in '56; the other, the smashing of Fort Frontenac in '58. As for Johnson, he bulked larger than either of the others in some respects. They were spectacular; he a solid type. Though his leadership at Lake George and Niagara lacked the dash which gave to Rogers and

Bradstreet their popular appeal, those victories were recognized as substantial contributions, while his handling of Indian affairs had been both energetic and resourceful. When failures in the field lowered Indian morale, he had managed to hold neutral the wavering tribes in the Six Nations; and, when the skies began to clear, he had brought their warriors into action in numbers greater than ever and under a control more rigid than the red man had ever acknowledged.

These three were coming men, and for that reason destined to face westward henceforth, toward that vast unknown which stretched on and on to the Pacific. Each of these careers, rising so sharply to the year '60 of British victory, must meet the ordeal of the West. As spearheads of the white race, they must proceed toward the shadowy interior, exercising authority in the name of the King, pitting their wits against Indians of unknown tribes, meeting puzzling situations not covered in their instructions. The real test would be to keep one's head, when the wine of power came flooding down upon one in a country so new that all restraints were off except those which a man might carry under his hat.

Rogers started west at once. With two hundred of his Rangers in fifteen whaleboats, he embarked at Montreal for Detroit—Ville d'Étroit, City of the Straits. Amherst's instructions called upon him to take over, in succession and as able, the French posts on the Great Lakes—Detroit, Michilimackinac, Green Bay, perhaps even Duluth. Also he was to sequester a rich cache of furs gathered at Detroit. These hardy voyagers, accustomed to forlorn hopes and desperate enterprises, set forth in a picnic mood on the long, risky journey. At Niagara Rogers left his command and raced off southward with Amherst's dispatches to Fort Pitt, rejoining his column at Presque Isle, present Erie. His party was larger now. The expedition had been

joined at Niagara by Johnson's chief deputy, Croghan, with a party of Indian scouts, and by a company of the Royal Americans under Captain Campbell. Sturdy fellows, those Royal Americans—one finds them in the heart of every colonial fracas. Not a few of those who set their lean faces and redcoated chests westward from Niagara left their bones in Michigan mud; while the stout heart of their captain was doomed to be torn from his body, and still warm, writhe under Ojibwa teeth. Through wretched weather and high winds they pushed their small boats across Lake Erie.

Stopped by the glowering Pontiac near the mouth of the Grand river on the northern shore, Rogers overcame his hostility with fair words and presents. Pontiac seems to have shepherded them the rest of the way to Detroit. Through his interest they escaped an ambush by four hundred Indians, and reached without serious mishap the French metropolis of Mid-America. Before an audience of seven hundred Indians, the French garrison marched out and the Royal Americans marched in, drums rolling and colors snapping in a gusty wind. It is said that Chief Pontiac watched the lilies of France descend from the mast and the royal standard of King George rise in its place. If so, he may have reflected that the Indians no longer held the balance of power. Well, unless these new masters walked warily, he would be at their throats. An able Indian, Pontiac; and ruthless beyond the partly tamed Iroquois.

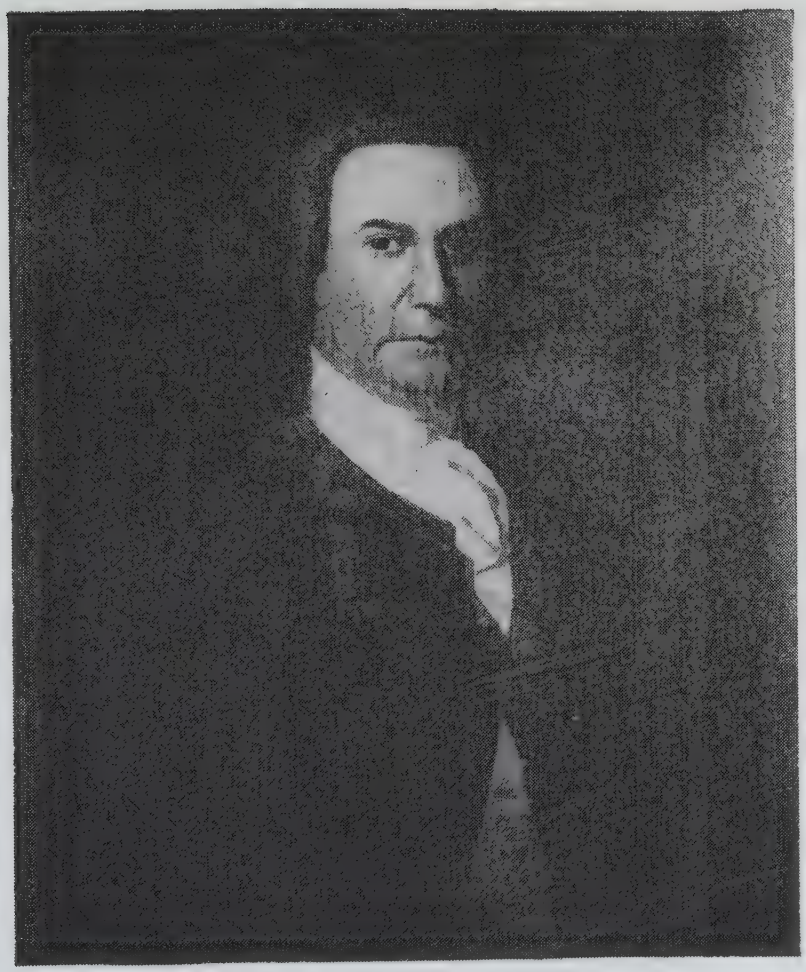
Those who love the dynamic Detroit of the Automobile Age may enjoy Croghan's opinion of the place in 1760, as reported to his chief:

I Need Nott Truble you with an account of the Maners of y. pople tho I think them Compliant to a fault Butt y. Cuntrey is fertill & level & Capable of being Made as fine a Settlement as any I have Seen in America from thence you have a Comunication to all parts by Water with Some few Short Carrying Places a fine River or Streats between Laeke hurran & Eora about 40 Leaugs in Lenth full of fine Ilands & 24

foot Water Neer a Mile over in some places they had the finest Militia there I Ever See for y. Number About 800 & y. best Stockoade which Inclos[d]. about 80 houses itt is an old Setlement & y. pople Seem to be a Sett of able farmers they all Talk Some Indian Languge Men Women & Children they have been Much Distrest by y[e]. Warr Provisions is very Scarce a pistole for 2 fouls & as Much for 3 p[d]. of Indian Sugar Wine or Sperits there is None butt what y. Indians bring from Nigero about 8 miles below y. town is an Island about 10 Miles Long & about three Miles wide in y. midle Lays high well Timbred y. finest Island I Ever See itt was ofer[d]. Me by y. Indians Butt I Did Nott Chuse to Except itt as pople Might Say I went a Land Jobing when I Should have Done My Duty Butt if on a paice that Cuntrey Should be Ceaded to Greatt Britain itt will be worth having if y[r]. honour Chusis to have a Smale Estate in that Cuntrey I will gett itt for you.[1]

But Sir William was uninterested in beautiful, distant isles; otherwise he might have had Grosse Ile for the asking.

In this letter of January 13, 1761, honest George reports that Major Rogers went on "to Misimilinaack" on December 8, which is as near as Croghan could come to Michilimackinac. Croghan outfitted the party for this dangerous journey, and sent Montour along with some Indians. Also he packed Lieutenant Button off for the Mamies (Maumee) to police that carrying place "which opens the Communication with y. Elinoes Countrey." Another assistant went south with a French officer to bring in the French scattered among the Shawnees on the Ohio. Loyal George also wants Johnson to expose that pious fraud, the Government of Pennsylvania, in the *New York Gazette.* It seems that the Friends, while limiting the rum trade at home for fifty years and complaining bitterly against the debauching of Pennsylvania Indians, were now selling large quantities of rum in the west. "Itt wold be well Done," writes George, "to expose them in y. New York Gisette." Finally Mr. Croghan makes it quite clear that he wearies of the well affected folk and fertile, flat lands of Detroit. "Please to lett know whether yr honour Intends to keep Me heer Till I grow



JOHNSON AT THE ZENITH OF HIS POWERS

Circa 1765, his fiftieth year.

From the gallery of the New York Historical Society. This has been identified as a copy, the original being in possession of a descendant of the Baronet in England. Probably this is the likeness from which J. C. Buttre made his famous steel engraving of Sir William, first published as a frontispiece in the "Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.," by W. L. Stone.

gray." Presently he started back to his home territory of western Pennsylvania, having functioned as efficiently in Detroit as even modern Detroit could wish.

George sent to Johnson in the same letter details of the great meeting of all the Western Nations to be held in Detroit in the spring, to which the Six Nations have been invited. He writes:

> I think they Should attend, as I blive Many Things will be Disgusted (discussed) there Reletiff to what has past Sence ye Warr and fixing on Some plan for thire futer Conductt.[8]

Probably Sir William approved the sending of trusty Iroquois sachems to Detroit for this conference, but had no intention of going himself. His letters breathe a desire for leisure now that the war is over. To thrifty Amherst he writes that he is still out of pocket on Indian expenses and has never received his colonel's pay for field service in either '59 or '60. Amherst passed the plea on to Pitt, but Johnson never could collect this item, His Majesty's government evidently concluding that the £600 a year paid to him as Indian superintendent covered all activities under the commission. Amherst became a little grumpy on expenses, giving promise of the stringency to come. However, the Commander-in-chief had a medal of victory struck for Sir William to distribute to the Indians who accompanied him to Montreal; but, alas, medals fill no stomachs and warm no backs.

The Six Nations, through years of collecting in goods for warlike services had come to crave and expect presents on a generous scale and of wide variety. We condense a list of merchandise most in favor, signed "W. J." and sent by Amherst to Pitt, February 27, 1761:

> Blankets—Blue, black, scarlet, deep blue with narrow white cord; gartering and bindings for same; twilled lettered white blankets (French and better than ours); English whites with black or deep blue stripes.

Dress Goods—Flowered serges, lively Colours or gay; Calicoes, Calimancoes, Walsh cottons.
Ribbons of all sorts, especially deep red, yellow, blue and green. Green Knapt Frieze.
Linnens and ready made Shirts.
Hardware—Needles, Awl blades, Scalping & Clasp Knives, Scizors and Razors, Tomahawks or small Hatchets, bar led, small shot, pewter spoons brass wire. Fowling pieces. beaver, fox traps, iron spears or giggs for striking fish & beaver with.
Cosmetics—Vermilion and Verdigrease. (These Indians used shoals of bright make-up.)
Vanity Goods—Looking glasses, stone and plain rings, horn combs, silver toys (very fashionable for the hair).
Musical Instruments—Jews Harps and Hawks Bells.
And, finally,
New England or York rum in runlets or Caggs of 12. 10. 8-6 & 4 Galns each.

W. J. adds this significant postscript:

I have put the Article of rum last, as it is the last thing they should have, with all these things nothing more necessary than Honesty & Good Conscience but, as that is not the Characteristick of the People of this part of the Country, there should be a law to check them. Otherwise there will never be a fair trade carried on.[3]

No wonder Amherst thought such luxuries expensive; but they were cheaper than war with the red man, as he was to discover two years later.

Johnson wanted to stay home to improve his fortune, which had suffered another setback. He was now a great land owner, having drifted out of trade into real estate on a grand scale. His present desire was to get these acres improved and settled, because he bought for development, not for speculation. Already he had started a settlement of Highland Scotch out Johnstown way, and dreamed of a town to rise there. To be a landed magnate in America, surrounded by a satisfied tenantry, guiding them into improved agriculture, building up the

valley by stick, stone and stock, and leading the ample life of a country gentleman—these were Johnson's dearest wishes now that the war was done. His Indian organization was a going concern, manned by hardy diplomats who would start anywhere at his bidding, and work as loyally in the seclusion of the wilderness as if he were at their elbows. Sitting quietly at home, he could plan the moves in the fascinating game of Indian statecraft; Croghan, Claus, Montour, McKee, and the rest of his sturdy young men would carry them into execution. For the letter-writing he had his nephew, Guy Johnson, flexible and busy, who would develop as his successor in Indian affairs.

Also, his health required attention. After his long illness of two years before, he had rallied to the two best, but also the two most responsible and wearing, years of his life. Though consulting every physician within reach, and swallowing gallons of various tinctures sent him by Dr. Shuckburgh and other well-meaning but incompetent medicos, the conviction must have grown on Johnson that, at forty-five, he was a cracked vessel, into which each of his friends liked to pour a different mixture. The robust physique of his youth had worn thin under the hardships, exposures, and evil diet of his campaign years. Since '46, he had borne a double burden of public affairs and private interests, with long absences from home and scores of forced marches across rough country.

Finally, there were rats to catch near home. Ury Klock had upset Mohawk stoicism by getting signatures to a land sale from drunken members of the tribe, including some women. In a small way, but even more threatening to Sir William's prestige because it occurred right in his home district, this was the Connecticut purchase over again. As Lydius had done at Albany, so Klock had lured Mohawks to his house, plied them with

liquor, and secured their signatory marks in spite of the common knowledge that a valid sale of tribal lands required the consent of an open council. For Klock to emerge victorious in this contest would dash Johnson's prestige to the ground among his own brothers, the Mohawks, the sages of the Confederacy even though weakened in numbers. Johnson had plenty of sound official reasons for wanting to stay at home, quite apart from his delight in Molly and the guidance of his increasing family. What with schooling, color complications, and budding romances the family showed need of a strong parental hand.

But however pleasant it would have been to tarry at home, leaving to Croghan and Montour and the Iroquois the Detroit conference mentioned by the former, it soon appeared that the all-compelling West would pull Johnson to that far frontier. Croghan reported in February that he had drawn from a Detroit Indian, fresh back from the Illinois, the news that the Cherokees and Choctaws, spurred by the French governor of Mississippi (New Orleans), were preparing a war against the English, and proselyting among the tribes along the great river, though so far without success. At once the vista opened on a vast extension of the Indian Superintendent's field; it was clear that Johnson must meet the head men of those distant tribes at the first opportunity, impress them with his power, and enlist them as the King's allies.

As spring advanced disturbing reports came in from the field, showing which way the wind blew when a conqueror race undertook to impress its God-given superiority upon another race which did not suspect it had been conquered. On the Ohio, at Venango, in the Seneca and Onondaga country nearer home, at Michilimackinac and along the newly won St. Lawrence, occurred unpleasant incidents, enough to show an old hand like Sir William that more serious trouble might be expected unless

the whites at the various posts were reasoned with and the Indians mollified. Johnson's apprehension brought from Amherst this typical, but not highly intelligent comment:

I am Sorry to find, that you are Apprehensive, that the Indians are brewing something privately amongst them; If it is Mischief, it will fall on their own Heads, with a Powerfull and Heavy Hand.[4]

The "Powerfull and Heavy Hand" of Merrie England, as supplied by some of Amherst's underlings, may be observed at work on Indians in these condensations of white cruelties and encroachments:

April 9th Claus had reported from Montreal a frightful beating administered by an armed officer of the 44th, using a club, to unarmed Caghnawaga Indians. With soldiers to guard him, he beat the natives until he grew tired of the sport. The priest reported the outrage to General Gage, and Claus went down to investigate. He found the Indians so alarmed that they were standing guard every night, expecting to be attacked by the troops. Claus found "Ill Treatment and Presumption" proved, and asked Gage to punish the offender, reason with the post commander and wipe away the memory of the assault with presents.[5]

Said an Onondaga speaker to Johnson: "Here is one of our People named Kanadacta who had his hunting house near this place plundered (during the Spring whilst he was absent hunting) of thirty buck skins, two Kettles, Gun, Axes and other things by some of the English then going to Fort William Augustus." [6]

An Oneida sachem testified: "Many of the Commanding Officers at the several Posts, have used us very unfriendly . . . we request that while you keep up these Forts you will post Officers at them who may behave in a brotherlike manner toward us." [7]

The Cresap clan on the Virginia border continued the Indian killings which bloomed into "Cresap's war" a few years later. One of the naval officers who accompanied Braddock's expedition in '55 left this pen picture, a civilized being's opinion of an uncivilized being of his own race: "Here lives one Colonel Cressop, a Rattlesnake Colonel, and a vile Rascal; calls himself a Frontier man, as he thinks he is situated nearest the Ohio of any inhabitants of the country, and is one of the Ohio Company." [8]

Some Indians complained to Sir William of their having been robbed

of horses, by the Garrison of Niagara, and that one of their people was shot in the breast and arm, by a soldier of Little Niagara.[9]

Another Indian complained of his brother's having been killed at Venango without any cause, which occasioned the rest of the people of that Indian settlement to break up and go to Chenussio very discontented. Probably this murder was the spark which set off the Genesee conspiracy of '61.[10]

Johnson condoled, after the Indian fashion, the death of this young Seneca at the Detroit council by covering it with a black stroud—an offering to the relatives of the deceased.[11]

How the Chippewas around Michilimackinac felt toward the English in the spring of 1761 is revealed by this paragraph from *The Travels of Alexander Henry,* an English trader. Henry reports a chief, Minavavana, saying:

"Englishmen! Although you have conquered the French, you have not conquered us! We are not your slaves! These lakes, these woods, these mountains, were left to us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance and we will part with them to none. Your nation supposes that we, like the white people, cannot live without bread, and pork and beef. But you ought to know that He, the Great Spirit and Master of Life, has provided food for us upon these broad lakes and in these mountains." [12]

Like breeds like, so it is not surprising to find an occasional Indian atrocity in this harsh season. This one came hot to Sir William from German Flats; to get the atmosphere one must remember what Horatio Gates thought of Herkimer's rum-selling, and also that Oneidas resented the German habit of seizing corn lands without purchase. In its vigor and variety, this description of a crime which later engaged the attention of councils and King's servants, deserves reproduction as a close-packed picture of a dread time:

SIR:

Two or three days ago, there Came down from Oneida a party of Indians about Twenty or Thirty, to have their Children Christened & Likewise to have Some of them Married, and as they went away to day, and got up as far as Franks's they shot one of Stephen Franks's

hogs just by his House; So Franks Son Justice went to the Indian, and asked the Indian for what he had killed his hog; then the Indian immediately offered to shoot him, and so Justice Frank and one Etigh got hold of his Gun, then he Draw's his knife to Stab him; but at last the Indian got away from them and shot Justice Frank through his throat dead, and the Indian went off.—

So we thought proper to Acquaint Sir William of it, to know what to do in this Affair . . .

HANS JOOST HERCHHEIMER JUSTICE.
CONRAD FRANK.[13]

Regardless of what the lawyers call "alleviating circumstances" murder was murder, and must be punished. Well, he would take what steps he could with the Oneidas on his way west. Coming out, were they, for baptisms and marriages? If they had stayed at home in sin, young Franks would still be alive. Why not send the Oneidas a missionary? Then they would be under no need to wander forth in search of a Christian minister and come, by accident, upon Christian rum, perhaps sold to them by the very justice of the peace who punished rum-inspired breaches of the white man's law. It is typical of Johnson, the practical statesman, that he took his Oneida wards, not only a demand for vengeance on the slayer, but also the "Revd Parson" Occum,[14] missionary of the Presbtyerian Church. Under Occum and his successor, Kirkland, the Oneidas became eminently respectable.

In the long, leafy days of May and June Sir William made the rounds of his farms, met the new tenants and chatted with the old ones, counseled with his superintendent, inspected his new stone horse from Canada, observed that the seeds imported last winter had done their duty, and that the young walnuts in his yard at Fort Johnson flourished. Then he prepared for his long, slow journey westward. We can picture Brown Lady Johnson running down the steps at the last moment, scattering her wide-eyed children of all sizes, to hand her lord and master

his bottle of Shuckburgh's tincture. A pack horse carried the Madeira. Off they clattered, Sir William astride his big horse and looking most brave in a new blue coat with London buttons. Both he and the coat would look the worse for long, hard wear on their return from the West.

CHAPTER XXX

A JOLLY MARCH ON DANGER

A FEW days before his departure for Detroit on July 5, 1761, Sir William called the near-by Mohawks to his council fire to tell them he was off for the West, and received their customary assurances that they would guard well the home fire during his absence. He was accompanied as far as Niagara by his son, John, and on the whole journey by his nephew, Guy, a lieutenant in an Independent Company, acting as secretary to his uncle. Also in the party were Lieutenant Smith of the King's Independents and Parson Occum, whom Sir William left with the Oneidas. On their way west at the same time, and probably near enough to be called upon in case of trouble, were three hundred Royal Americans under Major Gladwin, dispatched to take over outlying posts and increase the garrison at Detroit.

Sir William set out with three grand objectives. First, he had to explain away Amherst's thrift in cutting off Indian aid and presents so soon after peace arrived, while the forts erected in Indian territory, for "duration" only, were not destroyed.[1] Second, he must use his oratory to convince the tribes that they would have better treatment from both the military and the settlers. Third, he had to set up a system of regulated trade whereby Indians would neither be cheated nor debauched. In addition he was to clear the way, diplomatically, for the passage of Gladwin's column; and distribute General Amherst's medals of the Montreal campaign. A still larger task, that of coping with rebellion hot for action, was soon to be added.

After counseling with the Mohawks of Canajoharie and the Oneidas, among whom Parson Occum remained, Sir William reached Canada Creek, about eight miles from Fort Stanwix on the 13th. While in camp there Colonel Eyre brought him bad news from Detroit. Eyre will be remembered as Johnson's engineer officer at the battle of Lake George, the only regular officer in that expedition. Now he rode into camp on a jaded horse with dispatches from Amherst which showed Sir William, at a glance, that his policy and prestige had been challenged.

Amherst enclosed to Johnson a dispatch from Captain Donald Campbell, commandant of Detroit, dated June 17. A duplicate had been sent to Forts Niagara and Pitt, the former bearing this postscript:

> If you think it proper that Sir Wm. Johnson should know of it: you may Communicate this Intelligence to him, but I hope he knows it before this time.[2]

A certain jealousy of the Indian service on the part of the military speaks in this postscript; the same feeling may account for the fact that Major Walters did not act on Campbell's suggestion. Walters was not a highly efficient officer; a little later he is found complaining of his troops instead of disciplining them. Johnson was taken by surprise. While he expected trouble from almost any quarter, it was a shock to find the Six Nations described by Campbell as the source of the mischief. Of course, if any of the Six Nations were involved, the Senecas would be the ones; rarely had they been more than lukewarm in the British interest. Once he had been content to win mere neutrality from them as against hostility. French influence remained strong among the Senecas from Jesuit days down to the present. Joncaire Chabert, half Seneca himself, had lived and proselyted among them. Perhaps the old rogue had broken the promise made to Johnson when the latter released

him after the capture of Niagara two years before. His quarter-breed descendants lived on the Chenussio or Genesee. A bad lot, the Genesees, horse thieves from the moment they first laid eyes on a horse!

Briefly, with the terseness of a soldier who knew he had done a good job, but with too little detail to give Johnson all the information he needed to combat the plot, Campbell reported that two Seneca chiefs had brought to the Wyandot village below Detroit a belt inviting the Wyandots to a council at Sandusky, where the hatchet would be taken up against the English.[2] Messengers with war belts (so ran the Seneca tale) had gone to all the Far Nations from Nova Scotia to the Illinois, to win support for a concerted drive about July 1 on Detroit, Niagara, Fort Pitt, and the communicating routes. But Campbell got wind of the design through an Indian interpreter, called a council of the tribes roundabout, exposed the Seneca plan, harangued his guests on the folly of their course and dispatched expresses to Fort Pitt and Niagara. No doubt William Johnson, fighting black flies in camp at Canada Creek on that summer night, wondered whether his life work might not come tumbling down before he could get to Detroit.

Hardly had he finished reading Campbell's letter when two young Mohawk runners arrived with the news which, while disturbing enough, identified the culprits as Senecas of the Genesee. A Mohawk living there heard of their intended raid on the back settlements, "even to destroy the two Mohock Castles as looking upon them to be entirely in the English interest." He fled home with the alarm, and the sachems relayed it on to their brother Warraghiyagey, imploring him to avoid these dangers by returning to Mount Johnson and summoning the culprits to his own council fire for judgment. Johnson returned his thanks to the faithful tribe, but said he should go on, hoping to "be able to put a stop to or frustrate their designs." We fancy

he drank a health to his adopted brothers, and said to Eyre, "Not Six Nations, at any rate; these Mohocks speak truth."

Two more Nations proved sound a few days later when Johnson, after sending dispatches to his agents, interviewed the Chief Sachem of Ganaghsaragey, a Tuscarora village, lying about five miles southward of Oneida Lake. This worthy proved to Sir William's satisfaction that neither the Oneidas nor the Tuscaroras, whom the former had invited to join the Confederacy and felt responsible for, were implicated. Three tribes had proved their loyalty; but the western warriors were more numerous. Where did the Onondagas stand?

On Sir William's summons the keepers of the great fireplace sent forty chiefs and sachems to Oswego to a council on July 21. In the Great Councils of the Six Nations the Onondagas held the balance of power; what they said would be decisive. It developed that these tribesmen had plenty of grievances, which General Amherst's little medals did not entirely wipe away. They complained of unfair trade, lack of powder, brutality of soldiers, and continuance of forts which should have been destroyed at the coming of peace. But in the vital issue of war or peace, the Fire Keepers declared they knew nothing of the plot and were "determined to hold fast to the Covenant Chain and hope you will do the same on your parts so that we may live together to be grey." [8]

As the Senecas did most of the thinking for their younger brothers, the Cayugas, the Six Nations now stood—cleared, four; under indictment, two. Johnson sent a runner to the Genesee, bidding their old men meet him at Niagara. Then boarding a schooner, the Johnson party sailed over the cold, blue waters of Lake Ontario to the scene of Johnson's victory of two years before. There he met in council delegations of Chippewas, Wyandots and Chenundadeys, come to invite him to the Detroit council, and incidentally to draw on the cargo of

presents before the Detroiters could pick them over. The speech of a Chippewa chief, Wabbicommicot, delivered after he and Johnson "had smoaked out of one pipe together" is mendicancy inspired:

> I hope you'll excuse our appearing in this dress, as our poverty prevents us from coming before you in a better; You may observe the Days are now clear & the Sun burns bright, therefore, I should be very glad to wear a hat to defend me from its heat——
>
> I have tryed several times with my Hands to catch fish for my living but found it would not answer, therefore I should be glad to have a Spear to kill them with; I am likewise prevented from hunting by reason of my Guns being broke——
>
> I have discovered a fine Tree which I should be desirous to cut down for firing, but for want of an Axe I am necessitated to make a fire at its root in order to burn it down.[4]

Secretary Guy Johnson, who wrote down these minutes, succeeds rather better than did Interpreter Printup in conveying the spirit of Indian discourse. Patriot writers describe Guy thirteen years later, when he succeeded his uncle, as a haughty fellow, often in his cups; but at this stage of his career Guy served excellently well, both as recorder and distributor of presents. His endurance, both as a reporter and traveler, deserves belated praise.

Stone's *Life of Johnson* fortunately preserves a report to Amherst of this time, dated July 30, 1761, which shows how well Johnson watched the interests of the red men, even in these trying moments when a lesser man might have lost sight of his duty under the lash of anger. The original was burned.

> I intend giveing them (the Chippewas and Missisageys) some cloathing; but I see plainly that there appears an unusual jealousy amongst every Nation, on account of the hasty steps they look upon we are taking toward getting possession of their country, which uneasiness, I am certain, will never subside whilst we encroach within the limits which, you may recollect, have been put under the protection of the King in the year 1726, and confirmed to them by him and his successors ever

since, and by orders sent to the governors not to allow any of his subjects settling thereon; which they were acquainted with by his late Majesty, in your speech of the twenty-second of April, delivered by Brigadier General Monckton. You then promised to prevent any person, whatsoever, from settling or even hunting therein; but that it should remain their absolute property. I thought it necessary to remind your excellency thereof, as the other day on my riding to the place where my vessels are building, I found some carpenters at work, finishing a large house for one Mr Stirling, near the falls, and have since heard others are shortly to be built hereabouts. As this must greatly add to the Indians' discontent, being on the carrying place and within the very limits, which, by their own agreement, they are not so much as allowed to dispose of, I should be glad to know whether I can acquaint them that those people will be ordered to remove or not; and I hope from your Excellency's answer to be able to satisfy them on that head.

I am also apprehensive, the erecting a fort at Sandusky will likewise greatly alarm them; and I could wish that I had time enough at Detroit, to reconcile them to our establishing ourselves there, which otherwise will give great disgust to the nations of the (Ottawa) Confederacy.[5]

To Amherst the recital of the King's pledge may have been merely a grand gesture but to Johnson it was a challenge to action. No heed being given to his specific requests, these encroachments remained to poison Indian relations.

For two weeks Sir William sat at Fort Niagara, in the Seneca country, before he deigned to receive members of that tribe. Word of Campbell's discovery had spread throughout that populous Nation, which trembled now before the prospect of wrathful punishment. Their ambassadors, as part of the penance, were required to wait in outer darkness, sans drams and presents, while Sir William did the honors of empire with these lesser fry—the Wyandots and Chippewas. Another report had come from Detroit, identifying the guilty Seneca agents as Tahaiadoris and Kayashota, both of the Genesee village. To prepare himself further for the session with the Senecas, Sir William talked privately with a Seneca he could trust, one who

had proved his loyalty two years before by leading forty of his people out of Fort Niagara when Johnson had it under fire. This Indian told him that the motive was revenge for Indian wrongs on the Ohio, near Shamokin and at Venango. Burning with a sense of injustice, and fearful that these injuries meant the English would fall on them first, the Venango Indians had returned to the Genesee village. There they found Tahaiadoris, son to Joncaire Chabert, who took the lead in raising the other tribes by going to the Detroit with the "bad belt."

Finally, on August 8, Johnson received Sachem Sonajoana and about thirty Senecas, formally charging their tribe with conspiracy against the English. They delayed their answer to the next day, during which interim Sir William drew up the trade regulations which had been one of his grand objectives on starting west:

> Regulations for the Indian trade at Niagara & Oswego, Stipulating the Quality & Quantity of goods to be given in exchange for the Indians Peltry—the Regulation for the former post he delivered Major Walters & dispatched that for the latter to Major Duncan, Comdg. Officer that the Traders might be compelled to govern themselves thereby, & the Regulations properly enforced.[6]

The Senecas disclaimed everything except horse stealing, and begged for powder and clothes. Declaring their excuses frivolous, Sir William said:

> I look upon whatever you may say, as an extinuation thereof, to be evasive and Calculated with design farther to amuse and deceive a people who have too long credited your false protestations of friendship, nor will all the Excuses you can frame with all the Rethorick you may be masters of, In any wise satisfy the General or convince me of your innocence, unless a Deputation of your Chiefs attend the Meeting which I am now going to call at the Detroit, & there publickly in the name of your people, & in the presence of all the Nations declare your entire innocence & disapprobation of any thing proposed by these messengers last Month tending to excite a War against us and this I propose as the only step which you can take to satisfy your Injured

Brethren the English, and to acquit yourselves to the Indians of any concern in what was then transacted—
returned to them their own Wampum to shew he paid no regard to what they had said, which greatly confounded them.[7]

The thirty poor Senecas, scapegoats for a Nation of several thousand, said they would have to send this bad news home by messenger; but during this interlude they had another sad day at the hands of Mohawk and Oneida sachems, who had arrived at Niagara on their way to New York. Nickaus Brant, lecturer for the elder brothers of the Confederacy, laid down the moral law with a superb air of injured innocence, declaring that they, the heads of the Six Nations, would look upon no Indians as friends who were enemies of the English. The Senecas again ate the dirt of abasement. Just before Sir William embarked, the Belt, old but still thirsty, came in to say that he and all the other old men of the other Seneca villages knew nothing of the designs bruited at Detroit. Old Belt hung around several days, finally winning from Johnson the following gifts—twenty pounds of pemuston, one pair of strouds, six shirts, twelve pounds of powder and ball, one keg of rum. "So finished with him," adds W. J., relieved. Also he let the disgraced tribesmen have a little powder so they might kill game to keep them from starving on the way home. Some of the officers murmured at this, saying they would be the targets, but Sir William knew Indian needs and Indian nature better than they.

. . . . . .

Sir William entertained at a merry farewell supper on the 18th; "Captain Slosser, Dembler, Dies, Robertson, &c, dined with me and got pretty happy before they left me."[8] In the morning the party embarked in two groups: the Royal Americans with four battoes, the Yorkers (New York Provincials) with eight, and the Mohawks in their canoe. The superin-

tendent traveled with the Royal Americans, among whose officers he had found a kindred soul. Already he had promised Schlosser to find him a good piece of land near Mount Johnson and help him settle there.

In spite of high winds and high water, which frequently separated the boats, the journey proved a jolly one, as first journeys are likely to be through country new to men with noticing eyes and rugged constitutions. The worst accident they had, although many worse ones threatened, was separation from the liquor boat one wretched evening. But the leader looked to the future as well as at the scenery and the wine bottle. His personal diary contains this imposing list of "things to do" under date of the 22d:

To settle all my affairs when I get home with regard to land, settling tenants, etc.

To make out a plan for the management of Indian affairs, what officers, interpreters, &c, will be necessary, and what the expense of the whole will amount to; then send it to the board of trade, and ministry.

To have my books and all accounts properly settled; and all my tenants accounts adjusted regularly and put into one book.

To sow the several seeds I pick up in my way to Detroit.

To enquire of the governor of Detroit, how much land, in the French time, each man held, what rent they paid, to what use put and to whom paid.

Little summer houses to build in my garden when I get home.

To get my ten black beavers dressed and made up into a large blanket for a bed.

To send Doctor Stevenson some present, and some few new books by Captain Etherington.

Present (for) Captain Slosser.

Sunday, 23d. Sailed at the rate of six miles an hour. Reached the river Fiatro . . . Have picked some seed like Piony, and at Grand River, seed of a weed good for a flux; also here some black sand.[9]

As a chronic sufferer from dysentery, and a noble experimenter with all manner of herbs, tinctures, and extracts recommended to him for curative purposes, Sir William must have

looked with a discoverer's fondness upon the weed seeds reported so excellent for what ailed him. Alas, these, too, failed on test. No weed seed could stay the course of an illness as truly veteran as his.

But on two oceans Britons had been dying to make an empire, and also a din in the wilderness:

> Tuesday, August 25th. A fine morning; wind at N. E. Several bales of blankets, &c, being wet, I gave orders for halting here this day, in order to dry them and prevent spoiling . . . At 10 o'clock Tom Lottridge arrived here from Niagara . . . and brought me a large packet from General Amherst, with the news of the surrender of Belle Isle to his Brittanic Majesty, the 7th of June last; also an account of our defeating the Cherokees the tenth of last July, and burning fifteen of their towns; also an account of the reduction of Pondicherry in the East Indies. On which I gave orders for the Royal Americans and Yorkers, at three o'clock, to be in arms, and fire three volleys, and give three cheers; after which, each man to have a dram to drink his Majesty's health. I also acquainted the Indians with the news, who were greatly pleased with it. All the officers dined and spent the afternoon with me, and Mr. Gambling, the Frenchman, who got very drunk this night, told me several things very openly.[10]

A jolly time was had by all. Note the delighted showmanship of the Johnsonian salute on that thin shore between the vacant lake and the almost as vacant forest. Across a planet Erie speaks to Pondicherry; red-clad chests with hard times ahead of them swell a bit at thought of the heroism of other red-clad chests before other Indians. The thing is done with snap and style, as if all the world looked on, instead of only a few miserable, coppery folk, there for a handout. The King's health, sirrah! What eighteenth century soldier would not cheer with a dram in sight? But Sir William, we observe, kept sober enough to pump information worth while out of the Frenchman, Gambling, who seems to have overestimated his resistance to English liquor.

In the glorious weather of early September the flotilla moved

up the strait which connects Lakes Erie and Saint Clair and which separates Canada from Michigan. Then it was no border separating two sovereignties, but a silver bond between two beautiful peninsulas. Acutely aware that he appeared better on a horse than off, Sir William sent word on to Croghan for mounts. A few miles from the settlements he met his faithful deputy and mounted for his grand entry. The Indian villagers ran out to salute him; in reply he had the Royal Americans return three volleys from their boats. The naïve delight of the great man in the warmth of his reception in the heart of New France speaks in these lines of the diary:

> All along the road was met by Indians, and near the town, by the inhabitants, traders, &c. When I came to the verge of the fort, the cannon thereof were fired, and the officers of the garrison with those of Gage's Light Infantry received me, and brought me to see my quarters, which is the house of the late commandant, Belestre (Picoté de Bellêtre) the best in the place.[11]

We are informed that the beach where Sir William landed is now a favorite entrepôt for contraband liquor and that the site of his headquarters is now a gasoline station. Detroit, as yet, is more interested in futures than in history.

CHAPTER XXXI

IN OLD DETROIT

On the 9th, a fine morning but windy—as Sir William says in his diary—occurred the grand council, or powwow, the most important gathering of Indians in the history of English relations with them. Thirteen tribes were represented by five hundred persons, including the wisest sachems and boldest warriors in eastern North America. Two Confederacies, the Iroquois and the Ottawa, were there to cement the armed occupation of strategic points by the King's soldiers. As allies of England, they stoutly resisted being considered or treated as subjects. Military forgetfulness on this point had brought the Senecas to the point of brewing resistance. Their conspiracy discovered, it remained to reëstablish confidence, exalt the faithful, and hold the unfaithful up to the scorn of their fellows.

No house in town was half large enough to meet in, so Sir William ordered seats built out of doors. At ten o'clock he had two cannon fired as a signal for all to assemble. In trooped the haughty red men, never haughtier than in council, where they conducted themselves with a solemn decorum which admitted of no levity. For them a council of this sort was invested with a religious sanctity far beyond that of any modern political gathering, where a divine obliges with a prayer approved in inverse proportion to its length. The one sin a drunken Indian could commit was to interrupt a council—out with him! The stone age saw no reason to separate religion and politics.

One versed in Indian fashion would have recognized special variations of headdress and ornament. With tribes represented from Massachusetts to Mackinac, there would be curious blends of European garb and ancient Indian finery handed down from mother to daughter. Probably old Wabbicommicot, the Chippewa, strutted gaily in the hat he had begged from Sir William to top off his blanket garb. The Mohawks had the edge in white men's raiment, boasting shirts, striped garterings, and pattern blankets in gay colors. They held their heads high,[1] as befitted the elder brothers of the feared Iroquois and the fellow tribesmen of this great Sir William Johnson, who is to speak for the distant King and who holds—a matter of more immediate concern—the key to endless supplies of food, clothes, trinkets, and rum.

On one side of the seated circle were the white leaders—Sir William, Croghan, Captain Campbell, Lieutenant Guy Johnson as secretary, Messieurs Le Bute and St. Martin as interpreters, eight line officers and several other gentlemen.

Facing them sat the sachems and head warriors of the tribes. We call the roll as it appears in the minutes, to remind a people which knows these names as place names only that once they stood for organizations of human beings in control of wide spaces. To save these names from the faintest taint of dishonor the men who bore them proudly would suffer without flinching the most terrible tortures their enemies could devise. There is slow, sad music in these names for those who consider the passing of peoples as the supreme tragedy. There were present:

Wiandots	Saguenays	Ottawas	Chipeweighs	Powtewatamis
Kickapous	Twightwees	Delawares	Shawanese	Mohicons
	Mohocks	Oneidas	Senecas	

To them Sir William spake, and be sure they hearkened, for he was the most potent figure in their twilight world. His was

the power to give or withhold all the tribes held dear. Many of them were beholding him for the first time; they would watch narrowly to see how a white handled himself in this most superb of their arts—oratory. It was said that he spoke after the Indian manner and to the Indian heart, that he overlooked none of the time-honored ceremonial utterances of condolence, and that he never deceived. Such was his reputation; how would he bear it out?

We fancy he made what they considered a great speech. For those who are primitive enough to enjoy sentiment and symbolism, it reads well today, despite the lack of setting and action. Sir William, in his prime at Detroit, would be an active orator, treading the grass with firm step after the Indian manner; using few gestures of the hands but those bold and sweeping; punctuating his paragraphs with the kingly bestowal of wampum, whereby those who received should remember the saying. The speech follows:

Brethren of the several Nations here assembled, Sachems, Chieftains & Warriors——

It gives me great pleasure to meet so many Nations assembled here on my summons, and as I am come A long journey to see, and talk with you, on matters relative to your interest, in order to prepare you to hear the same I do agreable to the Custom of our Ancestors, wipe away those Tears from your Eyes which were shed for the losses you sustained during the War in which you were imprudently engaged against the English, that you may clearly discern your present interest & look with a Chearfull and friendly countenance when you speak with, or are spoke to by your brethen the English——

Gave three Strings of Wampum.

Brethren

Having cleared your Sight, I do in the next place open the passage to your heart that you may at this Meeting speak honestly & brotherlike, & not from the Lips as some unthinking and evil minded Nations have lately done——

Gave three Strings.

Brethren

Several of our people being killed in the War in which you were engaged against us, I now therefore wipe away the blood which was shed that the sight thereof may no more offend or grieve you——

Gave three Strings.

Brethren

I do also pluck out of your heads the Hatchet with which we were obliged to strike you & apply a healing salve to the Wound——

Gave a belt of 7 Rows.

Brethren

As the bones of those people which you have lost, do now require interment, I do with this belt of Wampum gather them alltogether, bury them deep, & level the graves with the ground so that they may no more be seen——

Gave a black Belt of 15 Rows.

Brethren

The great King George my Master being graciously pleased some years ago to appoint me to the Sole management & Care of all his Indian Allies in the Northern parts of North America directed me to light up a large Council fire at my House in the Mohocks Country for all Nations of Indians in amity with his Subjects, or who were inclined to put themselves under his Royal protection to come thereto, and receive the benefit thereof. This fire yields such a friendly warmth that many Nations have since asembled thereto, and daily partake of its influence—I have therefore now brought a brand thereof with me to the place with which I here kindle up a large Council fire made of such Wood as shall burn bright & be unextinguishable, whose kindly Warmth shall be felt in, and shall extend to the most remote Nations, and shall induce all Indians, even from the setting of the Sun to come hither and partake thereof——

Gave a belt of nine Rows.

Brethren

With this belt I clean out and purge your Council Chamber from all rubbish in order to prepare it for our future reception so that we may meet and deliberate therein for the time to come without any manner of impediment——

Gave a belt of six Rows.

Brethren

With Satisfaction I inform you that his Excellency General Amherst is well pleased to hear of your friendly behaviour towards his Majestys

Forces, at their taking possession of this place last Year, as well as of the promises you made us of becoming our friends and Allies, & of renewing the old Covenant Chain at the Meeting then held here in presence of Mr. Croghan my Deputy, as also of your late Wisdom in Rejecting the belt sent you by some Indians with intent to stir you up against your Brethren the English, which had you agreed to must have not only terminated in your destruction but that of all those concerned— And I have the pleasure to observe that all the Indian Nations through which I passed on my way hither were so well convinced of its consequences that they publickly disavowed their knowledge or approbation thereof, I thereof take this opportunity of addressing each Nation here assembled desiring to be informed, who were the people who sent that Belt hither, & what were the motives alledged to induce them to so unjustifiable a proceeding——

Gave a belt of twelve Rows.

Brethren

With this belt In the name of his Britannick Majesty I strengthen and renew the antient Covenant Chain formerly subsisting between us, that it may remain bright & lasting to the latest Ages, earnestly recommending it to you, to do the same, and to hold fast thereby as the only means by which you may expect to become a happy & flourishing people.

Gave a belt of the Covenant Chain containing 20 Rows of Wampum.

Brethren

The Just War which his Britannick Majesty undertook for the defence of his lawfull Claims, & the territories which he was bound to protect for his Indian Allies in America being well known to all here present, it will therefore be judged needless to recapitulate the same at this period, or to acquaint you with the great success with which his Arms hath been blessed by the entire reduction of Canada and all its Dependencies—

The happy period being now arrived which has freed you from the Calamitys of War & enabled you to enjoy your long desired tranquillity, His Majesty allways attentive to the Welfare of his Subjects and Allies is now resolved to shew you the mild use which he purposes to make of his Victorys by Cultivating the arts of peace, repairing the ruins and devastation usually attendant on War, & establishing harmony and concord throughout all his dominions—For these purposes am I sent by the General & Commander in Chief to renew in his Majesty's Name the friendship formerly subsisting between you and us, to give assurances of his clemency and favour to all such Nations of Indians as are desirous to come under his Royal protection, as well as to acquaint

you that his Majesty will promote to the utmost an extensive plentifull commerce on the most Equitable terms between his Subjects & all Indians who are willing to entitle themselves thereto, & to partake of his Royal Clemency by entring into an offensive and Defensive Alliance with the British Crown——

Gave a belt of 15 Rows.

Brethren

I can with confidence assure you that it is not at present, neither hath it been his Majestys intentions to deprive any Nation of Indians of their Just property by taking possessn. of any Lands to which they have a lawfull Claim, farther than for the better promoting of an extensive Commerce, for the security and protection of which (and for the occupying of such posts as have been surrendered to us by the Capitulation of Canada) Troops are now on their way; I therefore expect that you will consider and treat them as Brethren, and continue to live on terms of the strictest Friendship with them—and as I now declare these his Majestys favourable intentions to do you justice, I expect in return that nothing shall on your parts be wanting to testify the just Sense which you all conceive of his Majesty's favour, and of your earnest desire to live with the British Subjects on the terms of friendship and alliance——

Gave a belt of 7 Rows.

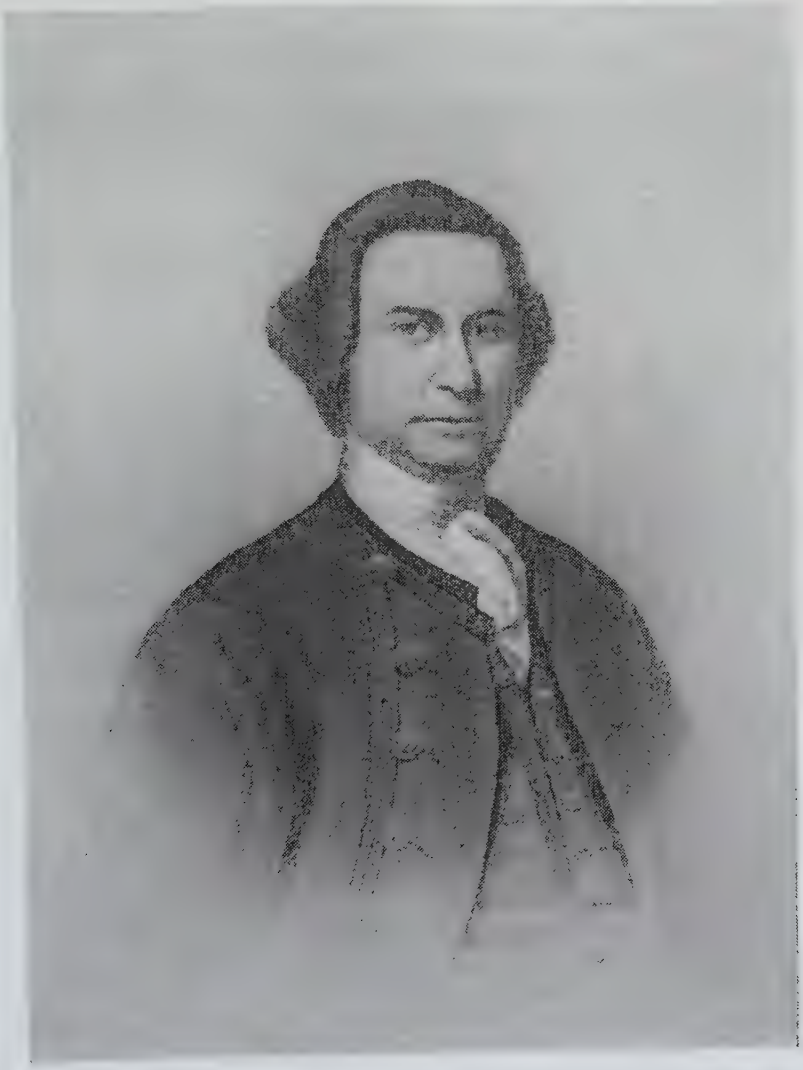
Brethren

I have heard with great satisfaction from Mr. Croghan that agreable to my desire made to the several Nations two years Ago, of delivering up what English prisoners remained amongst you, or were still in your possession, you have in Consequence thereof given up a Considerable number, and as we are now to be united by Alliance & become one people, I expect you will likewise discharge any who yet remain with you—Agreable to the promises then made——

Gave a belt of 7 Rows.

Brethren

It gives me great concern to hear daily complaints from your Brethren the English against you on account of your stealing his Majestys Horses, & those of the Traders who bring goods to dispose of amongst you; As a behaviour of this kind so unlike that of Brethren may, if not imediately discontinued be productive of very fatal Consequences—I therefore by this belt recommend it to you all to desist for the future from a practise so mean, & scandalous & unbecoming the Character of Men who claim the title of Brethren and British Allies, and I hope that what I have now been obliged to say on that head will sufficiently put a Stop thereto & prefent me from being obliged to con-



As history sees him. From an engraving by J. C. Buttre, first published in 1865 as the frontispiece of W. L. Stone's "Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart." It has become the standard Johnson likeness. However, it is an engraving from a copy of an original painting, and hence is the synthetic product of three artists, two of whom never saw Johnson.

sider you as a people incapable of relishing the benefit of friendly admonition or advice——

Gave a belt of 8 Rows.

Brethren of the Delawares

The sensible and friendly manner in which you delivered your sentiments on several interesting points at the Conference held between you and the Nations inhabiting these parts before my arrival here (as appears by the Minutes of that Conference now before me) gives me the highest idea of, your wisdom, as well as of your friendship for us, and cannot fail of producing the most salutary ends, When attended to and seconded by the rest of the Nations of the Confederacy, and therefore as a proof of my Intention to promote so necessary a work, I do by this belt of Wampum offer my assistance to make the road of peace even, broad, and easy for travelling as far as the Setting of the Sun—Assuring you that whenever it may happen to be any ways obstructed, or out of order I shall use all my endeavors towards the repairing of the same, and thereby keep open a friendly intercourse with our Allies to the latest Ages——

Gave a belt of 9 Rows.

Brethren of the several Nations here assembled

Altho' the management of your Affairs is the Province allotted to me by his Majesty, I am no less bound by inclination than by duty to serve you, & so long as you shall pay a strict adherence to every part of the present treaty, I shall esteem all your Nations as our true and natural Allies, treat with you independent of any other Nation, or Nations of Indians whatsoever, & use the utmost exertion of my abilities in the promoting of your interest & welfare—

Let me then recommend to you, unanimity in preserving inviolably, & without the least infringement every part thereof to the latest posterity—Let me exhort you to remember that you are now furnished with the means of becoming a great and flourishing people, and to consider the due observance of the present union as the basis on which your freedom and happiness must for ever depend——

Gave a belt of 7 Rows.[3]

. . . . . .

Even in the reduction of fractured convenants, Indian councils moved slowly with ponderous dignity. According to custom, this one adjourned until next day; but the dusky auditors

were so moved that some felt like telling the whole truth at once, while others gave signs of disappearing from the scene. At any rate, some thirty Huron and Ottawa chiefs waited on Sir William in the late afternoon. They said they would like to tell Brother Warraghiyagey, honestly and openly, just how that war belt was sent here. Thinking that the Senecas were preparing to go home, they thought it would be well for him to hear the tale while yet all were present. Sir William felt sure the Senecas would not dare depart without advising him, for he told the Hurons to speak out on the morrow in full meetings.

Next day the Senecas made their plea in abatement, through the mouth of Kayashota, who had accompanied Tahaiadoris to Detroit with the "bad belt" in June. Kayashota, though in sorry plight at the turn affairs had taken, eloquently shouldered the blame on the absentee, endeavoring to present the matter as a personal fault instead of a national issue. This was challenged, however, by the Hurons through their chief warrior, who, true to the promise of the preceding day, laid bare his version of the plot. Whereupon a noted Seneca, the White Mingo, sprang to his feet with the declaration that the Hurons themselves had come to him several times on the Ohio, to urge him and others to fall upon the English. In the heat of these charges and counter-charges, Sir William arose to quell the wrathful arguments. Both nations were involved, but the Senecas began it. The truth was now clear; and, in addition, a neat balance of forces had been obtained. While the Six Nations and the Ottawa Confederacy had sworn peace, there remained just enough ill feeling so that it seemed likely the Hurons and Senecas could never unite on an anti-English program. Why continue the debate?

In his diary Sir William said:

After a great deal of altercation I got up, and desired they would not go to too great lengths, being now joined in stricter friendship and alliance than ever. Left them liquor and broke up the meeting, telling them the next day I intended delivering them some goods which I had brought up for the meeting, and desired they would be punctual as soon as the cannon was fired.[3]

Under Croghan's master hand, the presents were divided into nine parts, one for each of the tribes, but many things were laid aside for the more influential tribesmen, to each of whom Sir William would have a chance to speak confidentially when each came for his private pelf. Wabbicommicot the Chippewa, prize collector of the assembly, called twice in his new hat and each visit proved profitable. But the most important of these private interviews was that with the Senecas, Kayashota and the White Mingo. To them Sir William talked at length on the folly of the late Seneca design, "and desired them by a large string of wampum, to reform and repent, which they assured me they and all their people, would pay the strictest adherence to; then condoled the Seneca who was killed by our troops stealing horses, with two black strouds, two shirts, and two pairs of stockings; gave them their liquor, I promised, and parted." [4]

It was like the man not to insist on the Senecas humiliating themselves in public. After he had brought them to the point of submission, he let them "save face" before the other Indians, a matter of great moment in the lives of these spokesmen and also in their tribal philosophy. The plot broken, it was Johnson's policy to win the Senecas, not to cow them. Even when he had the "bad belt" itself in hand from Amherst a day later, Johnson did not reopen the Seneca humiliation.

. . . . . .

Meantime the wining and dining continued, perhaps not as feverishly as in modern Detroit, but nevertheless with a sus-

tained sociability most pleasant for one who, by and large, enjoyed both the table talk of men and the tea (also morning dram) talk of ladies. Sir William noted these delights:

> Saturday, September 12th. This morning four of the principal ladies of the town came to wait on me. I treated them with rusk and cordial.
>
> Sunday, 13th. Very fine weather . . . At 10 o'clock Captain Campbell came to introduce some of the town ladies to me at my quarters, whom I received and treated with cakes, wine and cordial. Dined at Campbell's.
>
> Monday, 14th. Fine weather. This day I am to have all the principal inhabitants to dine with me. . . . I took a ride before dinner up toward the Lake Saint Clair. The road runs along the river side, which is all thickly settled nine miles. The French gentlemen and the two priests who dined with us got merry. Invited them all to a ball tomorrow which I am to give to the ladies.
>
> Tuesday, 15th. . . . This day settled all accounts . . . In the evening, the ladies and gentlemen all assembled at my quarters, danced the whole night until 7 o'clock in the morning, when all parted very much pleased and happy. I promised as soon as possible to write Mademoiselle Curie my sentiments; there never was so brilliant an assembly here before.[5]

Mademoiselle Curie, the little witch, appears no more in the Johnson diary, and bobs up only once, mentioned in a letter of Captain Campbell's. Did Johnson write those sentiments, and if so, what were they? Did this brief interlude of gay social life, with folk of his own class, seriously tempt him toward marriage with a presentable white woman? Had he aught to say to Mademoiselle Curie beyond the polite flutings of an elderly gallant a long way from home and enjoying what must, after all, be considered a butterfly flight in fading sunlight? Is there, tucked away in some old Louis Quinze escritoire in Detroit, a Johnson letter which the collectors have overlooked, a letter in which the real Johnson, man of feeling, social lion, father of many half-breed children by a beautiful brown housekeeper, spoke out of his heart to a charming woman on a tender sub-

ject? If so, it would be worth more to truth-seekers than thousands of the official letters so carefully preserved.

Even yet, there were ceremonies of departure to go through with the tribes—speeches to make, calumets to smoke, silver ear-bobs and crosses to send north for Royal American ensigns to trade "for curious skins for General Amherst and myself." Skins, perhaps, of the wolverine, the animal guardian of the sovereign State of Michigan. At four o'clock on Thursday the 17th of September, Sir William dropped down stream to the Huron village, where he visited the priest. After supping with that worthy and the Huron interpreters, Sir William visited the Huron council room, "where they had everything in order and three fires burning." Next morning he again spoke to the Hurons (Wyandots), and gave this tribe, which he recognized as the head of the Ottawa Confederacy,[6] the following presents:

> twenty kettles of tobacco, about fifty damaged blankets, twenty pounds of powder and silver works, which greatly pleased them all.

Officers from the fort having arrived, he "treated them and the Indians" and was carried to Captain Jarvis's for breakfast in a sedan chair, the good captain having assembled three of these luxurious carriages to prove the leadership of Detroit in transportation. Officers prancing on horseback, Sir William and Captain and Mrs. Jarvis carried in their sedan chairs, the party minced through three merry miles, stopping at several houses to bid adieu to leading citizens, who no doubt did the honors with the best they had. "Dined with the company out of doors. Parted with them—" Adieus, good-bys, Godspeeds, much fluttering of handkerchiefs, perhaps a furtive tear. After all, it had been a splendid visit, both in solid accomplishment and the hospitality offered by a cultivated French society, the more remarkable because of the leagues of wilderness which hemmed it round. If Pontiac had only melted into loyalty, the results would have been complete.

CHAPTER XXXII

A WEARY TRAVELER RETURNS

Two years before, when Sir William rolled home from his Niagara victory, he had been at the crest physically. His ailments had attacked him even then; but he could still go the long woods route with the younger men, asking no favors. The Detroit visit found him at another peak, that of social success and diplomatic finesse. Masterfully he handled all sorts of people and solved all manner of complications. Whether his visitors were Indians, Frenchmen, soldiers, Jesuit priests, Huron squaws, or ladies trained to precise etiquette in French convent schools, to each he knew what to say to advance the sovereignty of his King in its new abiding place. When one considers the man's past, his wrestling with wilderness sods and sots, his chaffering over furs and rum, the emerging of so polished a gentleman and so equable a diplomat from that hard frame, is worth remarking.

But the heavy strain of travel and toil had left their marks. Since leaving home he had presided at ten council meetings, made thirty or more public addresses, and bent rude, suspicious men to his will in many private conferences. Also he had kept rather late hours. Now he was going home by open boat over wide waters at the stormy time of year. Two consecutive entries in the diary reveal both his pride and weakness of the moment. The last entry of September 18th, on departing, reads: "We left their country with the greatest credit." The first entry for the nineteenth: "I took my first dose of electuary." The hero had overworked and overfrolicked; now he must pay the price.

The time for the autumn storms being at hand, the weather turned foul. Though small, Lake Erie is noted for its choppy waves and hearty reaction to squalls. To attempt its passage in open boats at that season would be thought foolhardy even today, when aid is available quickly in all quarters. Battling wind by day and tenting on the shores by night would test even a well man. For Sir William it brought misery.

The welter began the second day out, delaying the start until noon. For the next five days the party faced wind and rain, being unable to stir on the 23d, which Sir William devoted to final transactions with George Croghan, leaving for his Pennsylvania home and Fort Pitt duties. Croghan took along the trade regulations for Fort Pitt, a letter to Colonel Bouquet and presents for three Delawares, including a namesake of Johnson's. This Indian, with an eye to business, had changed his name to Sir William. By Croghan the Baronet also sent his watch to Philadelphia to be repaired. Lest we forget the awkward, wearisome circumstances in which these pioneers lived and moved, pause for a moment to reflect upon the fact that one of the richest men in the American colonies, en route from Detroit to his home in the eastern end of the Mohawk Valley, must send his watch to distant Philadelphia to get it repaired. Croghan would carry it to Fort Pitt, then a messenger would take it in an official dispatch box across the Alleghenies and through the fertile valleys and German population of eastern Pennsylvania, to its destination in the city of Brotherly Love. It would be six weeks getting there, and another month getting back to its owner.

The diary records the miseries of this camp on Erie's southern shore:

Thursday 20th

The wind very high all the day and rises toward night. No stirring with my craft. In the night the wind blew so hard that we were all

afloat in our encampment and beds, and could not move anywhere else being on a sandy beach between two waters.[1]

Friday 21st. A very stormy morning. Wind hard at N. E. (dead ahead). No possibility of stirring. I was obliged to move my camp into the woods about two hundred yards back, being all in water. When first encamped, the sea washed over us, Everything quite wet. Last night a Tawa (Ottawa) squaw came into my tent, quite wet, having fallen into the lake at 11 o'clock at night. About 2 o'clock P. M. began to rain very hard, which I hope will lower the wind.

There is no entry in the diary for the next three days but on the 25th, they managed to get away in a "great gust and swell."

Friday 25th. Embarked at 11 o'clock. The swell yet very great. One of my boats wrecked, but fitted her up in a manner to get her along.

Then occurred one of those incidents which, coming under the eye of a sportsman, would compensate him for many a wetting:

At a river within fifteen miles of Sandusky Lake, I saw three wolves on shore who had driven a fine buck into the lake, which I shot through the head; and in the evening, I divided it among the party and Indians. The horns, skin and sinews I took with me as a trophy. Encamped about 6 o'clock; my boats all behind. The last or broken boat came in about 8 o'clock at night.

Good going in better weather for five days brought them within eight miles of the Presque Isle blockhouse (present Erie). Head winds held the party there for a day, which Sir William improved by talking things over with the Chippewas and giving them some ammunition and tobacco, "who were in fact in great want of them. . . . Swapped my gun with a Chippewa Indian for a French gun. Gave the Indians a keg of rum to drink the King's health."

The next day they battled a head wind on a dangerous coast.

It is very dangerous from Presque Isle here, (says Sir William in his diary) being a prodigious steep, rocky bank all the way, except two

or three creeks and small beaches, where a few boats may run into. There are several very beautiful streams of water or springs, which tumble down the rocks.

Approaching Niagara, Sir William met a hunting party of his neighbors, the Mohawks, "all well and out forty-eight days to this time." This reveals the hardships imposed on this valiant tribe by the shrinkage of their hunting grounds. Among the hunters were two of the steadiest of the Mohawks, Aaron and Hance, yet they intended "to hunt this winter at Cherage creek and return early in the spring," a six months' absence from their people.

At Fort Niagara Johnson found everything at loose ends—garrison in lax discipline, commander downhearted, provisions short, the interloper Stirling monopolizing the trade from his new house, built in defiance of royal authority. Oswego also reported short provisions. To add to his troubles, the son of Old Belt, who had accompanied Johnson to Detroit, declared the Canadian Indians were ill disposed. All was not lost, however; Doctor Stevenson, the post surgeon, thought to fortify the Baronet against further ills of travel by giving him some "bottles of curious liquor for my own use. Returned the compliment."

Navigation on Lake Ontario started as unpleasantly as on Lake Erie. Embarking at five o'clock on October 8, a storm drove them ashore at Petite Marie after only an hour and a half's progress. A difficult landing; a bad night. Here begins mention of those pains which beset him to the end of the journey, pains of the old wounded thigh, pains of the head (probably sinus infection), pains of other sorts no doubt also:

I never passed so bad a night with a pain in my right thigh, and cold night.

Sunday, October 11. . . . I was very bad all this day and night with pains in my thigh and downwards, so that I could not walk or stand up without help, nor sleep a wink.

During these days and nights he was meeting many Senecas, and dealing with them generously, although running short of provisions.

A Seneca chief came to my encampment, and was, on my desire, and using him kindly, very open and candid with regard to the conspiracy of the Senecas, which I got Lieutenant Johnson to take down in writing. Gave him powder, clothing, and a letter to Major Walters to treat him kindly . . . I had a very bad night of it, with a pain of my thighs.

Probably the poor man was adding to his ills by dosing himself with everything available; he had become a confirmed medicine-fiend. On the 13th, he reports: "I took physic this day, which worked pretty well. My pain ceased a good deal this day." The weather had turned fine; so the physic may not deserve all the credit. On the 15th he notes: "The pain in my thigh very much abated, but my cough as usual, having nothing to take for it." There speaks the infinite despair of the medicine addict; to have a cough is not so bad, one has had coughs before, but to have a cough and nothing to take for it within a hundred miles, that is a catastrophe under which the stoutest of souls might weaken.[3] However, the patient still has lime enough in his backbone to turn out at three o'clock on the next morning, Friday, October 16, in order to set off early.

On the 18th they reached Oswego, where the boats' crew proceeded to get drunk. Probably Johnson did not blame them. The journey had been of a nature to merit a celebration at its close. But Sir William still had some distance to go in the late October weather of an early fall. He set off for home bright and early on the following day, only to be detained, without food or drink, at Halfway Creek. There he pumped a Cayuga for more news of the conspiracy, and gives this sidelight on its cause:

Their being debarred the use of powder, or liberty of purchasing it by General Amherst, is the chief cause of their discontent, as they

are perishing for the want of it. I have seen a Cayuga Indian pay at Oswego yesterday four salmon (which they sell for a dollar apiece) for about half a pound of powder, which is thirty-two shillings, or three pounds four shilling for a pound (of powder). My boats came up at 11 o'clock in the night, with all my baggage wet.

The next day he walked "from the Halfway creek to the Falls which increased the pain in my thigh greatly." Boating along the next morning, he met at Three River Rift Sir Robert Davers and Captain Etherington, who "told me Molly was delivered of a girl; that all were well at my house, where they stayed two days." Both Sir Robert Davers and Captain Etherington were on their way to disaster. Etherington was captured at Machilimackinac in '63, spared from massacre for ransom, and sent captive to Claus at Montreal. Sir Robert met a worse fate, being (so runs the story) killed, tortured and eaten in the same dread summer of '63—killed certainly, tortured probably, eaten perhaps.

If Sir William had ever cherished serious intentions toward the gay charmer at Detroit, to whom he promised to write, we fancy his tribulations on the homeward trip had erased them from his mind. It was one thing for sprightly Sir William, in his butterfly flight at Detroit, to fancy taking a young wife with social ambitions; but quite another thing for the suffering traveler of a month later to advance, by dulcet correspondence, toward that objective. What he needed was not another romance, but a hot water jug, and more of Shuckburgh's drops! Molly, in addition to plying him with those comforts, had another Johnson to show him—a girl, eh! He hurried on toward home—content. Many a middle-aged man hesitates to follow a new love for fear she will not take his ailments and symptoms seriously.

However, the journey went slowly, what with raw, cold weather and these everlasting disputes between Indians and

soldiers. At Fort Brewerton he heard a piece of news at which a less well-controlled Johnson might have given three cheers. Amherst had been recalled, said Lieutenant Brown, and someone was going to lead troops against the French at New Orleans. Well, Amherst could be dispensed with now; his Indian policy meant nothing but trouble. The Baronet and Guy met troops and supplies moving toward Oswego, wined and dined the officers, and built up a personal liaison between the two services. They had one more miserable night, plowing through deep woods by candlelight in the rain. At length, four months to the day after they set out so bravely, the two made haven at Fort Johnson:

> Friday 30th—Fine morning, but smart white frost. Set off at 8 o'clock. Dined at Hannis Eli's, and arrived at my house about half after seven at night, where I found all my family well; so ended my tour—Gloria deo Soli.
>
> WILLIAM JOHNSON.

. . . . . .

Sir William seems to have made but one blunder on this important journey. Failing to sense the full force and vigor of the Ottawa, Pontiac, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs recognized the Hurons as the head of the Ottawa Confederacy. The Ottawas felt themselves reduced to second rank. While this was a natural move, in view of the strong attitude which the Hurons took against the threatened revolt, it alienated Pontiac, who straightway began to prepare the stroke which he landed eighteen months later. But, at least, Johnson's journey staved off Indian war until '63, when the British and colonials were in far better position to meet the challenge than they were in '61.

Physically, of course, Johnson was never as good a man again. Nevertheless, he had had the time of his life; and while the exertions and exposures of the journey probably cut ten years

off his career, we doubt if he would have exchanged his Detroit triumph for ten years of senescence. Henceforth, though only forty-six, he knew that he was under sentence, and his steady purpose was to put his vast and tousled house in order, both in public and private affairs.

CHAPTER XXXIII

LAND BARON AND REFEREE

WHEN William Johnson paused in his toil on Sir Peter Warren's wooded acres, drew breath and gazed across the Mohawk to the more inviting country lying north, he could little have foreseen the day when he should be one of the chief land owners of the New World. To his original purchase he added at every opportunity, viewing trade as a temporary occupation, agriculture, in the large sense of drawing from the soil and its products the most diversified riches, as a permanent employment. His trading venture at Oquaga introduced him to the possibilities of the Susquehanna Valley. There he made an early purchase; and among his latest interests were acquisitions in the broad range that lies between the branches of the Delaware and the Susquehanna. It was his boast in later days, when his possession of the Canajoharie tract was opposed, that his early acquirements had been made by purchase from white settlers and not from Indians.

Johnson's purchase in '51 of Onondaga Lake and the land around it, for political reasons only and at personal loss, has been treated in another chapter.

When Governor Clinton, having obtained permission to shuffle off his American duties, was disposing of New York lands, Johnson acquired his title to one-sixth of the Arent Stevens patent, also known as the Kingsborough tract, of twenty thousand acres. After this we see little of important additions to his land holdings until the Canajoharie Mohawks, soon after the expedition to Montreal, surprised him with the offer of

forty thousand to ninety thousand acres lying between East Canada and West Canada creeks. The Canajoharie Indians could not have been ignorant that Ury Klock, their arch enemy, and other individuals, were taking steps to procure the ownership of the same goodly acres, and a sense of the danger from that quarter naturally prompted their action no less than their friendship for the constant guardian of their welfare. A dwindling tribe under bitter temptations to sell their lands, the Mohawks took this unusual method of insuring their use of this hunting grounds. They knew that Sir William would and could hold the tract, or at least the greater part of it, open for their hunting while it might be closed to them if sold to others. A royal proclamation in October, 1763, put an end to the purchase, as well as the dispute which had arisen over it, and the business slumbered for a year of two. Then a request was sent by Colden to the Lords of Trade, that they labor to secure the bestowal of this tract by the King on his faithful servant, Sir William Johnson. In 1769 the grant, expanded to eighty thousand acres, was confirmed. It comprised several towns of Herkimer county. The description has the verbose character of many legal documents, and its specifications are definite but liberal, the sovereign reserving nothing but "mine rights" and an antiquated quitrent.

A brief selection from that formidable instrument will show its quality, as well as the slight incumbrances on the King's gift:

> Paying therefore unto Us Our Heirs and Successors two Beavers Skins to be delivered at Our Castle of Windsor on the First day of January in every Year And Also the Fifth part of all Gold and Silver Ore which shall from time to time be found upon the said Tract or parcel of Land Clear of all Charges.[1]

It should be noted that the success of Johnson's efforts to obtain this grant was due in no slight degree to the support

that was given them by Thomas Penn, head of the Penn family, living in England.

Johnson's land transactions derive their chief importance from the hints which they afford of neglected opportunities. As agent of Indian affairs, an official less scrupulous would have acquired a vast landed estate independent of the royal bounty. Members of Johnson's family felt somewhat more free. We find the names of his sons-in-law in the records of land affairs. Yet all the patents of their time are justifiable, compared with several of earlier periods, the Evans in Ulster county, the Livingston and the Kayaderosseras. The chief owner of the Livingston patent was the elder Philip Livingston, whose claim was so abhorrent to the Indians that its settlement was not attempted or its possession actively asserted for many years. This was the tract extended by the infamous "moonlight survey." When Ury Klock, the man most obnoxious to the Indians of all the white inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley, obtained a title by purchase from the Livingstons, the issue was forced, and, as circumstances attending an early survey were brought to light, the heirs of the original patentees made concessions on Johnson's demand that closed a disagreeable dispute over an unprofitable investment.

The Kayaderosseras patent, embracing a half million acres, it was alleged, lying between the Mohawk and Hudson rivers, was granted in 1708 to a large number of persons. Its extraordinary dimensions created a suspicion that the foundations of the grant would not bear stirring up. The patentees were dead, and the heirs were numerous and scattered. Johnson brought the matter before governors and others in authority, laid it before the Lords of Trade, considered the necessity of having the patent vacated by parliament, and by persistent agitation brought about a compromise apparently satisfactory to the heirs and the Indians.

A student of New York history in that time will censure two phases of the transactions in land. The iniquitous practices by which the names of Indians were frequently attached to deeds cannot be contemplated without indignation; but hardly less injurious to the interests of the colony was the disposition of land owners to buy for speculation and hold for an increase in value, an increase largely due to the public-spirited course of purchasers like Johnson, who promoted settlement and planted a community in his neighborhood. The difference is that between the land grabber and the state-builder.

The correspondence which belongs to the later period of Sir William's life allows us to believe that it would have been gratifying to him if his estate could have been converted into a manor, to be represented perhaps by one of his family in the Assembly. But it was too late in the political development of the colony to extend manorial privileges, and add this dignity to those which Johnson already wore.

. . . . . .

In 1756 the Pennsylvania Proprietors took notice of a charge that the Delaware outbreak against the border settlements of their province sprang from resentment at the engrossing of Indian lands by the Penn family. The repetition of this explanation by Johnson in a letter to the Lords of Trade drew from the Proprietors some observations on the accusation, which were followed by remarks of Johnson and Croghan in the following year sustaining the charge. But the Proprietors, Thomas and Richard Penn, had already proposed an investigation before Sir William Johnson of a like charge proceeding from the Delaware king; and so the dispute stood in 1759 when Benjamin Franklin petitioned the King in council to consider the Delawares' complaint. In that year Johnson was commanded from the throne to inquire into the complaints of the

Monument to Sir William Johnson in Sir William Johnson Park, Johnstown, New York, owned by the State of New York, which also includes Johnson Hall and its grounds. The figure is by Pioggi. Erected by the Aldine Society of Johnstown in 1904. The inscription reads:

In Memory of Sir William Johnson, Baronet, A Man of Strong Character, A Colossal Pioneer, One of the Greatest Men of His Time. Sole Superintendent and Faithful Friend of the Six Nations and Their Allies.

Their Warragiyagey. Founder of Johnstown. He Established Here the First Free School in the State. Born in Ireland, 1715. Died in Johnstown, 1774.

Delawares, and report to the Lords of Trade. Release from duties more urgent enabled Johnson in the summer of 1762 to visit Easton, to which he had summoned the able Half-King, Teedyuscung, head of the Delawares, to come, prepared to uphold his complaints.

The political situation in Pennsylvania requires elucidation. First, there were the Delawares, who had professed a sense of injury since 1737, when the William Penn deed of 1686 to their land was determined by the distance a man could walk in the woods in a day and a half, and the white men who made the walk covered a distance which was thought to be beyond their capacity.

Next, was a faction of the Quakers, headed by one Israel Pemberton, which seems to have regularly supported the Indians in all claims and grievances as being always right and always wronged, regardless of the facts.

Then the Assembly had to be reckoned with, since this branch of government claimed the right, through delegates, to inspect the proceedings of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. The delegates were eight in number, the most prominent being Joseph Galloway, for many years speaker of the house. Last of all were the Proprietors, the Penns, represented at Easton by two members of the provincial council, Richard Peters and Benjamin Chew.

Teedyuscung was coached and guided by Pemberton. He demanded at the outset a clerk to take down what he might have occasion to say, and later exhibited a want of confidence in the official secretary, interpreter, and deputy agent, Croghan. Constant interruptions and criticisms from Pemberton or the committee of the Assembly delayed the proceedings; but papers presented by the Proprietors convinced the Indians that the charge of forgery against those men was unjust, and they withdrew it, while persisting in the belief that there was something

wrong about that walk. Some weighty papers pro and con were laid before Sir William. The question over the length of the walk seems to turn on the direction which the walkers took. Peters and Chew declared:

> The Proprietors relinguished all Pretensions beyond those Hills (the Kittatinny Hills), which reduces the Walk to about 40 Miles which, according to the common Rate of Walking is no extraordinary One and half Day's Journey to an Englishman, and very inconsiderable to an Indian, who frequently goes more than that Distance in one day.

The inquiry further showed that the Six Nations had once examined the Delaware claim and condemned it.

It is important to note that, when the Delaware king withdrew the principal complaint against the Proprietors, he renewed the protest against the seizure of the Wyoming country by the emigrants from Connecticut, under the fradulent purchase negotiated at the Albany Congress of '54 by John Henry Lydius.[2] He thus showed that the Delawares shared the grievance of the Six Nations touching that intrusion and the repeated interruptions of settlers. The very next year, imputing to these newcomers the murder of Teedyuscung, the eloquent champion of their tribe, they fell upon their new neighbors and inflicted a sudden vengeance that was a forerunner of the tragedy of 1778, when Colonel John Butler visited Wyoming with his band of avengers, who, as his report admitted, gave no quarter to foes in arms.

. . . . . .

The Connecticut Company, almost from the beginning, enjoyed legal status,[3] but this did not prevent its heads from following shady practices. They offered money and provisions to the Six Nations, and made a tender to Johnson himself of a share in the Wyoming enterprise. The men who bolstered

their claim with this species of persuasion were Colonel Eliphalet Dyer, who commanded a Connecticut regiment in the Crown Point expedition, and Timothy Woodbridge, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts.[4] They gained nothing in return but a personal reproof and a warning of the peril which the whole land-grabbing scheme invited.

The visit of those agents to Fort Johnson did not escape the eyes of the Mohawks. Learning its object, they suggested to Johnson an appeal to the Governor of Connecticut. A delegation which represented the Onondagas and Cayugas as well as the Mohawks was sent to Hartford, accompanied by Guy Johnson, who had become deputy agent of Indian affairs. Governor Fitch and the General Assembly met the delegates and listened to their earnest complaint, the burden of which appears in the following words of the Onondaga deputy who was spokesman:

> We have heard very grevious News this Winter, that you were about to come with Three hundred families to settle on our Lands which was very astonishing to Us, and that You designed to build Forts, and strong Places, on our Lands, and for that Reason our Sachems considered upon it and have sent us down to this Place. By that Means Brothers we are here to acquaint You with what News we hear, that you have a Design to settle on the Susquehanna River & Claim the Land to the West Seas.

The speaker declared that the Six Nations had no knowledge of ever giving or selling the land in question, adding, "If any such thing has been acted, it must have been done by particular persons in a separate manner, and not in any General Meeting or Councill of the Six Nations as has been the usual Manner of their giveing or selling their Lands." After denouncing the Lydius deed as obtained by dealing with Indians one by one and with stragglers, he made an appeal to conscience in the following phrases: "You are a praying People, better acquainted with Books and Learning than We, and must needs know better

what is right than to think it well to have your Lands as we may say stolen from You, surely You could not Like to be treated in such a Manner, to have your Land taken from You that You depended on for Your support."

The declaration that Indian lands could be disposed of only in a general meeting or council is in strict harmony with an assertion of a Mohawk speaker a few weeks before at the inquiry made by Johnson into the transactions of Ury Klock. The speaker was asked whether the women of a tribe were to be consulted in disposing of lands; he replied: "They are the Truest Owners being the persons who labour on the Lands, and therefore are esteemed in that light."

Governor Fitch assured the Indians that the government of Connecticut had given no orders for the settling of families or building of forts on the Susquehanna, but on the contrary had sought to prevent those settlements, and that he was opposing the Susquehanna design on orders from the King. Further, he said that the people of the Connecticut Company had agreed to refrain from making settlements, until the pleasure of the King was known.

It is plain that the Connecticut Company did not remain in that accommodating frame; and, when people of Pennsylvania began to settle on the coveted tract, and lands were opened to occupation under provincial authority, a civil war broke out between the Connecticut party and the Pennsylvania, which reached its climax of brutality and bloodshed in 1769, and bore still more hateful fruit on a terrible July day of the American Revolution.

. . . . . .

In the two most ambitious land projects of his later years, Johnson was conservatively helpful but not pushing.

In 1766 English control of the territory bounded by the

Mississippi was so far assured that enterprises for its occupation and government could prudently be launched. The success of George Croghan in gaining possession of Fort Chartres gave birth to a project for the creation of a colony to be bordered by the Ohio and the Mississippi, in what was loosely called the Illinois country. Two other colonies, known as the Detroit and the Ohio, were under consideration in 1767. On July 10, 1766, Johnson wrote to Henry Seymour Conway, principal secretary of state, presenting the proposal of several men of prominence in Pennsylvania "for erecting a Colony at the Illinois," which would check the attempts of the French and Spaniards to plant a colony on the other side of the Mississippi, secure the Indian trade and protect the southern frontiers. Enclosed in Johnson's letter was a paper by William Franklin, Governor of New Jersey, and son of Benjamin Franklin, which opened with the following alluring statements:

> The Country of the Illinois on the Mississippi, is generally allowed to be the most fertile & pleasant Part of all the Western Territory now in Possession of the English in North America. The French Canadians have long called it The Terrestrial Paradice.

Land was to be purchased from the Indians, a civil government created, and farms distributed to provincial soldiers who had served in the French war. A grant of 100,000 acres within the bounds of the colony was asked.

Benjamin Franklin was the most influential advocate in London of this project. From that post of observation he was able to estimate the influences that were unfriendly to the colonization of the West. On March 13, 1768, he wrote to Governor Franklin:

> The purpose of settling the new colonies seems at present to be dropped, the change of American administration not appearing favourable to it. There seems rather to be an inclination to abandon the posts in the back country as more expensive than useful.

Lord Hillsborough had lately become secretary, and held the opinion, Franklin said, that Forts Pitt, Oswego, Niagara, etc., should be kept up by the colonies if they thought it necessary.

After the establishment in 1768 of the Fort Stanwix boundary line, between white settlements and Indian hunting grounds, put an end to schemes which involved the purchase of such lands, the zeal and imagination devoted to colonizing were concentrated in a single channel, the Walpole Grant. The company indicated by that title was formed in 1766, and in 1769 it petitioned for 2,500,000 acres between 38° and 40° north latitude, east of the Scioto river. The tract was to be laid out in territory newly purchased by the Crown and south of the Ohio river. The captain of the movement was Thomas Walpole, a London banker, with whom were closely associated Thomas Pownall, Dr. Franklin and Samuel Wharton. Johnson's coöperation was enlisted for this enterprise.

In the following year Virginia took alarm. Washington, writing to Lord Botetour, Governor of that province, April 15, 1770, declared that the grant, if drawn as proposed, would comprehend four-fifths of a tract for which Virginia had voted £2,500 sterling, and defeat the claim of former soldiers to 200,000 acres of land assured to them by the colonial government in 1754. Opposition from Virginia ceased only when Colonel George Mercer, agent in England of the old Ohio Company, which was created in 1749, and was concerned in the border conflicts preceding the French war, induced the Walpole Company to allow 200,000 acres for the old Virginia soldiers.

In the following years the Walpole Grant made encouraging progress. Dr. Franklin wrote to William Franklin, April 20, 1771:

> The Ohio affair seems now near a Conclusion. And if the present Ministry stand a little longer, I think it will be compleated to our Satisfaction. Mr. Wharton has been indefatigable, and I think scarce any

one I know besides would have been equal to the Task, so difficult it is to get Business forward here, in which some Party Purpose is not to be served. But he is among them, eternally, & leaves no Stone unturn'd. I would, however, advise you not to say anything of our Prospect of Success, till the Event appears, for many things happen between the Cup & the Lip.

August 17, 1772, Dr. Franklin wrote to William Franklin, expressing pleasure at the retirement of Hillsborough, who "made a point of defeating our scheme." He warned his son to avoid "every word and action, that may betray as confidence in its success." November 3, 1772, he wrote to him as follows:

As the Boards are met again, the Ohio Affair will again be put forward as soon as Mr. Walpole comes to [town? multilated in record].

In December he wrote:

It [the Ohio affair] is not yet quite secure, and therefore I still advise Discretion in speaking of it.

In 1772 Franklin answered overwhelmingly an adverse report, which was really Hillsborough's, from the Lords of Trade. In this he called to mind that, when the boundary was fixed at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, the board looked favorably on the erection of three colonies in the territory transferred to the Crown, to be established when that country should be occupied by settlers. The Walpole Grant was made August 14, 1772. Whatever fear Lord Dartmouth, Hillsborough's successor, entertained regarding the attitude of the Indians toward the creation of a new colony, was put at rest by a letter from Johnson to that minister, written April 30, 1773, and printed in Volume VIII of the *Documents Relative to the Colonial History of New York.* Johnson said:

With regard to the acquiescence of the Six Nations on the subject of His Matys Intentions to establish a Government on the Ohio, I am to assure your Ldp that after having (agreeable to my orders) fully acquainted them therewith, they unanimously expressed their satisfac-

tion at the same, and their inclination to support their Grant at the same time I beg leave to observe that the Lands within that proposed Government have never been claimed with any colour of right, and are not more especially in the Southern Parts occupied by any Indians claiming the same and scarcely by any Indians whatsoever.

Great Britain was apprehensive that, as the colonies pushed their habitations farther into the western wilderness, they would become increasingly defiant of her power; and, as the day for a trial of strength drew near, opposition to the setting up of a new colonial government developed. The project died a natural death at the first clash of arms.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A FEUDAL FAMILY ON THE FRONTIER

SCARCELY was Sir William home from the Seven Years' War than Thomas Pownall, then in London but still a force in American affairs, broached the idea that the Baronet should be the next governor of the Crown colony of New York. Probably the appointment could have been secured. Johnson had emerged from the long grind without a stain on his record, and Pownall possessed real influence in London. To him Johnson owed, in large part, his baronetcy. Lieutenant Governor De Lancey and George II had both died suddenly and close together; it was thought that both the new King and the Assembly might relish a change from Colden, who as senior councilor, had returned to the executive chair on De Lancey's death. Johnson, however, declined to be considered, and under the silken phrases of his reply to Pownall may be sensed his determination to stay tranquilly at home:

Fort Johnson, Janry. 28th. 1761.

Sir: Your verry friendly letter of ye 1st Novbr last I am Just favoured with. The Friendship you have always expressed and now in a more particular manner signified for me, lays me under the greatest obligations, and be assured, my Dear Sir, I shall ever retain a due sense of it.—Your mentioning my Name for the government of New York, was doing me great Honour, and a most convinceing proof of your regard, for which I am extremely obliged to you, but as I am sensible of my inability for the execution of so important a Trust, and the Settleing of my Lands requiring my Presence and daily encouragement in these parts, it would not at all answer for me. Besides, as I have hitherto had the most fatiuging and disagreeable Service, I now propose to retire and spend the rem'dr of my Days more tranquile, w'h, I am con-

vinced in that Station I never could.—Wherefore would not by any means choose such a Station, altho a greater honor than I could expect.—I wish you all happiness and am My Dear Sir, with the greatest respect Your most Obedient & Most Humble Servant

Wm. Johnson.[1]

His Excellency, Thomas Pownall, Esqr.

On his return from the wars which had busied him for seven years, Sir William built Johnson Hall. Fort Johnson, near the river, was well enough as a stronghold and trading place. What with storehouse, barns, granaries, and the sawmill, it had done its duty during the up and coming days of William Johnson. But now that Sir William had arrived, some other residence seemed required, a setting more in keeping with his dignity as a baronet and the spread of his influence as superintendent of northern Indians.

The site he chose was a slight elevation some four miles back from the river and a half mile north of his new settlement of Johnstown, later to become the county seat of Tryon county and of present Fulton county. It was nine miles from Fort Johnson, which now became the residence of son, John, and John's mistress, Miss Putman. Another mile eastward the Clauses were installed in the one-story house to which their father brought Catherine Weissenburg. Still further east, the Baronet would one day build Guy Park Manor. The road connecting these dwellings is described by Richard Smith in his journal of 1769 as "lying on the Eastern (in reality northeastern) banks of the River in those fertile Wheat meadows so much celebrated." Of these houses of the Johnson children, Smith says:

Guy Johnson's house is of Stone 2 stories high, neat and handsome; the Garden behind runs down to the River and is accomodated with a pretty Pavilion erected over the Water. Daniel Claus's house is of stone and one story high. Sir John's is also stone and contains Two Stories, all three situate at the foot of Hills very steep, barren and rocky, having narrow strips of Bottom Ground. Sir John has most Meadow

and their farms are much inferior to those of many common people hereabouts.

Probably it was to gain expansive space for both agriculture and landscaping that Sir William moved from the narrow river flats to the uplands, in locating his new, baronial residence. His choice remains felicitous to this day. The trail to the Thousand Islands through the fertile Black River Valley passes on the north; through the various stages of progress it has been successively forest trail, woods road, plank road, gravel road, macadam and concrete highway. From this elevation one gets a superb view across the valley to the southward and some distance up and down the river. From the other windows a varied country of hill and dale rises toward the Adirondacks.

For both Fort Johnson and Johnson Hall, the master builder of the Mohawk bought hardware in England; the invoices are still of record, and anyone who cares to do so can price any of the heavy hinges and locks on the massive doors. The lumber came chiefly from the Johnson forests and mill. The huge timbers are still sound. The clapboards are extra wide, and cut to resemble blocks of stone. In this as in other things, Sir William rather set the style for the valley, as one sees other walls similarly boarded. The effect is imposing at a distance, but like most attempts to give one material the natural shape of another, is disappointing on a close view. Probably Sir William was not altogether pleased with the result, for, when he erected Guy Park Manor for his younger daughter, he chose to build of stone on the same general lines as Johnson Hall, though on a smaller scale.

In dimensions the Hall was considered magnificent in its day, though dwarfed since by the country houses of many inconsequential millionaires. It is sixty feet wide, forty feet deep, two stories high, simply planned and executed with that charm which flows out of ample time, sound workmanship and unexcelled

material—in a word, the charm of the antique. The long room at the left, the "piano" or drawing room of the old days, is a noble apartment which houses to-day a considerable collection of Johnsoniana. The large dining room held, in its day of splendor, a magnificent gate-leg table, which may now be seen in the Albany Institute of History and Art. The entrance passage, which extends entirely through the house, is fifteen feet wide; from it rises a broad staircase with heavy mahogany balustrades, the rail of which Lossing, in 1851, found scarred with hatchet scars at regular intervals of about a foot. The author of the *Field Book* reports local tradition as saying that Brant, fleeing from the Hall with Sir John in 1776, paused to make these scars as protection from marauding Indians, all of whom understood his sign and respected it. In spite of all the family's vicissitudes, the Hall survived the Revolution practically intact. The property, with some seven hundred acres of land, was sold as confiscated property by the commissioners to James Caldwell, of Albany, in 1779, for $30,000 in public securities, or the equivalent of perhaps $5,000 in cash, as Caldwell immediately resold for $7,000 at a profit.

In the Johnson time the Hall fronted north, and two blockhouses of stone stood near it slightly advanced from either corner. Both these defenses, pierced at the top for musketry, were still standing, though in bad repair, in 1862, a century after construction. One has since gone the way of most stonework, but the one on the northwest corner has been preserved. In 1763 these blockhouses were manned by soldiery, and in addition a stockade surrounded the dwelling and its grounds. In peace time they served the law and science. To the south lay the gardens, arbors, and nursery for young trees. That for young Johnsons has vanished without trace but probably Brown Lady Johnson and her brood occupied a house somewhat to the eastward, overlooking the pleasant little valley of Cayadutta

JOHNSON HALL

The baronial residence of Sir William Johnson, Bart., near Johnstown, New York. Now State property and restored to almost its original appearance. Note stone blockhouse in rear at left.

creek, which would offer the half-breed children an ideal playground for every variety of wood and water game. The slaves lived across the creek in quarters long since gone.

Gone also is the fireplace of the great council, which the Mohawks established at Fort Johnson for Warraghiyagey's convenience in the old days; moved by the carrying of burning brands to the new hall and dedicated with appropriate ceremony, it became the very heart and center of Indian life in the vast area over which Sir William held jurisdiction. Tradition places the council fire to the west of the Hall, where it would lie close to the trail and from which the speaker in council could let his eye rove afar through the great valley. Massive trees in semi-circular formation are pointed out as the saplings which Sir William planted around the council place when the Hall was built.

. . . . . .

On a day of council a thousand Indians from near and far might throng the grounds of Johnson Hall. While still at Fort Johnson, with only the Six Nations under his wing, Warraghiyagey entertained as many as five hundred coppery guests at one time; and his guests increased as his influence widened. Catering to these hungry multitudes, most of whom came for guzzling purposes only, required careful planning. In advance of a council there would be a vast stir around Johnson Hall and its neighboring farms—yarding and butchering of cattle, grinding of wheat and baking of bread, rolling of hogsheads and clinking of wine bottles. Trusty Irishmen kept the keys and accounts; negro slaves did the cooking and baking, while the fetching and carrying was done by coppery slaves called Panis (Pawnees). Lest these might be mistaken for members of that western tribe brought east in bondage, we record our impression that the word meant merely "those in pawn." They were captives taken in

Indian war, and sold by their captors as not quite good enough to adopt and not quite bad enough to kill. Many a wideawake white bought the life-long services of a Pani for a keg of rum; but probably, as servants, Panis were never worth much more than their keep. In the market they sold for less than negroes, who could be easier taught and were less likely to run away. In the days before a council Johnson Hall would resound to the creaking of carts, and the brusque commands of hustling Irishmen bossing their four-footed and two-footed slaves. Overseer Flood occasionally flogged the lazy.

There were always tribal Indians at the Hall. Ensign Gorrell wrote in his Journal:

> Dined with Sir Wm. at Johnson Hall. The office of Superintendent very troublesome. Sir Wm. continually plagued with Indians about him—generally from 300 to 900 in number—spoil his garden and keep his house always dirty.[8]

The number of guests must be greatly exaggerated. Between councils the Indian hangers-on at the Hall would be reduced to dozens, but any Indian party or individual passing that way would be sure to call on Warraghiyagey to pay his respects, and eat and drink at the expense of the King.

The guests would begin to arrive several days before the scheduled date. As the wise old sachems and war chiefs arrived, Sir William would have them escorted by ones or twos or threes through the great north door, where he and Brown Lady Johnson would meet them in the wide hallway, exchange greetings and lead them up the broad stairway, with its massive mahogany balustrades, to an upper room, the private council chamber. There, after unloosing Indian tongues with an appropriate libation, he would sound his guests on the opinion in their tribes on the issue to be presented in council. Then he would give them his opinion. After enough of these private conferences Sir William could be reasonably sure of writing a speech

that would please every one. While he and Guy worked the speech over by candlelight, they could see the Indian camp fires gleaming through the trees, see the shadows flitting grotesquely about the flames, and hear the voices of their guests rise and fall in their chants and dirges.

Sometimes Molly Brant, still slim and light of foot, would slip away from her latest cradled babe to visit the camp fire of her Mohawk brethren. This her song of welcome:

> Great thanks now, therefore, that in safety you have come through the forest——
>
> Our forefathers said, "Here they are to kindle a fire, here at the edge of the woods."
>
> Where the fire is made and the smoke is rising, there is welcome for you, my brothers and uncles. Tomorrow Warraghiyagey will come to the council. This fire he has lit for you; warm yourselves at it. He is your brother as I am your sister; we share with you.
>
> Welcome from the long trail of the fleeing deer.

There she would sit in her dark, shawled beauty, among her uncles and cousins, listening to the proud sagas of her dwindling people who had sacrificed themselves to the Covenant they never forgot. After some old man had celebrated the victory of the Mohawks over the Mohicans at Kinquariones, she would croon with the others the chant their mothers had taught them. Presently she would arise and slip through the trees toward the Hall and its beckoning candle in the upper window. One can fancy her looking back regretfully over her shoulder toward the old life of her fathers, and then turning eagerly toward her man and her babes. She could not understand this patient toil with ink and paper; but, if she had learned anything worth while, she would give a little bird call beneath the window and then run upstairs with the news. If tradition is right in saying Sir William took her home at eighteen, she would still be in her twenties when the Hall was built, and in her prime through its greatest era of magnificence. Every one

in the family circle called her Miss Molly; probably the neighbors and her Indian relatives did likewise, as we find no trace of her Indian name.

. . . . . .

The range of Johnson's hospitality is shown in the number and variety of his visitors. Persons came in a spirit of curiosity to observe a life in the wilderness that was unique in its features; many were drawn to Fort Johnson and Johnson Hall to know the white man who had gained an ascendancy over the Indians nowhere matched in American annals; others would see the soldier who without military experience or training broke the French invasion in 1755 and conquered Dieskau, one of the best generals of France, and who later reduced Fort Niagara, one of the oldest of the French strongholds south of the St. Lawrence. Scientific men were drawn to him in the belief that he could forward their explorations of nature; and men whom a zeal for souls drew to the Indian villages found in the Superintendent one who would heartily promote their enterprises without discrimination against their form of faith.

One of Johnson's noted visitors at Fort Johnson was Peter Kalm, Swedish naturalist and friend of the great Linnæus. Colden, keenly interested in Kalm's survey of America's plants and soils, directed him to Johnson,[a] who entered with delight into furthering Kalm's researches, entertaining him well, and giving him letters to post officers at several points. A letter from Kalm at Oswego says that Captain and Mrs. Lindsay are most kind to him there. The gallant captain, later the founder of the Cherry Valley settlement, did his bit for science by forwarding wild oats which Kalm discovered. "I have sent a small bag wt oats (Fol avoine) for ye Swed I could get no more." However expert he may have been in botany, Kalm

went widely wrong on the birds and beasts of the colony, making several silly errors to which the Coldens, father and son, took exception later. Lieutenant Governor Colden accused Kalm of misquoting him; in general, Kalm seems to have taken hearsay evidence too seriously.

Like many another intellectual entertained at the teeming Johnson homes, "ye Swed" went back to New York marveling how a man of Colonel Johnson's broad cultural interests could carry on with his house and yard full of Indians. From New York Kalm wrote:

> . . . a new sorrow did darken my heart, when I remembered that you, Dear Sir, yet did live as a David in the tents of Kedar, & as a child of israel in the middle of the Sons of Enakim, where the most, if not all, which on all sides live round about you, look upon you with a more sowr eye & darker face, than a bull can do; I wonder, Sir, that you dont grow ten times sick in a day in a such place.

Gideon Hawley, a missionary, visited Johnson at both his residences. He writes as follows:

> On Friday we left Albany. Mr. Woodbridge and I set out for Mount Johnson, about thirty-six miles off, on Mohawk river, to pay our compliments to Colonel Johnson, and obtain his countenance in favour of our mission. At noon we came to Schenectady, a town in some respects similar to Albany, but more pleasant. We crossed the ferry and by a letter from Colonel Jacob Wendell of Boston, were introduced to his friend Major Glen, who hospitably received us. Having dined, we proceeded, and had a very pleasant ride up Mohawk river, on the north side. At sun-set we were politely received at Colonel Johnson's gate, by himself in person. Here we lodged. His mansion was stately, and situate a little distance from the river, on rising ground, and adjacent to a stream which turned his mill. This gentleman was well known in his civil, military, and private character. He was the first civil character in the county of Albany at that day; and after this by means of the war, which commenced in 1755, and his connexion with the Indians, of whom he was appointed sole superintendant for that part of the continent, he arose to great eminence. In 1756, he was made a baronet. It was favourable to our mission to

have his patronage, which I never lost. In the year 1765, I found him at another mansion, about eight miles from this and four from the river. This last was a very superb and elegant edifice, surrounded with little buildings for the accommodation of the Indians, when down upon treaties or conferences with him.

When a colonial governor, who had come to Johnson Hall during a necessary absence of its proprietor, hinted that he had not been properly entertained, he received the following apology: "Your entertainment indeed might have (from the Circumstances of the Country and our distance from Market) fallen short of your Expectations and my inclynations but this I should imagine you would Excuse." We may be sure that this governor, Sir Henry Moore, sat down to a table loaded with the best which the unexhausted forests and streams could supply, and the choicest imported wines were set before him.

To all guests Molly Brant seems to have been introduced as "Miss Molly," and Sir William would not tolerate any lapse of courtesy toward her. When one of his New York agents left without saying good-by to her, he profusely apologized by letter a few days later.

. . . . . .

Life at Johnson Hall made up in largeness for whatever it may have lacked in detail, by reason of its isolated position. As far as he could Sir William brought in what he considered fit material for cultural existence—books, periodicals, pictures, globes, maps, and experimental apparatus. There were long evenings in which to read, reflect, and hold lively conversations. Music and the dance could always be tapped at this baronial hall, except on Lord's Days and Holy Days. On Saint Patrick's Day, many toasts were drunk to the Saint, the King, the Governor, and distant friends who probably were toasting back. One could be sure Hugh Wallace [4] and the Kellys, in little new

New York, were doing their duty by the patron saint of the Emerald Isle, with their eyes turned toward the Hall.

On its white side, Johnson Hall was an Irish establishment, and one can always get up a dance and a frolic in such society, especially with an Irish fiddler and an Irish harper maintained on the premises for just such spirited purposes. From the Baronet himself down to Thomas Flood, the bouw-master or farm overseer, the responsible men at the Hall all seem to have been Irish. In this feudal, self-contained, patriarchal family, the members of which seldom had to go outside the circle for any of the necessities of life, there were Doctor Daly, Lawyer Lefferty, Schoolmaster Wall, Bookkeeper Robert Adems and Secretary Guy Johnson, all Irish. The Baronet's tailor and blacksmith probably were among the Irishmen mentioned by Schoolmaster Reilly. Among his close business and political associates were other Irishmen who would be going and coming at the Hall as their duties demanded. With their wives and children they made an Irish grouping large enough for any sort of merriment. Except for negroes, Indians, and half-breeds, perhaps the only residents of this large feudal establishment who were not Irish or part-Irish were Son-in-law Claus and the butler, both Germans, and old Daddy Savage, the English gardener, who lived to be nearly a hundred, long enough to mourn the passing of Sir William, the exile of Sir John, and the scattering of the group before the wild welter of the Revolution.

Simms, a reliable local historian, reports in his *Trappers of New York* these bits of Johnsoniana of the Grand, or Feudal Era, which he claims to have had direct from the sons of men who were part of the picture, though perhaps in a humble capacity:

> The slaves, some of whom had families, lived across the Cayadutta creek from the Hall, in small dwellings erected for them. They drest

much as did their Indian neighbors, except that a kind of coat was made of their blankets by the Hall tailor.

He had a family physician named Daly,[5] who practiced but little out of his own household. Doct. Daly was a very companionable man, and often accompanied Sir William in his pleasure excursions.

He had a musician, a dwarf some thirty years old, who answered to the name of Billy. He played a violin well, and was always on hand to entertain guests.

He had a gardener, who cultivated a large garden, and kept that and the grounds about the Hall as neat as a pin.

He had a butler, named Frank, an active young German, who was with him a number of years . . .

He had a waiter named Pontioch, a sprightly, well disposed lad of mixed blood, negro and Indian, who was generally with him when from home.

He had a pair of white dwarfish-looking waiters, who catered to his own and his guests comfort; their surname was Bartholomew, and they are believed to have been brothers . . .

The secretary, physician, bouw-master, and all the waiters remained, after the death of Sir William, with his son, Sir John Johnson, until the Revolution began, and then followed his fortunes to Canada.

The Baronet had also his own mechanics. His blacksmith and his tailor, had each a shop just across the road from the Hall. They did very little work for any one out of the royal (sic) household.[6]

Another trusty carried the Johnson mails to and from Schenectady or Albany. One of these employees, John Farlinger, distinguished himself by kicking panels out of the postoffice door at Albany in his zeal in order to get Sir William's letters on their way. Upon the Postmaster's report, Farlinger had to be disciplined; but was soon reinstated. Among other employees who, dismissed for cause, sued for forgiveness and won their way back to the Baronet's favor in time were Bookkeeper Adems, Farmer Flood, James Loney and Ferrall Wade, a young trader whom Johnson trusted to his sorrow. A plea of poverty or distress always went to the Johnson heart, which had its decidedly soft side. One of the Baronet's favorite charities was getting deserving men out of the debtors' prisons

at Albany and Schenectady, and helping them to reëstablish themselves on a new footing. Drunkenness was the usual reason for dismissals from Johnson's employ or the loss of his favor by unfortunates.

In larger concerns and controversies, Sir William showed a forgiving nature which could not carry a grudge for long. Of his many quarrels that with Shirley seems to have been the only one never mended.

CHAPTER XXXV

LIFE AT THE HALL

FOR the first ten years of Johnson's life on the American frontier, he was too busy wrestling with practical problems and fighting the French, to cultivate learning. But after the declaration of peace in '48, he began to order books and gather pictures. Probably this revival of interest reflects the influence of Dr. Cadwallader Colden, Surveyor General and Senior Councillor of the colony, who was Governor Clinton's right-hand man in statecraft as Johnson was his right-hand man in military affairs. Between bouts with statecraft Colden wrought laboriously in physics and philosophy, exchanging long letters on these subjects with Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia and other experimenters abroad. Speculation in regard to the physical universe marked the age; here in the colonies men like Colden, Franklin, and Johnson, painfully cut off from one another by distance, tried to penetrate those secrets with crude instruments. Sir William maintained a room none of his negroes would enter. There he tried, gravely and patiently, experiments which a schoolboy would smile at today. Eventually this interest flowered in his membership in the Society for the Promotion of Arts in America, and his position as trustee of Queen's University, now Rutgers. Also he was a supporter of King's College, now Columbia University, in the trials surrounding its launching.

Sir William's interest in electricity is shown by his getting from his New York agent in '65, Darlington, an electrical

apparatus. Probably this is the same one mentioned by Simms in this anecdote:

> Near the Hall he erected two detached wings of stone, the west one of which was used by his attorney Lafferty, for an office, and the other contained a philosophical apparatus, of which he died possessed. The room in which the apparatus was kept, was called his own private study. On seeing him enter it, Pontioch used to say: "Now massa gone into his study to tink of somesin me know not what."

This scientific interest reveals itself further in agricultural experiments. For twenty-five years his correspondence shows him searching for new seeds and plants and helping various persons to get supplies of seeds of wild plants for experimental purposes.

When this phase of Johnson's intellectual life began to expand, in post-war leisure, and under the warmth of Colden's enthusiasm, he ordered his London bankers to send him these items:

Two volumes quarto of Mathematical Elements of Natural Philosophy, confirmed by experiments—or an introduction to Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy; translated into English by the late J. T. Desaguliers.

Also the Second Edition of Doctor Desaguliers course of Experimental Philosophy, adorned with 78 copper plates In Two Volumes quarto.

Chamber's Dictionary, 2 volumes.

Baker's Microscope made easy.

Rodderick Randum.

The Gentlemans Magazine from Decembr 1748 to the present time.

The Family Magazine in 2 parts.

An Historical review of the Transactions of Europe from the Commencement of the War with Spain.

The Whole proceedings in the House of Peers against the three Condemned Lords.

Amaryllis a new Musical Design well Bound.

A good French Horn with the Notes.

A good Common Hunting Horn.

A good loud Trumpett.

A good Globe to Hang in a Hall with light.
A Prism ———————— Some prints as
Titians Loves of the Gods.
Le Bruns Battles of Alexander.
Some Numbers Pousins Landscapes by Knaptons.
4 Seasons Day by Lancret.
4 prints of a Camp by Watteau.
Some numbers Houbrakens Heads.
The pictures of Some of the best running horses at New Market.[1]

Mount Johnson, observe, was to have culture as well as sport. One sees here, in process of formation, the library of a country gentleman who was equally ready to experiment in statecraft, physics, or the breeding of horses and dogs.

The library so begun kept growing. Sir William's solid taste in reading and his robust humor appear alike in this list gathered at random from his orders and invoices:

Smollett's Cont in 4 Vs
Biograph'a Brit' 5 V
History Louisiana 2 V
The Polite Lady
Langhorne's Letters
Lyttleton's History of Henry II
The Reverie 2 V
Chinese Peice 2 V
Robertson's History of Scotland 2 V
Millennium Hall 2 V
Cheval Pierrepont 2 V
Guthrie & Gray—A New History of the World

Two items added in '56 had unusual interest for the new Baronet. One was by his first Secretary in Indian Affairs, entitled: *Some Thoughts upon the British Indian Interest in North America, more particularly as it relates to the Northern Confederacy commonly called the Six Nations.* The second is Samuel Blodgett's book on the Lake George battle, a source book of real value sent forward to Johnson by the author in Boston, on January 7, 1756.

The broad wall spaces of Johnson Hall yawned for pictures. In '64 he ordered eight pictures and a Collection of *Scots Caractures Pictures* &c in two volumes.

In '69 James Rivington, the bookseller of New York, who kept Johnson Hall supplied with periodicals, offered Sir William a number of new books, among them Captain John Knox's *Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America,* a two-volume work dealing with the events in which Sir William had figured so largely. Probably he also had Mante's work in the same field, which has grown rare enough to command a price of $375 for its two volumes.

That same year James Adair of Savannah, Ga. sought and received aid from Johnson in publishing his work on *Manners, Customs and History of the Southern Indians, Tending to Prove their Descent from the Hebrews.* Without committing himself on the truth of Adair's theory the Baronet induced Sir Henry Moore, the Governor, to receive the author. The grateful author dedicated his book to Sir William, who promptly subscribed for himself and several friends. Adair's theory enjoyed some currency for many years, but was finally overthrown by a Jew on the ground that no group of Semite origin would have let go of Manhattan for less than twenty-five dollars, as was done.

. . . . . .

Some of the more polite novels among these purchases no doubt were intended for the young ladies, but we feel that Sir William and the Scots governess kept Smollett from Anne (Nancy) and Mary.

Interspersed with the books, we find frequent orders for music. Probably the girls played the harpsichord, but other musicians early found it profitable to entertain this gay-hearted man, and the Irishmen around him, during their leisure hours.

One Charles Lewis Reilly, a friend of Johnson's people in Ireland and already acquainted with Colden by virtue of his teaching school in Goshen near the latter's home, wrote Johnson a prodigious letter in Latin, suggesting that he come along to the Mohawk for a visit. In order to prove that he could make the visit worth while for his host, Reilly sets forth that he is able to practise various arts:

> such as the construction of all kinds of carriages, both for gain and pleasure; in addition, many other things with which I amuse myself in solitude; then again, if at any time fatigued with playing various musical instruments, now the bagpipes, now the German flute, then the hautboy, then the violin——

We imagine Sir William read no further but said, "send for the gossoon," especially as Reilly had previously asked to be remembered to "Robert Adems, James Rogers, Peter Crotty & Erwin and all the other Irishmen in that place." [2]

As Sir William increased in wealth he indulged in the baronial gesture of maintaining his own performers. Billy, the dwarf violinist, has as accompanist an Irish harper. This artist in the "grand music of the well-plucked string" falling ill, Johnson wrote Hugh Wallace in New York to be on the lookout for another. Wallace, a veteran officeholder under the Crown and member of the council, replied in a melancholy strain that the old race of Irish harpers was dying.

It is significant that the great drawing room at the Hall was usually referred to as the "piano room"; on winter evenings it was the center of a jolly family life, resounding with melody and merriment, with Sir William stepping a measure with the young folks and cracking a joke occasionally in his deep, booming voice.

. . . . . .

This ample life of the Hall held plenty of time and opportunity for outdoor recreation. The young people went in for

fox hunting, looking sharply to their mounts and dogs. Sir William's part in this vigorous sport probably was restricted to easy canters, as he was not in shape for hard riding after the pack was formed. However, from '61 on he does seem to have taken a sharp interest in hounds, and indeed in all manner of good dogs. In that year he brought back from the West a dog given him by an English officer at one of the posts. Several years later he bought several couple of hounds in Philadelphia. Both Sir William and Claus, the son-in-law, imported hounds from England. Frederic makes Claus a leading figure in Johnson hunting; but it is more probable that in this purchase he acted merely for the family. This son-in-law must have been a desperately busy man with his long journey among the Indians west and north and his responsibility for the Canadian tribes. Guy and Sir William's heir, John, would be the lads most likely to follow the Johnson hounds through that beautiful hunting country of low stone fences and large fields.

On what was perhaps his last hard wrestle with the wilderness, Sir William's "game" leg, the one which still bore the Lake George bullet, sustained another injury, this time in a bungled canoe landing on Onondaga Lake. Thereafter he did almost no riding, contenting himself with shooting and fishing under easy conditions. His weight increased, his large frame taking on a mantle of surplus flesh in his later years. From his continuing delight in the good things of life, we are safe in saying that he acquired a "corporation" denoting age and prosperity. But his good nature never failed him with his companions and to the end of his days he loved a lark and a frolic.

Once a year the Six Nations came trooping to Johnson Hall for a tournament of Indian games lasting several days. As a young man Sir William had wrestled and danced with the stoutest of the braves, and in his later days he encouraged Indian sports to counteract the evils of intemperance.

These celebrations, however, were not entirely given over to merry-making. Occasion would be taken by the Baronet to recognize merit among the Indians with appropriate words. To make these homilies stick, Sir William was in the habit of bestowing copies of the following diploma, duly filled out with the deserving Indian's name and tribe, and the details of his service:

> By the Honorable Sir William Johnson, Bart., His Majesty's sole Agent and Superintendant of Indian Affairs for the Northern Department of North America, Colonel of the Six United Nations, their Allies and Dependants, &c., &c.
>
> To . . . Whereas, I have received repeated proofs of your attachment to his Britannic Majesty's Interests and Zeal for his service, upon sundry occasions more particularly . . . I do therefor give you this public Testimonial therefor, as a proof of his Majesty's Esteem and Approbation, Declaring you, the said . . . to be a . . . of your . . . and recommending it to all his Majesty's Subjects and faithful Indian Allies to Treat and Consider you upon all occasions agreeable to your character, station, and services. . . . Given under my hand and seal at Arms, at Johnson Hall, the . . . day of . . ., 17 . . .
>
> By command of Sir William Johnson.

The festal spirit grew as time wore on. For his tenantry and household he revived old country sports, like archery, fencing, and cudgelling. From its foundation Johnstown had "sports days," with prizes for the victors. Boxing bouts and foot races were favorites at these gatherings, and also on "militia days" when the local companies were mustered for dress parade. When Sir John's militia troop came together, no doubt there would be horse races as well. The Johnson flair for good horse flesh still rules the valley at this point, the names of horses owned within ten miles of Johnson Hall figure in the lists of winners of famous stakes, including of late years the Grand National at Aintree, England, and the Kentucky Derby. In horsey gatherings the frontier note was almost sure to be struck by rowdy races—riders' heads to horses' tails and races

Joseph Brant, Mohawk protégé of Johnson, as he appeared during his London visit. The original was in the possession of James Boswell, Esq., the famous biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Boswell entertained the Indian leader in London in 1776.

with two riders to a horse. It was on such a field day that Johnson found Miss Molly. Merriment on field days rose high when young men of all shades of skin, stripped down to breeches or loin cloths, chased the greased pig or climbed the greased pole. Simms says Sir William introduced the sack race, without which no picnic is complete; also that he introduced two other sports since, happily obsolete. He would give a bladder of Scots' snuff to the old woman who could outscold competitors, and toss pennies into mud puddles for the boys to fish out, while the water and mud from their endeavors flew over the spectators. All in all, it must be conceded that Sir William squeezed out of frontier life his share of amusement.

. . . . . .

Ageing Sir William enjoyed fishing, a sport in which heavy, reflective men seem to find rare satisfaction. At his very door began the Adirondack wilderness, with perhaps the best fishing mortal man has ever enjoyed in this beautiful world. Dr. Daly is identified as the Baronet's usual companion on fishing expeditions; he is mentioned in the Baronet's will as one "for whom I have a particular regard." Picture these two genial souls, accompanied by one or two slaves with baskets amply filled, setting forth, from the Hall for the Fish House on Sacandaga river, near the great bend that forest-born stream makes on its way from the heart of the Adirondacks to the Hudson. Simms gives us this description of the camp:

> Traversing the forest in the French war, from Ticonderoga to Fort Johnson, his then residence, no doubt first made Sir William Johnson familiar with the make of the country adjoining the Sacondaga river; and soon after the close of that war he erected a lodge for his convenience, while hunting and fishing, on the south side of the river, nearly eighteen miles distant from his own dwelling. The lodge was ever after called *The Fish House*. It was an oblong square framed building, with two rooms below, and walls sufficiently high (one and

a half stories) to have afforded pleasant chambers. Its site was on a knoll within the present garden of Dr. Langdon I. Marvin, and about thirty rods from the river. It fronted the south. Only one room in the building was ever finished, that was in the west end, and had a chimney and fire place. The house was never painted, and in the Revolution it was burnt down, but by whom or whose authority, is unknown.

The fishermen could stay comfortably at Fish House as long as the fish kept biting; or, come evening, they could retire to Castle Cumberland, named for the Duke who gave Johnson a chance to shine under Braddock. Simms says Castle Cumberland was built in 1772, while Stone thinks Johnson built "an elegant summer villa on the edge of the great Vlaie, in the present town of Broadalbin," previous to his visit to Detroit in 1761. The latter is certainly correct, for Sir William used a Castle Cumberland date line in writing to General Gage on April 22, 1760. Probably Johnson was there on that date getting construction started before the campaign opened, for a year later he wrote his son-in-law, Claus, on March 10, from the same place:

I keep here mostly since I came home & my Brother (Warren) who desires to be remembered to you. We are all well thank God, and will be glad to hear you are so. Yr. Friend Brants Thomas dyed lately, as did the Seneca Drunkard & many Indians of yr. acquaintance. This Improvement goes on verry well. You would scarce know it now.[8]

However, it is quite possible that Sir William, an inveterate builder, may have remodeled or added to the castle in 1772. Castle Cumberland is called a "cottage" by Simms and "an elegant summer villa" by Stone; but more properly it was what the English write down as a "shooting-box." From Sir William's diary of his western journeys we know the Baronet was fond of shooting; and the location of Castle Cumberland indicates that he chose it with an eye to the game best followed by weakening legs—birds. The house occupied the center of a

little knoll or table of hard land elevated some ten or twelve feet above the Vlaie, a swampy tract attractive to water fowl in spring and autumn and giving cover to quail, partridge and woodcock at other seasons. Deer and other large game no doubt were also plentiful in the vicinity. The "little knoll or table of hard land" called Summer House Point occupied ten or twelve acres from which the great swamp stretched away for miles. Here the Baronet "spent much of his time in the summer for several seasons," in a setting best described by Simms:

> From Johnstown to this point, which is just fourteen miles, the Baronet opened a carriage road . . . The house erected on Summerhouse point stood exactly in its centre. It was a tasty one story building, fronting the south, upon which side was its front entrance. The roof sloped north and south. A piazza supported by square columns extended around the sides and east end, with a promenade upon the top nearly as high as the eaves. It had a gable window at each end on the first floor, and two windows at each end on the second. A hall ran across the building in the centre, with a square room on each side of it handsomely finished, well furnished, and each room lighted by two front windows. It had a nice cellar kitchen, the entrance to which was on the west end which room was always occupied in the summer season by *Nicholas* and *Flora,* a pair of the Baronet's slaves, who were there to keep everything in order, and minister to his comfort during his visits. The cottage was painted white, with the corners, doors, window casings and columns painted green, as was the English taste of the times—the whole contrasting beautifully with the wild scenery around.
>
> A large garden was cultivated on the point, two cows kept there, and when the Baronet was there two horses also; as he usually rode there in a carriage. He planted fruit trees there, and two antiquated apple trees of a dozen or more are still standing. The stone of which the cellar and well were made, were brought from Fish House in a boat, and as stone were scarce on the sandy lands contiguous, early settlers with sacrilegious propensity have carried off and converted them to other uses.

In his novel of the Johnson scene, Harold Frederic mentions another Johnson seat, which he calls Mountjoy Pleasure House, where the Baronet entertained hugely and the younger men of

the family staged gay parties. We can find no trace of any establishment of that name; but we fancy the wooden walls of Castle Cumberland frequently shook to gales of merry laughter both when the Baronet was present and when he was absent. However, from the number of letters dictated to Guy and dispatched from the Castle, it is evident that Sir William never neglected either the business of state or commerce while he was in residence there. In general, we believe the tales of gay doings by the Baronet and his guests at this autumnal stage of his life are vastly overstated, due to the acid imaginations of homespun neighbors who could not understand how persons with the means to raise the devil ever refrained from doing so. Certainly the wildest party at Castle Cumberland would have been considered a tame affair compared with those reported in the New York press a hundred and fifty years later. In the case of the Johnsons the gossip was colored in the later years of the Baronet's life by political bias, as the pleasures of an Irish feudal family were reviewed by Dutch and German neighbors preparing to defy the King to whom the Johnsons clung. Even so, the gossip ran mostly against the young Johnsons and not against Sir William, who amid all this backwoods elegance, kept the common touch so well that he was the first man any of his neighbors ran to in need or peril.

. . . . . .

Most of Johnson's acres were tilled by tenant farmers. Some of these were Irish from his own County Meath, a few were Dutch and Germans, but the large tract near Johnson Hall was peopled by Highland Scots brought over direct from the old country. Even during the war he kept promoting settlement; and at its close had located in and around the present site of Johnstown more than a hundred families. In his journeys, both on war and on Indian business he always kept an eye open for

officers who were planning to locate in America after their services were no longer needed. Offers of land and capital brought many settlers of this superior type to his tracts. Fifty-acre plots near Johnstown were given to Lutheran and Calvinist groups, to help them support ministers.

Lots and farms were sold to industrious men on reasonable terms; and to both tenants and installment buyers Sir William offered every assistance a good neighbor and landlord could. By importing seeds and vines, maintaining well-bred sires, and promoting horticulture, he placed the splendid agriculture of the valley on a firm foundation.

The spring of '61, following the worst winter in his experience, found the home-loving Baronet ready to expand and refine the agriculture of his estate. In this, as in so many enterprises, he relied on Claus to help him, his letters to his son-in-law being full of homely details at this period.

> If you can get and send me some Seeds wh. we have not of the kind here, I shall be obliged to you, also some grape Vines if they can be sent safe. If you can get one such a horse as the one I have from Chevalier La Corn, to match in draft, pray buy him & send him by safe hand. I cannot pay for him in Milk Cows as you mentioned, as it would be so difficult to transport them thither. Buy him for money or anything else there to be had. If you cannot get the little curiosities I wanted, it is no Matter, if you can get a bargain of any good piece of Household Plate, and fashionable, I would have y. buy it to the amount of One Hundred Pounds, but not unless it is good and cheap.[4]

His letters frequently came bearing seeds: from Philadelphia Francis Wade sent him some magnolia seeds in 1768, and other plants to be set up in tubs of earth. Joseph Chew, a life-long friend who moved from New London to the Mohawk late in life in order to be near Johnson, was especially diligent in forwarding seeds, scions and bulbs, with directions for grafting and gardening.

The farm at Johnson Hall seems to have been maintained

largely as an experiment station and good example in husbandry for the benefit of a neighborhood still suffering from frontier fever and the war itch. There Bouw-master Flood, with the help of ten to fifteen slaves, set such a high standard that Sir William could write to a friend: "If you wish to see good husbandry, you must come up here and make me a visit." A comprehensive letter on the subject of his importations and improvements, written to the Society for the Promotion of Arts in 1765, was destroyed by fire, but Stone preserved one paragraph which shows the trend of the whole:

> Before I set the example, no farmer on the Mohawk river ever raised so much as a single load of hay; at present, some raise above one hundred. The like was the case with regard to sheep, to which they were entire strangers until I introduced them.

At Johnstown Sir William organized the Tryon County Fair in 1773, paying the premiums out of his own purse.

. . . . . .

In his settlement at Johnstown Sir William established the first free school in the territory which is now the State of New York, if not the first free school in America. This school was presided over by a tyrant named Edward Wall, who had the bully's habit of deferring to quality. Part of his task being to conduct classes at the Hall for the Baronet's children, he treated them with far more consideration than he did the children of the settlers and servants. Still, the fact that Sir William made education free of everything except bruises and welts must be laid to his credit. Simms' picture of this establishment and its mentor is worth having:

> Sir William erected a school-house in Johnstown soon after he located there. It was an oblong building with a desk at one end, and stood on the diagonal corner of the streets from the county clerk's office . . . To begin a village, he also erected at the same time six dwelling houses in the vicinity of the school-house. They were each

some 30 feet long fronting the street, by 18 or 20 feet deep, were one and a half stories high, with two square rooms on the floor. Those dwellings and the school-house were all painted yellow. One of the earliest if not in fact the first teacher of this school was an arbitrary Irishman named Wall, who taught only the common English branches. An Episcopal church was also erected in Johnstown under the patronage of Sir William, several years before his death.

In the street in front of the school-house, public stocks and a whipping post were placed, the former of which was a terror to truant boys, whose feet not unfrequently graced them . . . Wall was very severe with most of his pupils, but the Baronet's children were made an exception to his clemency—they ever being treated with kind partiality and pointed indulgence. He observed the most rigid formality in teaching his scholars *manners*.

CHAPTER XXXVI

WAR IN THE WEST

YOU may recall that Sir William, on his way home from Detroit in '61, was told by young Lieutenant Brown that General Amherst, now Sir Jeffrey Amherst, Knight of the Bath, would soon be going back to England. To Johnson, hampered in Indian relations by the General's policy of parsimony, these must have seemed glad tidings. Perhaps it is unfair to credit Amherst with the policy of retrenchment, which had its root in the widespread English belief that enough English gold had been spent in America for purely American purposes. Reducing Indian appropriations was of a piece with the various taxes Parliament imposed to wring from the reluctant colonies funds to apply on the war debt contracted on this continent. One can credit the legality and good intent of these measures without granting them wisdom. To keep the thirteen colonies in any sort of leash, however silken, would have been worth a thousand times more than the entire cost of the American war. Similarly, all the presents Sir William could have bestowed on his Indian wards would have cost England less than the treasures expended in crushing the Indian uprising of '63.[1]

However, the policy and the man happened to fit with painful nicety. Both were cold and hard. A commander-in-chief more warmly inclined toward the Indians might have put into effect a harsh policy with a light, politic touch. Kind words and a sympathetic attitude went far with these children of nature. But Amherst's letters reveal his dislike and distrust of Indians, and his complete unwillingness to court them. He speaks of the

"Powerfull and Heavy Hand" with which he will chastise them; he is so suspicious of them that they are denied the gun powder necessary for hunting; he advised post officers to shoot to kill at Indian thieves,[8] forgetting that members of tribes holding property in common would hardly have much consciousness of guilt in taking what they needed. After the tight, mailed fist had roused the inevitable reaction, he wrote this statement of his feeling toward the owners of the soil:

> My Faith in the Indians has always been so small that this behavior of theirs does not Surprize me, altho I am sorry they have been able to put their Schemes so far in Execution, owing to the Thinness of our Garrisons; I am well persuaded that our Security must always Depend upon our own Superiority & not on their Friendship or Generosity.[8]

We grant Sir Jeffrey was a just man; and that his orders to post commanders in the Indian country contain every evidence of his desire to treat Indians fairly, according to English law and ethics. But it can be put down as an axiom that, in dealing with a race problem at a distance, a superior's unfavorable attitude toward the governed is easily transmitted to his subordinates, while a policy involving native rights is difficult to enforce. In spite of royal decrees and military edicts, white soldiers and traders fraternized at frontier posts, with the Indian on the losing end of practically all deals and arguments. Amherst's hint that wild wretches required a heavy hand found ready acceptance among his officers, while the kinship of blood restrained them from applying Amherst's stern justice at the expense of traders and settlers.

Even if tightening the purse strings should prove sound policy for the long run, it was bad policy during the early stages of the English occupation of New France. That occupation rested upon a capitulation signed at Montreal by the Governor of Canada in '60. This surrender had never been ratified by France. The peace of Paris, establishing the British in formal possession

of all French territory east of the Mississippi, except a small enclave around New Orleans, was not signed until February, 1763, or known in the heart of the affected country until July. For more than two years, therefore, English tenure continued uncertain; their troops were squatters rather than the agents of an undisputed sovereignty. Those well disposed toward France might reasonably hope that the monarch never would ratify Vaudreuil's hasty capitulation. To Indians schooled in French generosity and easy social relations, to French traders and French half-breed coureurs de bois, to French factors and officers on the distant Mississippi, it seemed incredible that the British could hold their colossal winnings. A little luck on the high seas, or in India, or even at the peace table—and down might come the royal standard from the masts where it had displaced the Bourbon lilies. In this uncertainty, intrigue continued; it was part of the military problem. A wise commander would have recognized it as such, and would have moved against it with the indicated weapons.

The indicated weapons were two—gifts and fair words; or, as this generation puts it, subsidies and propaganda. All the elements of the situation called for generosity outrivaling that of the ousted French. Of English military manners perhaps little might be expected; but English gold, via rum, blankets, and other satisfactions of soul and body, would have been as effective in restraining rebellion then as it has been later in various backwoods arenas. Amherst never seems to have comprehended this. Occupant of lands whence his troops might yet be ousted by agreement, and where they were doomed to be the targets of intrigue, he lent himself to a policy, and himself popularized an attitude, each of which led direct toward rebellion. Even when Sir Jeffrey was recalled six months after the outbreak at Detroit, he seems not to have comprehended how

his splendid record in the war against France had been written off in public opinion by his failure in Indian relations.

. . . . . .

The same forces which almost brought revolt in '61 continued through the two following years, while Sir William Johnson had been striving to save Indian lands and assuage Indian jealousies at Easton, Hartford, and other councils. No fortunate accident, like the "leak" in the Wyandot village, occurred to wreck this plot at its birth. This time the ringleader was no Seneca seeking help at a distance, a visitor from one Indian Confederacy, asking aid of the old-time foes of his people. "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," as Parkman dramatically calls the Indian effort, was made in Detroit.

The word "conspiracy" hardly fits the case. The French townsmen, like townsmen everywhere and always, largely accepted *force majeure.* Turned over to the enemy by a craven governor, as if they had been so many sheep, they had no recourse but submission. Their properties lay under the guns of the forts. But the woodsmen and wandering traders, free spirits all, felt under no obligation to respect Vaudreuil's capitulation. To stir up the Indians against the English seemed in no sense underhanded, but an act of war. Actually the peace of Paris had been signed three months when hostilities began; yet no one knew that fact when the stroke was being matured and the war psychology still ruled. Furthermore, the conspiring was of a most rudimentary nature. Pontiac took time to bring all, or nearly all, the Detroit Indians into his plan; but apparently his arrangements went little further afield at the outset. In comparing the dates of the opening of hostilities at the various posts one realizes that there was no concerted action over a wide area:

Detroit, May 7	Michilimackinac, June 4
Fort Pitt, May 27	Niagara, June 5
Wiatenon, June 1	Presque Isle, June 15

Venango, June 18

The chronology disposes of the myth of a widespread liaison in advance. In each case plenty of time intervened between the Detroit attack and the other to permit the sending of belts and discussion in council before the hatchet was taken up by the distant tribesmen. Apparently, after the near-by Indians struck at Detroit, Pontiac sent out his war belts and messages. The recipients convened and made their decisions. Most of them came out for war. The Senecas took two weeks longer than the Delawares to decide. The Menominees, around Green Bay, held aloof, out of liking and respect for Ensign Gorrell, the post commander. Obviously, Pontiac's part in these scattered operations of '63 went little further than attacking Detroit and spreading the news.

According to a current estimate of enemy strength by Sir William Johnson, the Detroit tribes numbered about a thousand fighting men, and of these Pontiac had won to his cause all but a faction of the Hurons or Wyandots under Teata. These were the so-called "good Hurons" of the Pontiac manuscript, written by a Frenchman who sympathized with the beleaguered English. At the most, therefore, Pontiac commanded only a tenth of the whole number of warriors credited to all the tribes which went on the warpath. Even in the Detroit operations his control was probably slight over all forces except his own tribe, the Ottawas. A great movement in the Indian world has come down to history tagged with a name far too small and ignoble to describe it properly. "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" was less a conspiracy than a war, and a far greater war than Pontiac could have managed.

The measure of Pontiac as a military leader can be taken by

comparing his operation against Detroit with the comparable operation of the Delawares and Shawnees, against Fort Pitt. Pontiac had practically a year in which to capture that stockaded town; but he never came close to doing so, and his forces showed slight knowledge of siege warfare. On the other hand, from July 26 until repelled by Colonel Bouquet's column on August 5, the Delawares and Shawnees dug themselves in around Fort Pitt in a way which proved they had learned from watching white warriors. In eleven days they came closer to taking Fort Pitt than Pontiac did to taking Detroit in as many months. This might be explained on the ground that Pontiac had seen fewer white operations than the Delawares; but this hardly squares with the tale that he had served under the great Montcalm and boasted a French officer's uniform given him by the Marquis. The fact that the garrison kept supplying itself from Canadian farms near-by indicates that the Indian chieftain was hardly the military marvel whom tradition exalts.

Neither does Pontiac quite fit the pattern of the noble red man of tradition. His treatment of Major Campbell, whom he invited into his camp to discuss a truce and kept until murdered by one of his confederates, is enough to disqualify Pontiac for any claim to nobility. His murder of a child excited his own people against him. All that can be said for Pontiac is that he was a loyal friend of the French, whom he fully believed to be on the way to redeem Canada, and that he was a persuasive orator.

How, then, did this man achieve his eminence? Chiefly, we fancy, because he had those two powerful mainsprings—a great love and a great hate. His love for France seems to have been sincere; his hero, Montcalm, was dead, but he invested Montcalm's nation with the latter's qualities of heart and soul. He believed French traders and woodsmen when they brought word from the Ohio of French preparations to recover America.

To his resulting hate for the English had been added a personal affront. Sir William Johnson had somewhat slighted the Ottawas in favor of the Hurons or Wyandots at the Detroit conference of '61. In his diary under date of Tuesday, September 15, 1761, Sir William says that he visited the Huron council room and told the Hurons he looked upon them as the head of the Ottawa Confederacy. News like that could not long stay hid in the Indian world, which had its full share of gossip. While Pontiac seems to have shunned the Detroit conference of '61, or at least to have remained unaccountably silent there, he must have found the Ottawas as tinder to his touch after their dethronement became known. It was probably owing to this elevation that an influential section of the Hurons, under Chief Teata, remained neutral long after the siege of Detroit began. However, this advantage was clearly not enough gain to offset the rancor of the Ottawas. We look upon Sir William's establishment of Huron headship of the Ottawa Confederacy as his one great blunder in Indian diplomacy. It stands out as a signal failure against a broad background of success in a most difficult field.

. . . . . .

To Sir William the first news of the blaze in the West seems to have come from Interpreter De Couagne at Fort Niagara. On June 5, he wrote that our old friend, Wabbicommicot, he of the hat, had been in for rum, which was refused by the commandant, "as he has the General's orders to the contrary." Upon this the chief said:

> he would come here once more, and if he was Refused Rum (as he only asked a little) We must take care of the Consequences . . . he thought the English were too Venturesome to go so far into the Indian Country, as they gave them no presents & he was afraid that We should soon hear bad News.[4]

Wabby's threat soon materialized in an attack on a trader's flotilla—two killed, one wounded, fourteen prisoners. The Chippewas were painted red and black—war colors.

Just before this letter was dispatched to Sir William, the interpreter added a postscript of a worse loss:

> More disagreeable is just arrived An Officer is just come in and Report that he and his party About 100 men was Attack'd by Indians near the Detroit river. Only himself & about 30 or 40 men are Come here. The Major (Wilkins of the Royal Americans) is writing the General of this affair.[5]

This was the engagement in which the ugliest of fates for fighting men overtook a small reinforcement on its way to Detroit, which had already been invested. The party consisted of less than a hundred men and officers under Lieutenant Cuyler of the Queen's Independents. Within twenty-five miles of their destination and at eleven o'clock at night, they were surprised so completely that only two boatloads of the Independents, with Cuyler at their head, escaped. Forty of his Independents and twenty Royal Americans lost their lives, either in the engagement or by being burned at the stake a little later, as Pontiac judged the flagging enthusiasm of the besieging forces before Detroit needed bracing by a rousing spectacle in the good old savage style.

That the Chippewas were not alone in war paint Sir William saw from a second letter of De Couagne written the next day, in which the interpreter says:

> The Old Belt's daughter has been informed this day by a Senecas Chachim to quit this place, as they had recd. a Belt from the Indians arounds Pittsborough to take up the Bloody Hatchet, and that all the surrounding Indians in them parts are absolutely determined thereupon. An answer the Senecas have not yet given to those who sent the Belt till such times as all the Schachims must be first made acquainted of their proceedings. They likewise have sent with the Belt three scalps which they took in about Pittsbourg.[6]

This letter reached Johnson when he was ill, but he rallied to action at once, writing to Amherst:

I have only time to assure you that all effectual measures shall be undertaken and promoted by me for the defense of the Frontier, for which purpose I have proposed and strongly recommended to young Mr Rensselaer, Lord of the Manor, to exert himself in raising some men, and heading them, to give assistance to the Troops your Excellency has sent up.[7]

On July 1 the Superintendent thought it necessary, in view of the bloody events of the summer, to bring up to date his views on record with the Lords of Trade and Plantations. While forced to defer to the Commander-in-chief, under the terms of his commission from the King, Johnson always kept the channel of communication with London open, with the result that the civil administration of colonial affairs there was ever in position to keep a sharp eye on the military. This letter puts the onus neatly on others without attempting to belittle any individual:

Your Lordships may please to observe by my letter before mentioned [of August last] that I therein represented the jealousy which the Indians in general entertained of the increasing power of the English . . . In 1761, I had in a great measure removed these prejudices at the Conference which I then held with the Ottawa Confederacy at the *Detroit* and delivered them a handsome present (which is the surest method of proving the reality of Words to Indians) but as these Nations are Warlike, numerous and accustomed to receive considerable gifts and good treatment from the French for permitting them to occupy the several posts, to the Northward, & westward of the *Detroit,* which custom I was in no wise able to continue to them, they began to look on our friendship as not very interesting . . . The too general opinion which has lately prevailed, that they were an Enemy of very little power, or consequence & not worth our attention occasioned their being treated throughout the Country with a neglect, which never fails being resented by them . . . the *Misisaga's and Chipeweghs* (who I am well informed have been greatly encouraged thereto by some Officers sent amongst them from the Gov[r] of New Orleans) have lately endeavored to surprise the Detroit, and now closely block-

ade the same, they have likewise totally defeated a Detachment of 100 men who were on their way from *Niagara* for that place with a large quantity of provisions which has fallen into their hands.[8]

In the same letter Johnson expressed his fear of the Senecas, who so long enjoyed liberal donations from the French; and stated that he had called the Six Nations to a meeting at the German Flats, hoping to bind them to a strict neutrality and obtain assistance against the Western Indians.

Sir William's immediate reactions to the news from Detroit are described in a letter written from his sick bed to Acting Governor Colden, on July 13:

> On receipt of the first intelligence of cutting off our people and sôme out Posts, I sent several Messages to the Six Nations which have been of ye greatest Service, & Lately I judged it necessary to call them to a Meeting at ye German Flatts, that I might settle ye minds of the Wavering, & secure them to our interest at least as far as to keep them Neuter, to which meeting they are now on, and I purpose setting out for ye place appointed tomorrow Morning—On the first Alarm I Issued the necessary Orders to the Militia, wh. were to provide themselves with Sufficient Amunition and Arms, So as to be in readiness when called upon, I am sorry to say they are but very ill provided with Amunition, it being a verry dear & Scarce Article here and many so poor they are not able to purchase it, which I think ought to be considered by the Government—I have also had the Militia in Arms and about 50 Volunteers to go up to the Posts, but several of them I understand have deserted, on hearing they were to be sent to Detroit &ca, be assured Sir I shall on every occasion continue to issue such orders as may appear necessary, and take everry other Step in my power wh can possibly appear requisite for ye good of the Service, and the Protection of the Country, the Inhabitants of which are in a great panick & only induced to stay by my encouragement, & Example.[9]

Parkman in his *Conspiracy of Pontiac* cites numerous instances where whole frontier settlements ran away in fright, so shocking were the tales from the West. The counties south of Albany saw one of those useless flights. Partly to reassure his neighbors, partly to meet a threat which came to him from many quarters that he was again a marked man, Sir William fortified

Johnson Hall. He put his tenants under arms and a drill sergeant, and drew from Amherst a squad of soldiers to occupy the stone blockhouse. As an added precaution he organized a second troop of Albany county horse based at Schenectady, the Albany troop being too far away from the frontier to give the required protection.

On July 14, Sir William heaved himself out of his sick bed to take horse for German Flats, there to confer with three hundred and forty Indians, representing all the Six Nations except the Senecas. In his report to Colden, occurs this summary of the proceedings, thrice welcome to the Acting Governor as being the first official tidings that the red ruin begun at Detroit had been checked on the borders of New York:

> The Congress lasted some days, but my present hurry, accompanied with many alarms will not permit my giving a recital of the proceedings, I must therefore only observe in general, that the Indians of the Five Nations who attended the conference Expressed their resolutions in the warmest terms for continuing peaceable and well disposed toward us; Imputed the behavior of the Western Indians, partly to belts, and speeches left among them by the French, to instigate them to defend their liberties, and partly to our cool treatment, and the many posts we occupied thro' out their Country, They then assured me of their intentions to bring the Senecas to reason, or otherwise to Quarrell with them . . .[10]

Two months later Johnson threw the hatchet down before his Iroquois guests at the first great Council of the Confederacy called at his new house, Johnson Hall, on September 7. At the close of his speech, he said:

> I now deliver you a good English axe, which I desire you will give to the warriors of all your nations, with directions to use it against these covenant-breakers, by cutting off the bad links which have sullied the chain of friendship.[11]

The Five Nations of the League took the hatchet, but the Onondagas and Cayugas showed little enthusiasm. An Onondaga chief replied to Johnson's announcement that Bradstreet

would lead a great army to Detroit next year, "Your foot is broad and heavy, take care that you do not tread on us." But the eastern tribes sent out small war parties, and the Canadian delegates proved the excellence of Captain Claus's work among them by sending messages to the Senecas and Delawares, asking them to bury the hatchet:

> We have heard that many wild Indians in the West, with tails like bears, have let fall the chain of friendship, and taken up the hatchet against our brethren the English. We desire you to hold fast the chain and shut your ears against their words.[12]

Between these two councils Johnson suffered a relapse of his former disorder. Unable to move, he conducted a vigorous correspondence with Amherst and the Lords of Trade. The former would not authorize Johnson to begin peace procedure until the enemy had received a thorough drubbing; but he had the goodness to say that Sir William could make peace when the enemy had been sufficiently "strafed." The fact that traders and settlers were likely to suffer frightful losses in the meantime does not seem to have occurred to Sir Jeffrey. He advised Johnson to snub the Senecas outright, not permitting them "to come within your door." As for demolishing any of the posts to which the tribes took objection, he says:

> Before the present Insurrection, I had some thought of Demolishing the small posts But now I am Determined not to give up a Single Post, that I think may be of the least Service for keeping up the Communication, & for the Security of the Country; I see no Right the Indians have to make such a Demand.[13]

So far did Amherst's anti-Indian bias carry him that, almost to the end of his régime, he held out against Johnson's pleas that loyal Indians should be used against the western hostiles. But at length Amherst's rigidity wore through London's patience. London sought, not to punish Indians, but to trade with them. England, sick of war, was in a mood to count the

cost of every candle-wick burned in this outlandish American war. Pitt, the war lord, had been pulled off France's collar by lesser, more pacific men. Witham Marsh wrote Johnson confidentially from New York on October 31 that a "certain person" no longer has authority in Indian affairs and will soon go home.[14] A long official arm tapped Sir Jeffrey on the shoulder, calling him to higher honors, after the pleasant manner of an empire which treats its loyal servants well. Lampooned in England as a failure, he was genuinely mourned in America as a victor who had overstayed success. We rate him the ablest British soldier ever sent to the American colonies. Wolfe and Bouquet might surpass him in the command of troops in the field, the one in dash, the other in tenacity of purpose; but Amherst stood alone in competence to plan and prepare. As such he was the ideal commander-in-chief to crash the inner gates of Canada. But so perfect a flower of pre-Napoleon soldiering was Jeffrey Amherst that force was to him the all in all of generalship. He had never heard of a politic proclamation doing the work of a thousand cannon. It never occurred to him that a simple people could be won to a new allegiance by simple, and relatively inexpensive, means.[15]

Perhaps Amherst could have understood Indian psychology, but it is certain he never made the effort. A highly specialized soldier met, in the Indian, something not in the military textbooks; and when that something squirmed from under his powerful and heavy hand, "crush the vermin" sprang unbidden to his lips. Empires, however, are not built entirely by crushing vermin; even inferior beings must sometimes be preserved until their superiors are ready to take over. The vermin gnawed the clay feet of this giant to dust and he fell. Probably no one was surprised at his fall except Amherst himself. Over the reputations of Braddock, Loudoun, Abercromby, and Webb, America had written the word "failure;" there is pathos in see-

ing the same word written, as a dismal aftermath, across the reputation of Amherst, the cool, resistless conqueror of Canada. Johnson's sane policy of an early peace and fair trade for the Indian owners of the hinterland quietly triumphed, and the Indian superintendent sat down to formulate a new system of Indian relations for the West.

CHAPTER XXXVII

SIR WILLIAM MAKES PEACE

DURING the winter of 1763-64 Sir William Johnson, with the approval of the new commander-in-chief, General Gage, matured his plans for an early peace, based on humbling ringleaders and establishing friendly relations with peoples. Clearly, the Senecas must be caught first. A successful attack on Kanestio, an intolerable robber nest, and the steady propaganda of Mohawk peace agents, brought the Seneca sachems to Johnson Hall to sign a preliminary peace treaty in April, reviewable at Niagara later. This enabled Sir William to send embassies along forest paths far and wide inviting the hostiles to a great peace council at Niagara in July, these parties stressing the fact that the Six Nations were now united in the British interest.[1]

Alexander Henry records the dramatic arrival of one of these peace embassies at an Ojibwa camp at Sault Ste. Marie. As the principal ambassador proffered the peace belt he said:

> My friends and brothers, I am come with this belt from our great father, Sir William Johnson. He desired me to come to you, as his ambassador, and tell you that he is making a great feast at Fort Niagara; that his kettles are all ready, and his fires lit. He invites you to partake of the feast, in common with your friends, the Six Nations, which have all made peace with the English. He advises you to seize this opportunity of doing the same, as you cannot otherwise fail of being destroyed; for the English are on their march with a great army, which will be joined by different bodies of Indians. In a word, before the fall of the leaf, they will be at Michilimackinac, and the Six Nations with them.[2]

In the quandary presented by Johnson's messengers the Ojibwas held a seance with their top animal guardian, Great Turtle, the medicine man being in the cabinet. After a terrific hubbub, the weak, puppy-like voice of the Great Turtle was heard to say:

> Sir William Johnson will fill your canoes with presents; with blankets, kettles, gunpowder and shot and large barrels of rum, such as the stoutest of Indians will not be able to lift; and every man will return in safety to his family. (Chorus of happy voices from thirsty braves, saying, "I will go, too; I will go, too.")[3]

While Pontiac and some of his leading aides may have entertained deep political designs, no doubt the majority of their supporters leaped into the fray for the sheer thrill of fighting hated foes, and a chance to loot their storehouses. In a generation or two their forest economy has been shattered by white man's goods. Guns and powder had driven bows and arrows into second place; their women wanted French finery; their men wanted rum. For these new-fangled tools and thrills their braves would wade through blood. Even if every post and fort in the West had fallen, the Indians would soon have invited the English back again, for the sake of their weapons, goods and liquor. As soon as the war dried up the supply of these essentials, the frail bark of Indian statecraft drifted steadily toward the haven of peace.

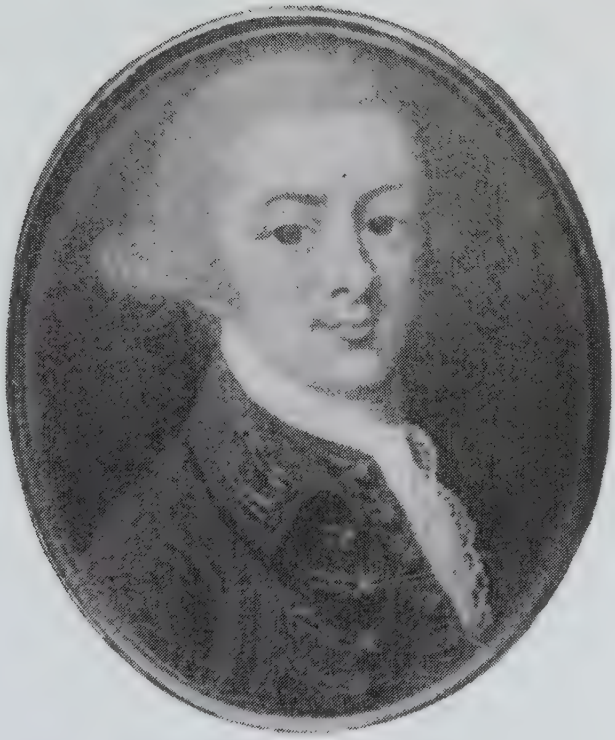
The rebellion itself was doomed to certain and prompt failure unless the strong posts at the three corners of the Fort Pitt—Niagara—Detroit triangle fell early. Ever one-shot fighters, unschooled in the discipline of standing punishment under fire, they had small chance to capture these salients save by stealth. At both Niagara and Detroit courageous Indian fighting caused heavy losses to sortie parties, but they could make no impression on the defenses of the forts. Under loose tribal discipline, their numbers declined. When Sir William pulled the Senecas back

to the ancient covenant, the wise old men and women of the tribes knew Pontiac was defeated. More discouraging still, word came from the Mississippi that France had at last yielded to England everything east of that stream. Regiments returned from Havana wasted by fever were now ready for action. As the blundering giant moved forward again, keen ears, held to the ground all over North America, heard that powerful tread from afar. The red man knew he was hungry and thirsty—and whipped. Pontiac drifted off toward the Maumee, toward the Illinois, toward the back of the beyond.

. . . . . .

To Colonel Bradstreet, hero of Frontenac, fell the assignment of visiting the West as the conquering hero, receiving the submission of the Indians of the Lake Erie shores and welcoming the enduring garrison of Detroit back to contacts with their own race. Both Rogers and Johnson had preceded him to the ordeal by the West. Of the three Americans who emerged with greatest credit from the Seven Years' War, Bradstreet went west last, and with the easiest task. His column left Albany late in June, and Johnson joined it a few days later, going along as far as Niagara, where he arrived on July 8 by boat from Oswego.

The late hostiles came humbly to meeting. Chippewas (Ojibwas) from the borders of Lake Superior, Ottawas from Michilimackinac, Nipissings from the lake which bears their name, Menominees from Green Bay, and Hurons from Detroit, came to Niagara in midsummer of 1764 to meet the man who had once before enforced peace with mere words. Onondagas were present; and Senecas came drifting in, offering excuses for tardiness that were not accepted, and conscious that peace in their case could be brought only by a concession of land



THE SON AND HEIR

John Johnson in his youth. From a miniature painting in the possession of Jane A. Riggs, Washington, D. C.

along the river which had witnessed one of the blackest exploits of the war, the slaughter at the Devil's Hole. As breakers of an ancient covenant they were penalized by the loss of four miles on both sides of the Niagara river, the only penalty Johnson exacted of any tribe.

The general disposition of the western deputies was to plead ignorance of the causes of the war. Some of them talked as if they had hardly heard of it. One Ottawa chief had heard a little bird whistle an account of it, and, going to Michilimackinac, found the worst to be true. But they met a man in this council who knew everything about the war, and knew how much they knew.

To insure complete submission and accommodate all disputes at Niagara, Johnson had at command a powerful instrument. This was the assurance that general tranquillity in the western country was the one condition of the reëstablishment of trade. The delegates were pleading poverty; they needed ammunition, rum, and other articles. These they could have, said Sir William, by being peaceable and compelling the belligerent tribes to return to the paths of peace. They would best prove their sincerity by furnishing warriors to accompany the army which was about to march against the offending Nations. The following extract from one of his speeches illustrates his style of appeal to hungry and thirsty aborigines:

> As you are a sensible people I Expect you'll comply with this, & that you will have no objection to sending your young men agt a bad people who have deprived you of Trade & would lessen our Esteem for Indians: You know how Treacherously they surprised our Fort at Michilimackinac. If that was Yet in order we could have goods there & Supply you at a reasonable rate witht makg you take such long Journeys, but we have at present no place of security for Goods at that place, so that till we are once again in poss^{n}. of it you must be greatly distressed.[4]

The distress and submission of the Indians at this council are illustrated in a strong light by the terms which a Chippewa chief employed on the 13th:

> We are a poor & foolish People . . . we are peaceably inclined, & wish to live long, we have no evil thoughts, they are chiefly taken up in thinking of y^t^. Darling Water made by Man . . . we again beg to have liberty to trade as formerly, & that you will let the Rum run a little as our People will expect on our return to taste y^r^. Water wh they like above all things.[5]

Hunger and thirst brought them to Niagara; Johnson sent them away chastened but hopeful of full stomachs, warm backs, and a friend at court.

A new technique in Johnson statecraft appears in this mightiest of Indian gatherings, where fourteen hundred tribesmen had gathered. In place of a general council, like those in which he met the Six Nations, he fell back upon the method of holding separate meetings with each of the deputations present. At Detroit in '61 he had followed Six Nations precedents, holding a general council with all the Detroit Indians and the neighboring tribes. Possibly the peace made there would have been more lasting if he had pursued the French policy of "divide and rule." The orderly and constitutional procedure of the Iroquois peoples could not be matched west of Niagara; there one found a yeasty ferment of raw tribes and shifting alliances. Manifestly, the western tribes would be more easily handled as units, with the Indian service as their center of gravity.

Johnson mustered Iroquois scouts for Bradstreet, and bade the peppery one adieu as he set out for the West. Probably the Baronet had no idea that within a few days Bradstreet would be making queer, disconcerting Indian treaties on his own responsibility.

Four days after leaving Niagara, Bradstreet's flotilla met rough weather, forcing the troops to drag their boats ashore on

the open beach and make camp in driving rain. Here, at L'Anse-aux-Feuilles, the impetuous commander made his first slip. Unknown Indians appeared who claimed to be deputies of the Delawares and Shawnees, delegated to sue for peace; but they bore only one small belt of wampum, which the Mohawk guides considered too insignificant to be official. The latter were for scalping the party at once as spies. Bradstreet knew that the tribes in question had not responded to Johnson's invitation to the Niagara council, sending, instead, an insolent message. For a year they had harried the Pennsylvania frontier with relentless fury; and their war parties were still out after scalps. An important element of Gage's strategy was to put these two tribes under pressure at the same time by Bouquet in the south and Bradstreet in the north, to the end that they would surrender the large numbers of prisoners they held before a definite peace was granted. While the preliminary treaty which Bradstreet signed with these unofficial delegates provided for bringing in the prisoners within twenty-five days, this hasty and undignified approach affronted Gage, Bouquet, and Johnson.

The Commander-in-chief repudiated these treaties as soon as he learned of them. Both Amherst and Gage recognized that Johnson's commission as Indian superintendent established him as the one person to make peace, a task for which he was supremely fitted by nature and experience. As for Bouquet, who had triumphed over desperate opposition from these very tribes at Bushy Run, that thorough officer found his assignment doubled by Bradstreet's snap peace. His instructions were to penetrate to the Muskingum in full force before receiving peace delegations, in order to show these still glowering tribes that their country was not immune from invasion. This pressure, aided by Bradstreet's movement up the Maumee, would put the Delawares and Shawnees in a penitent frame of mind, whereas

Bradstreet's unauthorized peace left them still full of fight. Though the latter capped his folly by sending Bouquet word that the two tribes had been reduced to submission without his aid, the Swiss colonel continued his march. It was well that he did so; otherwise many a white prisoner never would have been surrendered.

To Bradstreet, the Commander-in-chief wrote this sharp reproof on September 2:

> To offer peace, I think can never be construed a power to conclude and dictate articles of peace, and you certainly know that no such power could with propriety be lodged in any person but in Sir William Johnson, His Majesty's sole agent and superintendent of Indian affairs.[6]

The same day, General Gage wrote Sir William on Colonel Bradstreet's presumptuous and ineffectual accomplishments in the field of Indian diplomacy, finding:

> no one Article whereby the least Satisfaction is given for the many horrid Murders committed by those Barbarians, the Sole Promoters and Contrivers of all our Troubles, and the Chief Actors in the Bloody Tragedy,

and adding:

> I know not on what Foundation He builds, to imagine Himself empowered to conclude any Peace, and dictate the Articles thereof, Agreeable to his own Judgement. He has lately seen you, His Majesty's *Sole Agent* and Superintendant of Indian Affairs at Niagara on the Business of Peace. He might perhaps be empowered to consent to a Suspension of Arms, and refur them to you to settle and conclude the Peace, but He has taken the whole upon Himself. I look upon the Peace He has made as Derogotary to the Honour and Reputation of His Majesty's Arms amongst the Indian Nations, unsafe for the future Peace and Tranquility of His Majesty's Subjects, and the Basis of future Massacres.[7]

Another from Gage to Johnson on September 4, had this to say also of Bradstreet's first treaty:

> On consideration of the Treaty it does not appear to me that the Ten Savages therein mentioned, were sent on an Errand of Peace.

If they had, would not they have been at Niagara? or would the insolent and Audacious Message have been sent there in Lieu of Offers of Peace? Would not they have been better provided with Belts on Such an Occasion? . . . They certainly came to watch the Motions of the Troops, whatever Business they had besides. They tell Col°. Bradstreet an abominable Lye in saying they had called in their Partys, from our Frontiers to make Peace. They relate this on the 14th of August, and Six men were killed on the 22d. Besides a horrid Massacre a little before of a Number of Children in a school House, with the school-Master . . . It is not clear to me that they will not keep the People Col°. Bradstreet has sent amongst them to gather up the Prisoners, and insult Him afterwards.

General Gage had fears, however, that, if Bradstreet's sham peace were disowned, Indians might suppose that Johnson's real peace was to be discarded. By the 16th of September, Gage had gathered more evidence of the insincerity of the Indians who had trifled with Bradstreet at L'Anse-aux-Feuilles. To Johnson he wrote:

They have murdered and infested our Frontiers, and the Communication with Fort Pitt to the Date of my last Letters from that Quarter of the 5th Inst. which I received yesterday. Two of them were killed by the Inhabitants near Fort-Cumberland on the 27th: ulmo. And to all Appearance they never meant more with Colonel Bradstreet than to ward the Blow, and to amuse Him till it may be to late to Act.[8]

While this storm was brewing over his hot head, Bradstreet went cheerfully on to Detroit, where he met representatives of the six chief belligerent tribes of that region. Here the doughty colonel made several blunders. He created grave offense by chopping a belt of wampum to bits in a council, an act equivalent to desecrating a holy image in a Catholic land. He spoke through French interpreters only, so that his officers and Iroquois allies knew nothing of the proceedings. As a final bit of absurd pose, he insisted that the tribes should acknowledge themselves subjects of King George. This ran counter to the time-honored English policy of engaging Indian tribes as allies,

a policy which on the whole had been continued with success for nearly a century. As allies, five of the Six Nations remained loyal in the late emergency; as allies, the majority of the Canadian Nations held true, though but recently brought into the allied relationship. Johnson resented this innovation, partly because it was sure to cause murmurs among the tribes in alliance, partly because he felt sure that Bradstreet had duped the Detroit tribes. If they knew what they were swearing to, which was most unlikely, then they swore under duress to an absurdity which England could hardly sustain if challenged. As a matter of fact, the challenge as to "King's subjects," came from whites before it came from Indians. These Detroit treaties of Bradstreet's stood, therefore, but Johnson wisely decided not to stress the humble political status of his new wards.

Bradstreet's other treaties, however, went into the discard. When he returned to Sandusky to meet the Delawares and Shawnees, according to their engagement made with him on the way out, he was greeted only by the waves. While he waited for the messengers who never returned, he received Gage's rebuke, with information showing that, even while he had been entertaining the mock deputies, their fellows had been treading the warpath preparatory to one of the most shocking massacres of the war, the murder of school children related in the previous letter of the General's. Gage ordered his colonel to move straightway on the perfidious tribes; but like many another high-spirited man who suddenly sees ruin yawning before him, Bradstreet seemed to be stricken in his tracks. Additional evidence that he had been duped came in with the return of Captain Morris from a painful mission to the Maumee, where the gallant captain found only hostiles among whom he suffered frightful indignities. In order to avoid action, the once impetuous Bradstreet pleaded the impossibility of reaching the Scioto villages thus late in the season, an untruth so appar-

ent that the troops came near mutiny when they heard of it.

While disgusted with Bradstreet's officiousness, Johnson was perhaps relieved that the latter did not follow Gage's orders to attack. The prospect gave him some concern as the course would have required explaining to the friendly tribes. As events turned out, Bouquet's firmness in mid-Ohio and the willingness of that exemplary officer * to assume the burden Bradstreet evaded, brought a complete surrender from the enemy on terms and in a tone which could hardly be improved. Bradstreet's preliminary treaties went into the discard; Bouquet's treaties, duly approved by Sir William and ratified by the King in council, became Ohio law for the life of the British connection.

After loitering until too late on the Sandusky shore, Bradstreet abruptly started for home. Hardships beset the return journey. Loss of boats in storms drove fourteen hundred provincials ashore to thread the untracked forest. From first to last the expedition proved to be a costly blunder, accomplishing nothing that might not have been better left undone. The West had finished Colonel Bradstreet, the victor of Frontenac, as a military leader and public man.

. . . . . .

There remained the task of penetrating the Illinois country, establishing relations with the tribes and taking over the posts on the upper Mississippi which the French stood ready to turn over to the victor. Bouquet attended to the latter by sending a company of the Black Watch swinging their kilts through the wilderness to Fort Chartres, while Croghan essayed the former task. Faithful George spent the entire summer of '65 in the far Midland, conducting himself with wisdom in negotiation and courage in battle. On the Wabash he was tomahawked and made a prisoner by the Kickapoos. "Too hard-headed to

kill that way," said George when released; the incident added to his growing prestige. Meeting Pontiac, he urged the defeated chieftain to come east for a final liquidation of the war with Sir William Johnson.

Pontiac came the following year, traveling under the lenient chaperonage and ample provisioning of Hugh Crawford, the trader. Crawford brought Pontiac and his party over the long route with every attention calculated to ease the broken spirit of a grieving primitive. John Carden reports from Fort Erie to Johnson on June 30, 1766, that he had entertained the entourage right royally. Benjamin Roberts, commissary in the Indian service at Niagara, goes into more detail in a letter partially destroyed by fire, but still decipherable in part:

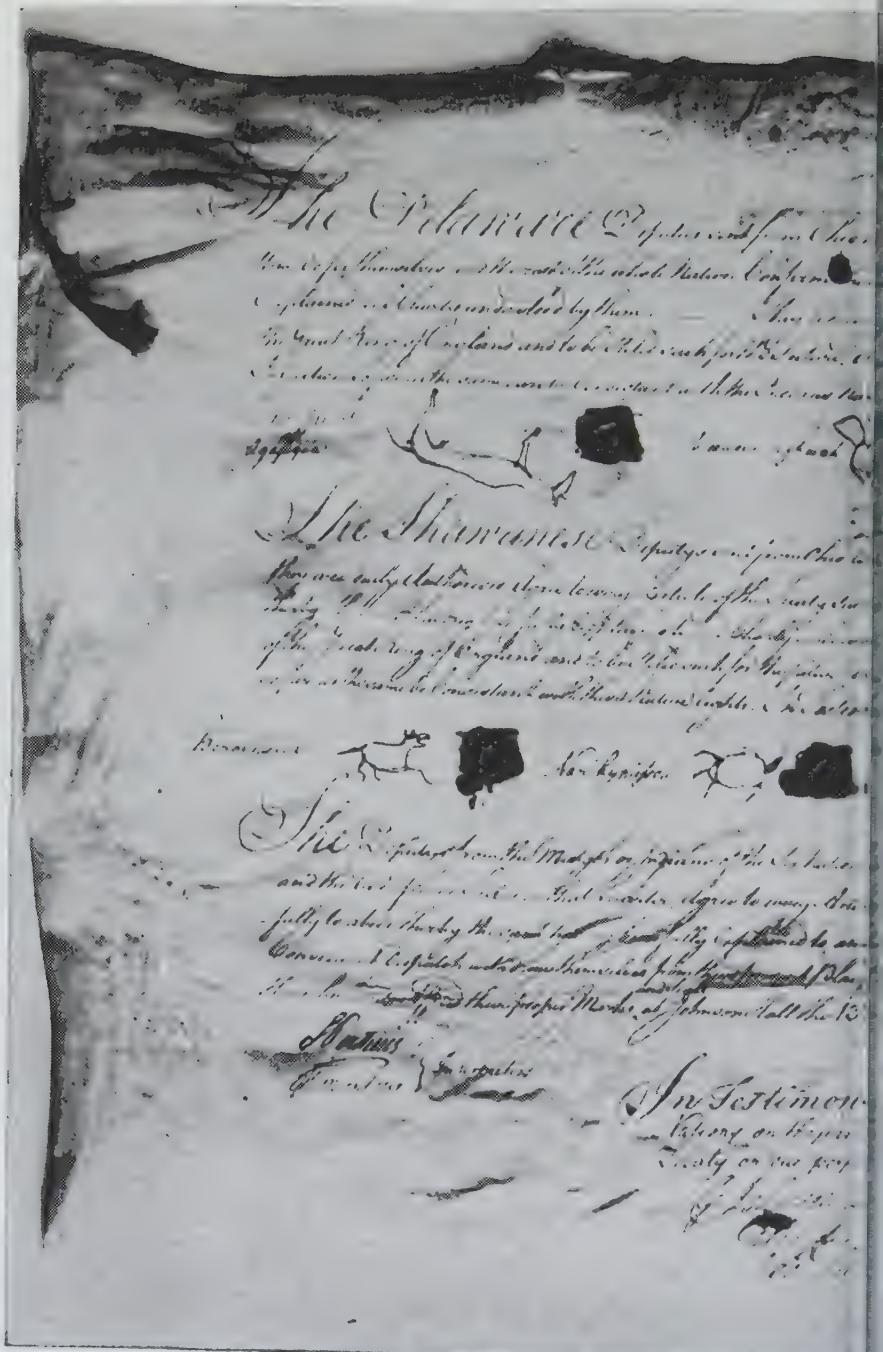
> Pondiac said I had received them very well and given them Tobacco which the Indians love . . . & rum which they loved above all things . . . After having Smoked & drank a Couple of drams they left me to prepare to set out in the morning. I just now offered . . . the vessel should go tonight but he was a little drunk and did not chuse it he Kissed me . . . the whole of them seem in a very good humor.[10]

The accounts show that Crawford the agent spent 7s 2d on Pontiac's entertainment at Niagara, mostly on pork and liquor.

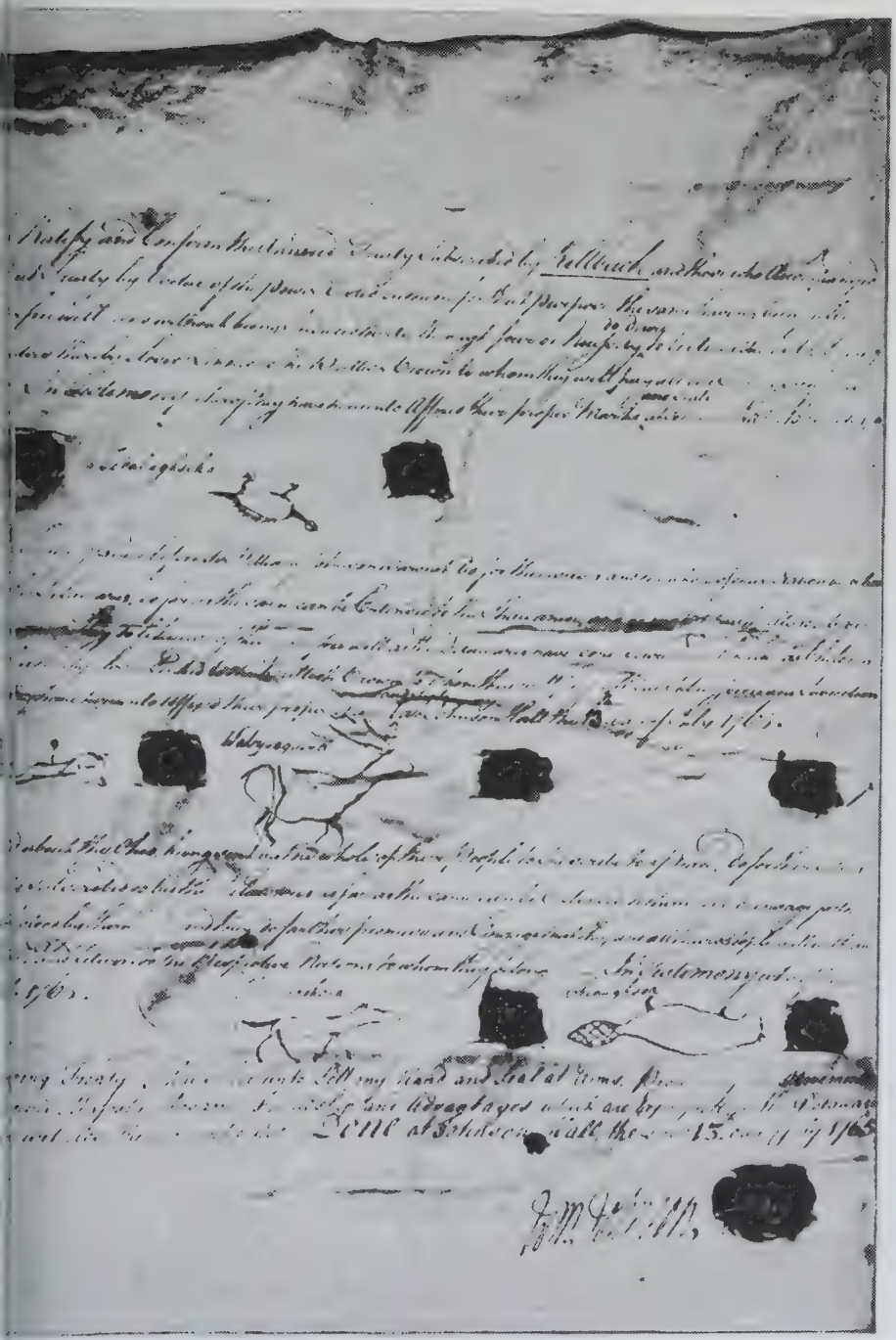
Duncan, Phyn & Company furnished the goods for the Oswego council whither Pontiac was bound. Their account shows that nothing was spared there to make Pontiac forget his enmity. We quote a few items:

Tody to Pondiack Interpreter and Others	6s	
Ditto to Mr Crawford and others	6s	
Loaf & ½[ll] Brown Sugar to Pondiack 1/7½		
2 B: Tody to D°. 4	5s	7½
2 B. Tody & dinners, D°. to Pondiack & others, pint Madeira Wine to D°.[11]		

All in all, it was a rather wet council. We can compile a roster of the tribes from the bar bill—toddy for Mohawks, Ottawas, Hurons; rum for Onondagas, Mohawks, Hurons—



A TREATY BETWEEN SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON
Note the animal



WARES AND OTHER NATIONS, JULY 13, 1765
way of signature.

wine for King Bunt, doing the honors for his tribe. Old Bunt is the same party who led the wild celebration of '59 at Oswego. Onondaga ownership of the Oswego country gave him convivial opportunities which he seldom missed.

Well, it had been quite a war, but all the bad Indians had been killed, and all the bad English with them. God came over to the side of the English, who also had the rum. Pontiac was a noble chief; Sir William Johnson a good friend to red men, very good friend. Every one felt cheerful and made big talk. Sir William made a speech; Pontiac ditto. Sir William and Pontiac shook hands, embraced, kissed. Montcalm as soldier of France had kissed him, as marshals of France to this day kiss the heroes they decorate with croix de guerre. It was an honor brave men pay each other. He and Sir William, red leader and white, liquidated in good earnest the bloodiest Indian war ever loosed on the frontiers of America. Pontiac promised to visit Sir William at Johnson Hall, but before he could do so he was murdered in the Illinois country.

A great moment for Sir William was this submission of Pontiac at Oswego in the presence of the slightly jingled sachems. It marked the end of the sternest test his system of Indian relations had received. The inevitable Indian challenge had been met. As the canoes of his guests faded into the watery horizon, the setting sun reflected a mighty shadow of Sir William from Oswego across the forests and lakes of America. To this shore he had come as trader, commissary, warrior, peacemaker; now he stood forth as the real ruler of the unfenced West, the unmapped North.

Years remain to be chronicled, but they are years of gathering and storing. The kiss of peace with Pontiac is the climax of a career; the rest a descending curtain. The empire of Mid-America had been staked out, defended, pacified, and its major characteristics sealed upon it forever.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

JOHNSON AND HIS CHILDREN

A CHARMING bit of reminiscent description of Johnson and his daughters is to be found in Mrs. Anne Grant's *Memoirs of An American Lady.* Mrs. Grant (née MacVicar [1]) wrote the book in Scotland years after her visit, as the observant daughter of a Scots officer on duty here. With her mother she visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler on the Albany Flats, north of the city. This Philip Schuyler was an uncle of the Revolutionary general of that name. His wife entertained lavishly in her noble mansion. A charming and kindly woman, her acceptance of the Scots girl into her family resulted in a volume which is an imperishable monument of herself, as well as a vivid picture of the times. With her parents, Anne MacVicar went from Albany to Oswego and return, probably stopping at the Johnson home on each journey.

All reminiscent writing, in which the rosy memories of youth but faintly revive the fading memories of age, is open to doubt as to its detailed truth. We hasten to warn the reader that this fraction of Mrs. Grant's memoir falls under that heading. However, Mrs. Grant was above any intentional exaggeration or misstatement. As the gifted wife of a Scots clergyman and a member of Sir Walter Scott's circle, her literary character is above reproach. Her other books indicate, moreover, a keen faculty of observation, and in this case she was probably aided by notes taken by her parents. We feel sure that she has caught here the spirit of the Johnson establishment in the main, even though we detect many errors in detail. The fire of March, 1911,

dealt harshly with the one document which might have enabled us to check Mrs. Grant's memory accurately. This document, in the nature of an order of the day under which the usual proceedings of the Johnson household should be performed by the various servants, would be invaluable at this point. Though destroyed, its very existence, authenticated by the Calendar of the Johnson papers, goes some distance to verify Mrs. Grant's conclusion that the Johnson household, in spite of its size and variety, was a most orderly establishment.

In her *Memoirs of An American Lady,* Mrs. Grant says of Johnson and his family:

> He might indeed be called the tribune of the Five Nations: whose claims he asserted, whose rights he protected, and over whose minds he possessed a greater sway than any other individual had ever attained. He was indeed calculated to conciliate and retain the affections of this brave people; possessing in common with them many of those peculiarities of mind and manners, that distinguished them from others. He was an uncommonly tall, well-made man: with a fine countenance; which, however, had rather an expression of dignified sedateness, approaching to melancholy. He appeared to be taciturn, never wasting words on matters of no importance; but highly eloquent when the occasion called forth his powers. He possessed intuitive sagacity, and the most entire command of temper, and of countenance . . . He purchased from the Indians (having the grant confirmed by his sovereign) a large and fertile tract of land upon the Mohawk river; where, having cleared and cultivated the ground, he built two spacious and convenient places of residence: known afterwards by the names of Johnson castle, and Johnson hall.
>
> The first was on a fine eminence, stockaded round, and slightly fortified; the last was built on the side of the river, on a most fertile and delightful plain, surrounded with an ample and well cultivated domain: and that again encircled by European settlers; who had first come there as architects, or workmen, and had been induced by Sir William's liberality, and the singular beauty of the district, to continue. His trade with the Five Nations was very much for their advantage; he supplying them on more equitable terms than any trader, and not indulging the excesses in regard to strong liquors which others were too easily induced to do. The castle contained the store in which all

goods were laid up, which were meant for the Indian traffic, and all the peltry received in exchange. The hall was his summer residence, and the place round which his greatest improvements were made. Here this singular man lived like a little sovereign; kept an excellent table for strangers, and officers, whom the course of their duty now frequently led into these wilds, and by confiding entirely on the Indians, and treating them with unvaried truth and justice, without ever yielding to solicitation what he had once refused, he taught them to repose entire confidence in him; he, in his turn became attached to them, wore in winter almost entirely their dress and ornaments, and contracted a kind of alliance with them; for becoming a widower in the prime of life, he connected himself with an Indian maiden, daughter to a sachem, who possessed an uncommonly agreeable person, and good understanding: and whether ever formally married to him according to our usage, or not, contrived to live with him in great union and affection all his life. So perfect was his dependence on those people, whom his fortitude and other manly virtues had attached to him, that when they returned from their summer excursions, and exchanged the last year's furs for fire-arms, etc., they used to pass a few days at the castle; when his family and most of his domestics were down at the hall. There they were all liberally entertained by their friend; and five hundred of them have been known, for nights together, after drinking pretty freely, to lie around him on the floor, while he was the only white person in a house containing great quantities of everything that was to them valuable or desirable . . .

The female part of his family were educated in a manner so entirely dissimilar from that of all other young people of their sex and station, that as a matter of curiosity, it is worthy a recital. These two young ladies inherited, in a great measure, the personal advantages and strength of understanding, for which their father was so distinguished. Their mother dying when they were young, bequeathed the care of them to a friend. This friend was the widow of an officer who had fallen in battle; I am not sure whether she was devout, and shunned the world for fear of its pollutions, or romantic, and despised its selfish bustling spirit; but so it was, that she seemed utterly to forget it, and devoted herself to her fair pupils. To these she taught needle-work of the most elegant and ingenious kinds, reading and writing; thus quietly passed their childhood; their monitress not taking the smallest concern in family management, nor indeed the least interest in any worldly thing but themselves; far less did she inquire about the fashions or diversions which prevailed in a world she had renounced; and from which she seemed to wish her pupils to remain forever estranged. Never was

anything so uniform as their dress; their occupations, and the general tenor of their lives. In the morning they rose early, read their Prayer-Book, I believe, but certainly their Bible, fed their birds, tended their flowers, and breakfasted; then were employed some hours with unwearied perseverance, at fine needlework, for the ornamental parts of dress, which were the fashion of the day, without knowing to what use they were to be put; as they never wore them; and had not at the age of sixteen ever seen a lady, excepting each other and their governess; they then read, as long as they chose, the voluminous romances of the last century; of which their friend had an ample collection, or Rollin's ancient history, the only books they had ever seen; after dinner they, regularly in summer, took a long walk; or an excursion in the sledge, in winter, with their friend: and then returned and resumed their wonted occupations, with the sole variation of a stroll in the garden in summer, and a game at chess or shuttlecock, in winter. Their dress was to the full as simple and uniform as everything else. They wore wrappers of the finest chintz, and green silk petticoats; and this the whole year round without variation. Their hair, which was long and beautiful, was tied behind with a simple ribbon; a large calash shaded each from the sun, and in winter they had long scarlet mantles that covered them from head to foot. Their father did not live with them, but visited them every day in their apartment. This innocent and uniform life they led, till the death of their monitress; which happened when the eldest was not quite seventeen.

. . . . . .

Caroline, the first Indian girl Johnson brought to Fort Johnson, is generally supposed to have borne to Sir William, in addition to William of Canajoharie, two daughters, Caroline and Charlotte. They do not appear in the will, the explanation being that they received ample marriage portions in lieu of legacies. Caroline is said to have married Henry Randall, an English lieutenant, who settled in America, took the Revolutionary side and was killed at the battle of Monmouth. Charlotte is said to have married Michael Byrne, a commissary in the Indian service, stationed at Fort Ontario, Oswego, for several years. Probably he was father of the William Byrne mentioned in the will. We find no mention of these daughters in the John-

son Papers; but nevertheless credit their existence, as all Johnson's unions produced more daughters than sons. Moreover, although Michael Byrne's letters to Sir William suffered greatly by the fire, enough remains to indicate that he considered himself as having a hold on Johnson's affections. The Randalls do not appear in the correspondence.

William of Canajoharie, Caroline's half-breed son, mentioned in the will, deserves more than passing notice, because the romantic deaths he died made him a legendary figure in the valley, and because his life seems to focus for the benefit of posterity some of the high-lights of a crude society cruelly divided against itself. Apparently he lived with his mother's clan at Canajoharie Castle until about eighteen or nineteen, when Sir William sent him to that excellent schoolmaster of Indian youths, the Rev. Thomas Barton at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. There the lad—physically a giant in the pink of condition—wrestled with his books until he could stand confinement no longer; then he would fare forth for a fight, boxing the German neighbor boys about shamefully. Though reporting to Sir William that his pupil bade fair to write a good hand and had progressed in numbers to the calculation of simple interest, Mr. Barton is forced to report on young William's physical prowess under the date of December 3, 1767:

> Had he lived in Rome in its days of Glory, when Wrestling & Boxing were, brought upon the Theatre as Public Diversions, he would have been deemed an *Athletick Champion,* & entitled to the prize at every Exhibition; But in these Days of Degeneracy, when these once glorious Exercises claim no Honours or Rewards, & are attended with Nothing beside *Black Eyes & Broken Shins,* I have prevail'd upon him to lay them aside, so that he is now as peaceable a Lad as any in the Place. My Children are all exceeding fond of him & my eldest Son, who is a good Scholar, is constantly instructing him at Night—He has a Thirst for Knowledge that carries him rather into Excess in his Diligence and Application.[2]

On that date Mr. Barton thought this bronzed Mercury, duly tamed and broken to the white man's harness, would make a secretary for his proud parent, or at least an usher in an Indian school. We rejoice that he was spared both of these miserable fates, even though deliverance came through melancholy means. William backslid, for reasons creditable to him and discreditable to white justice. List to the good schoolmaster some four months later (March 25, 1768):

> I am sorry that William should be the Bearer of this Letter—But ever since the turbulent & disordered state of the Back Counties, occasioned by the Murder committed upon several Indians by one Stump, & the Rescue of that Villain, & the lawless insolent Behaviour of some of the Inhabitants, in Consequence thereof, he has relaxed in Application to Study, been uneasy in Mind; and from the most diligent, contented, happy Lad, is become the most dissatisfied, sullen, careless Creature imaginable—He immediately sollicitted Leave to return Home—I used every Argument to prevail with him to remain here for Six Months longer, as he had begun the Elements of *Geometry,* in order to learn *Surveying,* which I thought might be of Advantage to him & which he would soon have understood . . . having an opportunity of consulting with Mr. Croghan, who is here at present, we have judged it prudent to indulge his *Caprice,* & to let him pay a Visit to his Friends & Native Home—Colonel Croghan thinks he will be glad, after some little Time, to come back—Should that be the Case, he shall again have free Admission into my House, & be welcome to every good Office I can render him—.[8]

We whites have the better of the Indian argument in history for the simple reason that the other fellow could not write. But in these letters of Barton to Sir William, the minister opens a casement briefly on the soul-struggle of a half-breed, probably abler than the average, against white oppression of his dusky fellows. Though half-white in blood, William of Canajoharie had been reared among his mother's people; his ways were theirs, his sympathies were theirs, and he could not travel the white man's road in peace while his Indian cousins, the Delawares or Munseys, were being sacrificed in the back valleys.

Better defiance than slavery, better the sparse living of the hunter's trail than a soft living as part of the machinery of suppression. A secretary or an usher—we can picture William of Canajoharie shouting an oath-surrounded "No" to those alternatives and breaking the cover of civilization for the long house of his people, there to raise his voice, and eventually his tomahawk, against infringements of their rights. With one son fresh from court in London and another in the Long House, Sir William, in 1768, may have reflected on the contrasting fates of these two hostages to fortune. Stormy men, both these sons were, however, and strangely like each other in many ways in spite of differences in blood and training.

As might be expected, William of Canajoharie bursts belligerently into the pre-Revolutionary record of the Committee of Safety of Tyron county. Sir William earlier had expressed the wish that the neighbors of the quarrelsome young "breed" would take him in hand for a needed trouncing; but the neighbors were wise enough to pass up this rather heavy assignment; however, the Committee of Safety read the riot act to him without bloodshed, exacting a humble apology for foul language toward the patriot cause. He plunged into tory activities early, being killed—at least so General Philip Schuyler says—in a skirmish on the Canadian border. He was killed again, in more elaborate detail, by Thomas Spencer, the Oneida half-breed, at the battle of Oriskany in 1777, in as romantic and sanguinary an encounter as you please. By the Great Serpent, how those two magnificent half-breeds wrestled, until at last, of course, the patriot Spencer got his hatchet home in the renegade's skull! A tale to cheer the quaking women of the valley; and yet, miraculously, William of Canajoharie seems to have survived even this slaughter. At any rate we identify him as being in the party of chiefs, mostly Senecas, who in December, 1778, warned Colonel Cantine against burning other

Indian towns as Colonel Butler of Pennsylvania had burned Oquaga, citing their bloody vengeance exacted at Cherry Valley.[4] Unless we are mistaken, Barton's amiable gladiator ran fiercely amuck at Cherry Valley and later retired to Canada with the other irreconcilables. Though brave as a lion, he never matched in sagacity his half-brother, Peter, perhaps because he lacked equal training in his youth. But from his vigor and audacity we can well believe that he kept the Johnson name forward in quantity if not in quality. Peter Johnson, Molly's eldest boy, also was sent to a distant clergyman to be educated, but with better—or at least more conventional—results. He wrote his father nice, schoolboyish letters, full of the marvels of Philadelphia.

As to the fact of Joseph Brant's paternity, we are unable to resolve our doubts. Johnson's testamentary mention of him twice in the same paragraph with William of Canajoharie would indicate a like relationship, but is not necessarily conclusive. As previously shown, Mohawk women were free from many of the restraints of marriage as we know it, and their men folk sometimes abdicated conjugal rights in favor of hospitality to a distinguished guest.[5] It remains merely to be said that if Joseph Brant were William Johnson's son, he was a son to be proud of, the most distinguished Amerind in American history, if one considers greatness to consist of courage, sagacity and honesty. It was to Joseph that Sir William on his deathbed left this solemn charge, "Joseph, control your people. I am going away." Certainly Joseph Brant resembled Sir William, physically and mentally.

. . . . . .

While Johnson and Shirley were quarreling over the Six Nations in '55, a young German named Daniel Claus proved to be the best witness to the misconduct of Shirley's men in the Iro-

quois country. A quiet man, abstemious in a drunken age, Claus nevertheless lived in the midst of alarms, the placid focus of many an eddy. A novelist might make something of him, in view of his romance with Anne, or Nancy, the elder of the two carefully reared Johnson daughters.

Long afterward, when misfortune had descended upon him, Claus wrote a rambling narrative of his relations with Sir William Johnson, in an effort to win from the British government compensation for the wreck of his fortunes in America. This document, reprinted by the Society of Colonial Wars of the State of New York, reflects both the honest German's fidelity of character and his weakness in English. He was born, he says, in Bennigham, a town in Württemberg, near the imperial city of Heilbronn, whither his people came from one of the Saxon settlements of Transylvania. Becoming Lutherans in a Catholic land, they were easily uprooted when the Turks invaded that part of Hungary, and seem to have acquired a wanderlust psychology in their subsequent migrations to Ulm and Bennigham.

At any rate young Daniel of this old imperial family, with the right to carry the Lion and Eagle Wings, or and sable (yellow and black), felt the urge to travel so strongly that he yielded to the persuasions of a clergyman's son, turned swindler, who promised to put him in the way of fortune if Daniel would come to America under his auspices. Claus invested all he had in the enterprise, which was to combine tobacco growing in Virginia and silk-making in Germany.

The bubble burst shortly after he landed in Philadelphia in the autumn of '49. There he borrowed return passage money, but while waiting for his ship he met Conrad Weiser, who took this stranded young countryman of his along to a council of the Six Nations at Onondaga. They stopped at Colonel Johnson's. Claus notes that the Colonel was then building a new house, the later Fort Johnson. Probably Claus saw but paid

little heed to little Nancy, then a child of ten or eleven years. After living with the Indians and learning their ways as a protégé of Weiser's, Claus became a member of the Johnson household in '52, when Bookkeeper Adems was dismissed. Adems' successor, James Willson of Albany, knew nothing of the Indians or their language, a want which Claus supplied. In '54 he shepherded old Hendrik and other Mohawks on a journey to Philadelphia. In the following year Johnson gave him a commission as lieutenant in the Indian service over the Canajoharie Mohawks, with whom Claus had lived. At the same time he acted as deputy secretary for Indian affairs under Captain Wraxall.

At this point Billy Alexander, Shirley's secretary, endeavored to bribe Claus away from Johnson by offering him a King's commission in the regulars and extra pay for Indian service. Daniel refused the tempting offer, went on up the valley and managed to hold most of the Mohawks to the Johnson allegiance. He and Hendrik led the four hundred braves to his chief at Fort Edward; "the finest sight they ever saw," says Claus proudly. He behaved well in the battle; his account of the fighting, however, shows the usual distortions of records written long after the event.

After the battle, when Colonel Johnson went to New York City to attend the public celebration of his victory, Claus accompanied him. A dispute arising there between the Shirleyites and the Johnsonites, Claus' account was taken down at the suggestion of Thomas Pownall, then lieutenant governor of New Jersey. Through Pownall this account reached influential hands in London, and probably helped to secure for Johnson the strong marks of approbation soon received from King and Parliament. Pownall was so well pleased at his testimony that he procured for Claus a lieutenancy in the Royal Americans, and later, when the good news of his honors came from London, Sir William's

first act as baronet was to call Claus to his room. There he told the embarrassed young man "to ask of him anything whatsoever he had in his power and to take time to consider about it."

Now it happened that the prize Daniel Claus wanted most in the world was Miss Nancy Johnson, then seventeen. So, as old Mr. Claus says of young Mr. Claus in the "Narrative":

> Mr. Claus made a bow, thanking Sir William for the Compliment & would consider about it and leaving the room his mind was so agitated and surprized upon the occasion that he retired to his room at a Loss what to say or do.
>
> The first Object that presented itself to his Mind was a certain young Lady he paid his Address to for some time past who seemd. not averse to them & Mr. Claus flattered himself that Sir Wms. Consent was only wanting to complete the Matter, made that the first Object of his request from Sir Wm. and proposed the Matter first to her. She told Mr. Claus that all the objection she had was that she thought it rather too early to change her Condition particularly at a Time of War who was uncertain how it might turn out, desiring Mr. Claus to put it off to a more convenient and quiet time. He was quite Satisfied with her Discourse . . .

Quite a wise and collected young woman was Miss Nancy at seventeen, but the methodical Claus could never have been a whirlwind lover. When Sir William mentioned the subject again, it was arranged that the Baronet would help the Lieutenant to become a captain, by advancing funds with which Claus could acquire a company in the Royal Americans. Lieutenant Claus put in his application for a company at once, but no vacancy occurred for five years. In the meantime the quiet courtship went on in those brief intervals when the young soldier left the field. Officially Sir William seems never to have been taken into the confidence of the young people, until the matter of the commission came up again. Then, seeing himself on the point of achieving an established social position and fair pay, Claus put all his hopes to the touch in one letter. In this

JOHNSON'S ELDER DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND

Anne Johnson married, in 1762, Captain Daniel Claus, later Colonel, and Sir William's deputy in charge of the Indian nations of Canada. From miniature paintings in the Public Archives of Canada.

epistle from Montreal, where he had charge of the nine Canadian Nations, he probably had the assistance of a brother officer, as the style shows a vast improvement over the "Narrative" with its Germanic lapses. After discussing the commission purchase, the Lieutenant says:

I would be glad to have it settled in such a Manner as to be ordered to continue in the Service under your Management as I always hoped for, and wished to have the Pleasure of making one of your Family; to be more open in my Sentiments I beg leave to mention to you that I always had and ever shall have a Sincere Regard and Esteem for Miss Nancy your elder Daughter, who likewise was kind enough as not to discourage me therein, wherefore I should before now have asked your Consent and Approbation to marry her, had it not been for the troublesome times we have hitherto sustained, but that Period being at last come I embraced this opportunity of doing it now, and from your natural Goodness flatter myself a favourable Answer.[6]

In reply Sir William renews his offer to finance the purchase up to £1,000, the equivalent of perhaps $15,000 today; but he puts the aspiring Claus in his place as follows:

Your proposal of marriage surprises me a good deal, having never had the least hint of the kind dropped or mentioned to me before; so that it seems to me verry extraordinary, and precipitate, besides it is giving me a bad impression of my Daughters regard & duty towards me, whom she should consult in a case, wh concerns her happiness so nearly. It shall ever be a Maxim with me, to give a Child as great liberty in the choice of a Husband, or Wife as is consistent with the Duty they owe to a Parent, in whose power it certainly should be to have a voice, & indeed a decisive one, as from them must generally come, what will make them easy in the world with their own industry afterwards. If they exceed that, & will act independant (which seems now to be the case as you say) then I think all expectations from a Parent are forfeited. I have always had a regard for you, and shewed it by the Notice I have taken of you, which alone should have weighed with you, and prevented your carrying on any Intrigue of the kind privately in my Family. Had you moved the thing to me before to others, it would have been more in character, & friendlier. I shall talk to her upon it, and when I know her Sentiments, will be able to say more to you on the Subject. In the meantime . . .[7]

The stout suitor probably thought he was done for when he read the reproof; but we suspect that Sir William wrote it with a twinkle in his eye, more to keep the record clear than to discourage the match. He may even have hesitated a bit as he quilled that touching word "Sentiments." A few months later he would be himself promising to write his own "sentiments" to a lovely charmer. But a philandering beau is quite apt to be a watchful parent.[8]

Almost a month elapsed before our disturbed Daniel, in Montreal, could enter his defense, which he established on the broad ground of not knowing the full value of English words and conventions:

I have at present contentedly resigned myself to whatever Steps Providence will take towards my Temporal Existence. The only real uneasiness I now have is your taking the Paragraph abt my Marriage in so different a Light, and thereby calling Miss Nancys Regard for, & Duty towards you in question. If I have represented her as acting independent of you, it is entirely owing to the Imperfection in the English. Language, for as long as I had the Pleasure of being acquainted with her, I always discovered in her a profound Love & Duty to her Parents, wherefore could not think of or presume to move such a Thing to her, and if my having a great Regard & Esteem for, & her being kind enough to retaliate it with Complaisance & Civility, may be called carrying on private Intrigues in your Family, I only must submit to your interpretation, for I assure you sincerely, that I never intended it thereby; As to my having made my Inclinations known to others, I am in my conscience convinced of the contrary, knowing of no Person of so much Intimacy wth. me in America, as to confide things of such a Nature to & if any such came to your Ears they are mere Surmises. That I have sounded Miss Nancys Disposition towards me before I asked your consent, I dont deny, and if that may be deemed dishonorable it was not done with any disrespectfull Design, and hope you will attribute it to my Inexperience in those Cases and forgive me. All I meant in my Letter by meeting with no Discouragement on her side was that I flattered myself not to be disagreeable, and perhaps would not meet with a Refusal from her after obtaining your consent, for I assure you, Sir, with Truth that I never had nor expected any positive answer from

her on that head, wch. you will find when you speak to her. The Difficulties & Troubles of the Times hitherto, made it unseasonable for me to move the Affair sooner to you, wherefore I deferred it till now, and if the busy World has spread Reports of that Purpose they are upon my conscience only conjectures, for as you justly observe it would be much beneath the Character of any Gentleman to spread things especially of such a kind without Foundation or certainty. I flatter myself these Instances will represent to you that Paragraph in a better Light, and bring on your favourable Decision upon the affair.[9]

Nancy, you may be sure, soon won Sir William over. The couple were married at the Hall in the early spring of '62, when the bridegroom of thirty-five managed to leave his Canadian Indians long enough to claim his bride of twenty-three summers. In spite of their great devotion to one another, and Sir William's consistent kindness, the Clauses met many misfortunes. Their eldest daughter, little Nancy, died at the age of five and their second, Catherine, when about nine, shortly after she and her cousin, Polly Johnson, returned from New York, where they attended boarding school. On both these sad occasions, if we read aright the letters of condolence to Sir William, their grandfather mourned deeply the passing of his young granddaughters, who are described in these letters as most promising children.

With her young son Mrs. Claus fled in 1778 from her Mohawk home, in which both her mother Catherine and her daughter Catherine had died. Behind them rose the wrath of the Revolution, which, in a few years would engulf her home in flames. Colonel Claus fought at Oriskany and probably at Newtown. He crossed the ocean at the conclusion of peace, dying at Cardiff in 1787. Mrs. Claus lived until 1798. They were survived by a son, William, who went into the army, rose to high rank, and commanded troops ably in Canada during the war of 1812.

. . . . . .

It was the fashion among the Johnsons to nickname daughters; Anne became Nancy and Mary was Polly. Sir William's younger daughter, a merry girl, early fell in love with her dashing cousin, Guy, her father's secretary. Propinquity proved too much for Polly, and opportunity too much for Guy, who had landed in Boston without a shilling. Guy was Brother John's boy, one of seven sons, and as such his prospects were rather slim. John, you may recall, felt himself settled for life when the sailor uncle, Sir Peter Warren, appointed him agent on his Irish estates; but Sir Peter's death seems to have wrought a change in his fortune. His son, Guy, a busy young man on the make, might have done far worse than court his jolly young cousin, which he proceeded to do with so much finesse that the twain were married in the late spring or early winter of '63, about a year after the elder daughter had become Mrs. Claus.

To the Clauses Sir William gave the old house, the first one he had built on the north side of the river. This was a sensible location for them, since Captain Claus was away much of the time on Indian business and Nancy's home would be under the protection of near-by Fort Johnson. Probably the new bride and groom went to live in the old fortified house, but by '66 the Baronet had built for them Guy Park Manor, in some respects the handsomest residence of the four he erected. It lies close to the Mohawk, and east of Fort Johnson. This stately stone house still stands as an eloquent reminder of its builder; but precious few hints remain of the life the Guy Johnsons lived there together.

We suspect they were none too happy. To offset his abilities Guy had a short temper and a short memory. Never at a loss, he liked direct action. When he landed in Boston, flat broke, he was no time at all borrowing funds from a merchant whom he had never seen, saying that he was the nephew of the great Sir William Johnson, who would see the debt repaid. After

several letters had brought no reply, the scandalized merchant wrote to Sir William, who did the necessary. Notwithstanding this unfortunate start, his uncle pushed Guy along in the military service until the young man commanded rangers under Amherst in '59. In Indian affairs he rose quickly, having a bluff, hearty way the Amerinds liked. Six months before his marriage, Sir William appointed Guy a deputy agent, and from that time on to Sir William's death his son-in-law carried a heavy burden of detail. During Sir William's absences because of ill health, Guy had full responsibility, and at Sir William's death he succeeded to the superintendency amid the applause of the Indian world. The Iroquois with delight adopted him as Uraghquadirha, "the Rays of the Sun enlightening the Earth." An adept at garnering offices, his Indian service did not interfere with his being colonel of militia, representative in the Assembly, adjutant general of militia, and judge of the common pleas. But with all these honors, or perhaps because of them, he became stout, choleric, and increasingly inebriate after the death of Sir William. We must record, however, his excellent work under the Baronet, and express the thought that, in times free from the excitements of revolutionary unrest, he would have continued his uncle's policies with ability. After footless journeys back and forth between Canada, England, and New York during the Revolution, Guy died in London, March 5, 1788, broken in health, spirit, and estate, at less than fifty years of age. Even his superintendency drifted away from him to Sir John, who stayed near the scene.

The Guy Johnsons had two daughters, Mary or little Polly, and Julia. Little Polly was seven when she went to New York to boarding school and eleven when the family fled from the Mohawk toward Canada. At Oswego the mother died, a year to the day after the passing of her father, whose favorite daughter she had been. The journey, undertaken under unusually

severe conditions and dire mental torture, proved too much for this delicately reared woman, whose life had been protected at every point since babyhood by her all-powerful father. Guy embarked that night for Montreal with his two girls and his wife's body, swearing a vengeance upon the rebels which came to pass in many a bloody border raid.

Little Polly lived to become the wife of Colin Campbell, Governor of Gibraltar, and joint founder of another baronet line, through her son, Sir Guy Campbell. Of her sister, Julia, little is known. Probably she died early after the manner of the Johnson women, from Catherine Weissenburg down.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE HEIR APPARENT

Sir William sent two of his half-breed sons away to school in the families of distant clergymen, and he could hardly do less for his white son, John. The latter, we know, went to Philadelphia to school, because the Johnson Calendar records a letter, later destroyed by fire, in which the dependable Captain Wraxall, on May 23, 1759, writes to Sir William on the subject of his son's education in that city.[1] What he wrote will ever remain a mystery, however; no other letter on the subject of the heir apparent seems to have been preserved. Sir John Johnson buried many of his personal letters before his flight to Canada in 1776, as testified to before the English Court of the Exchequer twelve years later. A few years after the flight, the documents were dug up at Johnson Hall during one of his raids, but the contents had been ruined by dampness. While the documents specifically mentioned as buried were largely accounts and vouchers of Sir William Johnson, it is not unlikely that personal letters of Sir John's were included; otherwise as important a person as the heir of Johnson Hall would appear more frequently in the Johnson Papers. Since the father took extreme care to preserve letters, and noted down summaries on their back pages to assist in their proper grouping, it is possible that he saved Johnny's schoolboy letters in a group and gave them to him later in life. Conceivably the correspondence of the school period was among the papers which Sir John buried in the hope that they would escape destruction in the fire which he expected would soon devour the Hall.[2]

Dr. P. H. Bryce, of Ottawa, Canada, who had perused the Canadian records of the family thoroughly, thinks Johnny spent some time in the home of the Reverend Eleazar Wheelock at Lebanon, Connecticut,[8] and this is quite possible. While the reverend gentleman's Indian school, which became the foundation stone of Dartmouth College, did not get under way until after John put away his schoolbooks, the Rev. Mr. Wheelock took in paying pupils for some twenty years before starting his more ambitious undertaking. This minister Sir William held in great esteem; so it is entirely possible the son was sent there before the Philadelphia connection, which is of record in Johnny's seventeenth year. None of his schooling, we may be sure, took place in New York City, as some trace would remain of him in the countless letters on record between Sir William and his agents and friends in the capital of the colony.

No doubt Johnny was also taught at home under tutors. The Scots governess must have been his first teacher; and we have noted the minatory presence of Mr. Wall, the teacher who flogged the children of the commoners on every occasion but treated the children at the Hall with vast deference. Here may be seen one reason for the rough hauteur which, boy and man, marked this unusual being. On the frontier wealth bought power more easily than it bought luxury. The Johnson heir grew up strong and sturdy, a game sportsman, splendid horseman and thorough woodsman. When he was twenty-one, his father sent him out as a captain of militia to punish Kanestio, and Johnny acquitted himself well in the raid. Nature plays no favorites; but, unfortunately, Man does. Next to his father, he was the undisputed master of all he surveyed. The children of slaves had always bowed before him; his white playmates had yielded to him; his sisters had deferred to him. Such an environment was as certain to make something of a bully of a

strong-willed youth as the King was to make a knight out of a baronet's son as soon as he had a chance to touch the youth's broad shoulder with the regal sword.

Sir John became a knight in 1765, shortly after he reached England, under the friendly guidance of Lord Adam Gordon, who had made Sir William's acquaintance on a business visit concerning land. Lord Adam was a neat mixture of the philosophic gentleman and man of the world. Certain it is that he won the sincere affection of this hard young knight of the Mohawk, with the result that the third baronet of the Johnson line was Sir Adam Gordon Johnson, Sir John's second son. Sir John did London in style, reducing his father's balance at Baker's very materially, but Lord Gordon brought him through without any serious slip.

That the London visit of '65 to '67 was not all play for the heir of Johnson Hall may be gathered from this letter from the Baronet. It is a precious and revealing letter, the only one now available which shows the bearing of these two strong men toward each other. Sir William seems quite ready to trust his son in delicate negotiations. The father's wistful yearning for a peerage in his so evident decline was, of course, doomed to disappointment; but the other matters mentioned seem to have been adjusted as Sir William wished. The dig at Guy in the last paragraph shows that father and son both had the measure of their testy in-law:

My Dear Child/

Your letter of the 8th. Novbr. (wh. was Yesterday brought to me by the 2 Familys below, with all their Progeny, & Adems with his 2 Daughters,) gave me great pleasure and also to them, we spent the Night most agreably thereupon. The report all over the Country is (for what reason I know not) that His Majesty has created me a Peer, for yr. sake & yt. of the Family I wish it was so—that my Department is Settled to Satisfaction, & everry thing else to my Desire On the two latter I am congratulated by some freinds at New York by the last Post. but, alas its premature. However Yours & Mr. Penns give

me some hopes that my Affairs may be soon now brought to a conclusion or never, Indeed there never will again be so favourable an opertunity, As the Secretary of State, & Lord Hillsborough are both Noblemen of Great Worth & Character, and I flatter myself much my freinds, wherefore would have You by all means cultivate an Acquaintance with them if You can get properly introduced.—The Want of the Exact Bounds of the Conajohare Tract, I find is a great impediment to its Success, the Boundaries already Sent Mr. Penn & You fall much Short of what I find now it is, by a late Survey made by Justice Fry. He is now finishing the Draft, And hope I Shall be able to Send it You with this, and that there is nothing done finally in it yet, as I shall be prodigiously a looser if the grant does not comprehend all ye. Land Fry surveyed, wh. is about 130 thousand Acres I guess, and no more than what all that Nation in full Council acknowledged to Govr. Moore they had freely disposed of to me & my Associates in the year 1760, on my return from Canada. If it is not already granted, (wh. I hope it is not) You must by all Means endeavour to have the Rear Line (wh. Runs from the N West Corner of a Pattent formerly Granted to Tiddy Mc. Ginn & others) continue from Said Northwest Corner, North 58 Degrees West to ye. West Side of Canada Creek wh. Empties at Burnetsfeild, called by the Indians *Tengh'tagh'ra'ron* & so down the West Side of Said Creek to the Pattented Lands, then along or round the Several Pattents to the Mohawk River, thence down the Stream or Bank of Said River, and round the Several Patents lying along the Same, to Another Creek wh. Empties into the Mohawk River on the North Side thereof, called by the Inds. *De'Ka'yn'ho'ron* & by the Christians *Canada Creek,* which Creek falls into ye. Mohawk River about 300 Yards below Fort Hendrick, thence along or up the Stream of Said Creek to the place of Beginning, Vizt. the Northwest Corner of Mc. Ginns Rear Line, including all the Vacant Lands within Said Bounds.—This, properly obtained wth. Some indulgence, such as Quitrent Free for ten years, (as ye. Officers get) or for wt. Number of Years You can &ca will Satisfy me wth. regard to Land all the Days of my Life.—I am glad to find that Mr. Penn has hopes of procuring me some Satisfaction for my other Affairs as mentioned in yr. letter, & his.—so much for Land Affrs.

I am Surprised the Board of Trade have paid no regard as yet to my recommendation of Doctor Richard Shuckburgh for Secretary of Indian Affairs, I am now 2 years without One, & Business everry Day encreasing by the great Number of our new Allies. pray make some

Enquiry about it.—Miss Shuckburgh married L^t^. Stuart of the 17^th^. lately and are very happy Pair.—

Pondiac Sent me word lately, that He with a Number of the principal Men of the Several Western Nations would pay me a Visit in the Spring and open the Road to my House this will have a verry good Effect.—

pray enquire about the Kayadarusseras Affair & the Mohawks other Complaints Sent home by L^d^. Adm. Gordon they are constantly enquiring of me whether anything is done therin, and they expect great & good News by You, wherefore I would have You make all the Enquiry possible concerning their Affairs, so that You may be able to give them some Satisfaction on y^r^. return, w^h^. is often wished for by them, As is y^r^. Welfare Enquired after by all Ranks of People here. I have wrote L^d^. Shelburne in Answer to his first some time ago, but now find the Pacquet was Sail'd before it got to York, I have had a Second lately from him, w^h^. I have also answered, & wrote to the L^ds^. of Trade, M^r^. Penn, Sir W^m^. Baker & yourself, and Sent M^r^. Byrns to New York with them, who I hope will be there before the Novb^r^. Pacquet Sails, it is a great disadvantage to be so far back in the Country on that Acc^tt^.

I hope you rec^d^. my 2 last letters, & that for D^r^. Burton Secretary to the Society, & that you may have in Company with You the Clergyman I wrote to them for, & a good Man as my Church is now finished, & such a Man much wanted here.—

As I have not time to Coppy my letters, & that my Memory is bad, I fancy I am only making repetitions of my former letters, but as this will probably be the last may reach you there, I thought it necessary to be pretty full particularly on the Subject of the Land, &ca.—

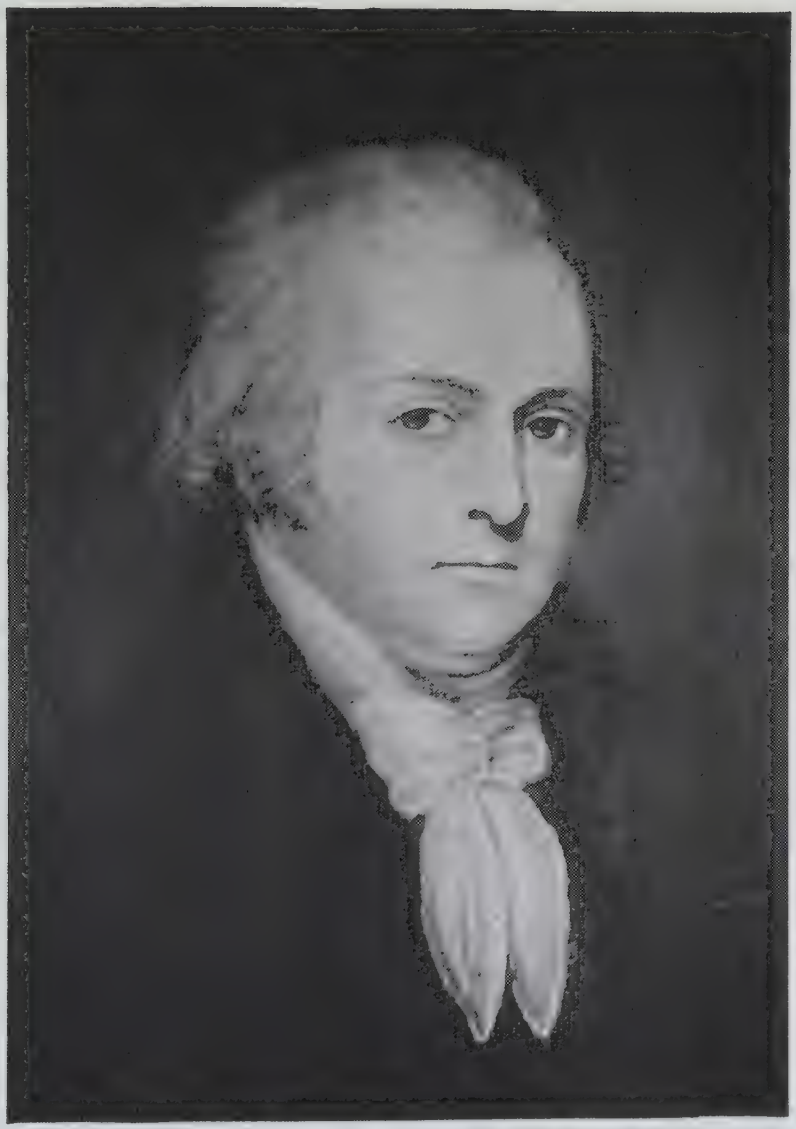
Altho Lands are verry difficult to be got here at this time, yet Should any Nobleman of y^r^. Acquaintance be inclined to purchase a Tract of 10-20-or 30 thousand You may offer him y^r^. Service in procuring such a Tract, and I beleive I could Succeed therein.—I am heartily sorry to hear by the last Post, that M^r^. Hasenclever & C^o^. are failed. I hope it may not be so.—but such is the news here, pray make some enquiry ab^t^. the Demand & Sale of Potash & whether it is like to fall or rise.—To prevent y^r^. pair of Slay Horses being Spoiled or ill used, I have taken them in here & ride them now & then in my Slay, & better I never drove either for Safety or pleasure they are in prime order. You would laugh to See *Guy* drive his Skeletons with all his Family in a Sled, I hope you will be verry carefull in y^e^. choice of y^e^. glasses I wrote for as my Eyes grow verry weak, and bring me 3 or 4

pound of Coarse English Rappe Snuff.—Try to get Claus & Guys half pay Settled if possible as it will be of Service to them. I wish You all Happiness, and a Safe & pleasant passage hither, and am My Dear Child, Yr Most affect. Father

W. JOHNSON.[5]

As Doctor Bryce says, all the evidence indicates that Sir John represented his father worthily in England in matters of sufficient importance to test the sagacity of any young man. After his return Sir John never quite succeeded in finding a place in the sun equivalent to his talent. He thought of a political career, and interested himself in local canvasses; but the times were against him. Revolution was in the air; the Assembly took notice of the stir in the valley. He became captain of a militia troop of horse. His father, casting about for some better outlet for the young man's superb energies, suggested to some of his influential friends that Sir John would make an excellent Surveyor of Woods in New York and Canada when that office should fall vacant. This lead coming to nothing, Sir John went to New York City for the social season of 1772, taking his two nieces, Catherine Claus and Polly Johnson, with him and entered them in boarding school. He left behind him at least one mourning daughter of the valley, Clara Putman, whom he had maintained, more or less "under the rose," for several years. After his marriage she lived in Schenectady. They had no children; if there had been, no doubt he would have married her, as the attachment seems to have been real on both sides.

During the winter he became engaged to Mary Watts, daughter of John Watts, the New York merchant and banker. Their marriage took place in June, 1773, a brilliant match between representatives of two rich families, the heads of both generously doing their duty by the young couple. Too ill to make the journey, Sir William sent to the bride's father this gentle reminder to produce an adequate dowry:



COLONEL SIR JOHN JOHNSON, BART.

In late middle life. From a pastel in the possession of Major F. C. Ormsby-Johnson, Weymouth, England.

Although I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you on the Subject of the connection formed by my Son in your family, I think it best to acquaint you that he now goes for New York to fullfill his Engagement, with my entire approbation; and as I left him perfectly at Liberty in his choice I am glad it has fallen on a Young Lady of so much Merit as your daughter is represented to possess both by him & sev[l]. of my friends, which will Strengthen the friendship that has so long subsisted between us & I trust be productive of Solid happiness to the young Pair.

I need not point out that his fortune is very promising, or add any thing on a pecuniary Subject, because I persuade myself that you will do all that is proper & Convenient on the occasion.—

Sir John will inform you of the Severe Indisposition I have laboured under, from which I am not sufficiently recovered to write without great difficulty, I shall therefore only add my best Wishes for your family, & for the happiness of the young people, & that I am always with cordial regard.[6]

Until Sir William's death, Sir John and his lady occupied Fort Johnson. Immediately afterward they moved to the Hall, changing places with Molly Brant, who took her brood down to Fort Johnson, where she lived until the Revolutionary pressure drove her back to her own people at Canajoharie. Miss Molly, strongly pro-British, eventually went to Canada. Colonel Claus remained her steady friend but both Sir John and Guy were too haughty for her. She never liked them, nor they her. Claus alone of the large household kept her in mind in adversity, yet he was the least affluent of them all.

As for real Lady Johnson, the charming wife of the new baronet, she continued the imposing record of the Hall in vital statistics. Her first child, William, was born there in '75. Ten other children blessed this union, otherwise so stormy. Taken in charge by the patriots some time after Sir John fled to Canada in '76, Lady Johnson eventually reached British haven in New York. She lived until 1815; Sir John until 1830, reaching the notable age of eighty-eight.

There is no need for us to enlarge on the return of Sir John

Johnson to the Mohawk on his raids during the Revolution, or to pass judgment on his leadership in those operations, from the standpoint of either capacity or humanity. It is perhaps sufficient to say that they represented the desperate slashing of a young man born to rule who had suddenly been deprived of his domain. The generosity of the British government in compensating the second baronet to the extent of approximately $250,000 for property lost in supporting the cause of the Crown, saved the Johnsons from anything approaching poverty, though the compensation was but a fraction of the value of the confiscated properties. Like his father, Sir John grew in grace with age. In superintending the affairs of the Indians of British North America, he showed the possession of much of his father's genius in that direction. After his life had been broken sharp across by that resistless march of events known as the American Revolution, Sir John Johnson managed to make a respected place for himself in a new environment, though to this day his name is anathema in the valley of his birth.

CHAPTER XL

THE CLOSING YEARS

FROM the meeting which hailed the submission of Pontiac to British authority Sir William devoted his life to the protection and education of the Indians he had helped to conquer.

The supreme task of the Indian agency in the period of Sir William Johnson's greatest power was the regulation of the trade between white men and red men. This traffic fell naturally into the hands of adventurous men, who in general asked no protection of their persons and desired no regulation of their dealings. Before the formation of the system which came into effect in 1766 the commanding officer at a post was expected to repress or even punish frauds at the expense of the Indians who came there with their furs and skins and report to Johnson all incidents of moment at the forts. For regulation of barter at the different posts, Johnson drew up schedules of equivalents, of which the following scheme designed for use at Fort Pitt is an example:

INDIAN GOODS	TO BE SOLD FOR
A Stroud of two yds. Long . . .	2 Good Beaver or three Bucks
Penniston Stockings of 1¼ yds. . .	1 Medlin Beaver or Buckskin
Mens Plain Shirts	1 Beaver or Buck & a Doe
Mens Ruffeld Ditto	2 Beavers or 3 Buck Skins
Childrens Shirts	1 small Beaver or Doe Skin
Mens Large Blankets	2 Good Beavers or 3 Bucks
Mens Single Stript Ditto	2 Medlin Beavers or 2 Buck Sks
30 in a pice for Children Ditto . .	1 Medlin Beaver or 1 Buck
Mens Penniston Coats bound . .	2 Beaver or three Bucks
Boyes Ditto Ditto of 16 Years Old	1 Good Beaver or Buck & Doe

Indian Goods	To be Sold for
Womens Wosted Socks per p^{r}; . .	1 Buck Skin
Womens Yarn Ditto	1 Doe Skin
Child^{s}: Ditto	1 Racoon
Black Wampum per Hundred . .	1 Buck
White D^{o}.—Ditto	1 Racoons.
Gun Powder pound	1 Buck Skin
4 bars Lead	4 Buck
12 flents	1 Racoon
one fathem Calico	1 Buck & a Doe or Good Beav^{r}:
one Ditto Calamanco	1 Buck
Large Silk Handk^{s}.	1 Buck & a Doe
Vermillion p^{r} p^{d}:	2 Good Beavers or 3 Bucks
Cutteau Knives	2 Racoons
Small Ditto	1 Racoon
1 pice of Role Gartring . . .	1 Buck
2 fathem of Ribbon	1 Buck
1 Brass Kettle by Weight . . .	1^{lb} one pound of Beav^{r}:
Tin Kettles of a Gallon	2 Bucks
Large Silver arm Bands . . .	4 Beaver or 5 Bucks
Small Ditto Ditto	3 Beaver or 4 Bucks
Wrist Bands	2 Bucks
Womens Hair Plates	3 Beaver or 4 Bucks
Silver Brochess	1 Racoon
Large Croses	1 Small Beaver or Medlin Buck
Ear Bobs	1 Doe

In 1766 a more extensive system came into operation, after Johnson had examined and approved a plan prepared by the Lords of Trade, following his suggestions. A digest of this plan is contained in Addendum VII. It required the appointment of commissaries, under his direction, at Oswego, Niagara, Detroit, Fort Chartres and Michilimackinac. They were to supervise this trade and were allowed some discretion in expenditures for the benefit of the trade, their expenses to be certified by the commandants at the posts. Trade was restricted to the posts. The chief criticism of the system related to the financial burden which it laid upon the British government, although it was opposed by the French traders who desired to

winter in the Indian villages, and they were supported by Sir Guy Carleton, Governor of Canada.

An occurrence which must have borne heavily against the system of trade was the quarrel between Robert Rogers, commandant at Michilimackinac, and Benjamin Roberts, the commissary. The trial of Rogers, the famous scout who had gone west in '60, for treason grew out of their rancorous dispute. Rogers had previously visited England, and, by virtue of the reputation which he won as a ranger at Lake George in the French war, he obtained the appointment of commandant at Michilimackinac. A magnificent scheme took shape in the imaginative brain of the old bush-fighter—the creation of a colony of which he should be the governor, with a deputy to rule when he was absent in some far journey into the wilderness beyond for the extension of trade and authority among the wild tribes. The scheme has impressed, by its dazzling speciousness, minds which do not reflect that Rogers was sent to the Northwest on entirely different business. He was commanding officer, acting under instructions from General Gage and Sir William Johnson, to preserve order at Michilimackinac and confine the trade to the post. The regulations were thrown to the winds and in unauthorized councils with the Indians he wasted large sums of money. His quarrel with Roberts in a conflict of authority, in which he caused the commissary to be imprisoned and sent to Montreal in irons, brought from the latter the charge of treason, for which Rogers in turn was dragged to trial. Freed for want of conclusive evidence, he went again to England and, with superb impudence asked to be made a baronet. His grandiose project came to nothing, but the plan of trade, which he trampled under foot, suffered from the scandal of violence and usurpation at the post where Rogers set up his little kingdom. Rogers the Ranger slumped into an unconsidered inebriate, and never did anything more worth

while in the field, though he lived until after the Revolution. The West had done for him also.

To reduce the cost of administering the department of Indian affairs and likewise conciliate American opinion touching outstanding grievances, the commissary system was abandoned, the commissaries dismissed, and the supervision of trade was turned over to the colonial governments, which allowed it practically to lapse. All other Indian affairs were left in Johnson's charge.

Several of the retiring commissaries were men of ability and experience. Colonel Edward Cole served under Johnson at Lake George. Lieutenant Benjamin Roberts was inferior in no respect save the tact and self-restraint demanded in dealing with a person like Robert Rogers, in a situation in which responsibility was not distinctly divided. Jehu Hay, a former officer, went to the Detroit post well recommended. Addendum VII contains a detailed account of Johnson's Indian service at its peak, and notes of several of his leading assistants.

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Since Indian trade could not be controlled, Johnson renewed his efforts to protect Indian lands from the increasing pressure of white pioneers. To that end he arranged, after a long and vivid correspondence on the subject of Indian wrongs with the Earl of Shelburne in London, the fixing of a boundary line in 1768 between the white settlements and the hunting grounds of the red men. In the Fort Stanwix treaty this line was carried to the Cherokee (Tennessee) river, by a concession of the Six Nations, who received the royal payment. At this gathering, on the present site of the city of Rome, New York, were 3,200 Indians, the greatest assemblage of red men ever held on the continent. Sir William took thither twenty bateaux laden with presents and food. The inventory shows sixty barrels of flour, fifty barrels of pork, six barrels of rice and seventy barrels of

other provisions; this calculation being based on Johnson's experience that an Indian would consume twice as much food as a white man. Thus fed and fêted the Indians met the Baronet's every request.

Inclusion of the Kentucky-Tennessee area, contrary to the instructions of the Lords of Trade, brought disapproval from Lord Hillsborough, Secretary for the Colonies, who held up proceedings until his pretensions to special insight into Indian matters were overruled at home in a manner not too painful to his self-love. At the same treaty the Penns obtained by purchase a large extension of their possessions in Pennsylvania. The King's advisers came to begrudge the ten thousand pounds which the treaty cost, and the barrier which it established was soon washed away by the rushing tide of westward emigration. Nevertheless, it represented a last stern effort to maintain the Indians in their heritage.

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Numerous letters dealing with church affairs which have been made accessible to all students of history through recent publications of the New York State Historian, cast a strong light on Johnson's devotion to spiritual interests in his later years. If his zeal for the progress of the Church of England be described as sectarian, it is necessary only to reply that all religious earnestness in his time was sectarian, and any comparison which may be drawn between his utterances on religion in the American colonies with other literature of the period will show him to have been singularly liberal and self-restrained. His friendship with Eleazar Wheelock and his relations with Parson Occum, Samuel Kirkland, and other missionaries, who came into the Indian field to labor and not to proselyte, supply all necessary arguments in behalf of his liberality in an age when religious tolerance was praised by few and practised by a still

smaller number. At Johnstown he gave land to both Lutherans and Calvinists.

In Johnson's effort to secure the creation of an American bishopric of the Church of England, he was controlled by his knowledge that a church which must send a candidate for its ministry across the Atlantic Ocean, on a mission several months in duration, to receive ordination, labored under a serious disadvantage; but he failed to understand that the home government could not raise up bishops in the colonies and challenge the lingering dread of "prelacy" at a time when American hostility to English measures was passionately aroused.

Johnson's zeal for the Established Church was exhibited in the proposal which he laid before the Rev. Daniel Burton, secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. In a letter of December 10, 1768, after mentioning a tract, extending from the rear of the patented lands near Canajoharie to the Sacandaga river, in which he had obtained an interest by the payment of £100 to the Indians, he offered to present his share to the Society as a contribution toward the maintenance of a bishop, provided the Society could obtain the patent. The land thus to be devoted to a religious use comprised 20,000 acres. Earlier, he was planning the establishment of an Indian mission, with a school attached, at the Lower Mohawk Castle at a considerable expense to himself. At the Upper Castle (present Danube) he built a church for the Indians, still standing, though transformed for the use of a white congregation, and at Johnstown he erected a house of worship, to which he was ready to give additional support if a missionary could be obtained for that place.

In pursuit of these objects Johnson maintained for some years a correspondence with leading clergymen of the Establishment. These included Samuel Johnson, first president of King's College; Myles Cooper, his successor; William Smith,

founder of the seminary which became the University of Pennsylvania; Samuel Auchmuty, rector of Trinity Church, New York; Charles Inglis, Bishop of Nova Scotia after the Revolution; and Thomas B. Chandler, a prominent minister of that day.

Locally, he built at Johnstown a stone church, which was destroyed by fire in 1836. There, in the great pew surrounded by his family, Sir William sat under the Rev. Richard Moseley, the first pastor, who resigned his charge because of ill health shortly before the Baronet's death, but sent him from New York in April, 1774, a charming letter of gratitude for the latter's assistance during his pastorate at Saint John's.[1]

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In the year 1766, on May 23, Johnson was constituted Worshipful Master of St. Patrick's F. & A. M. No. 4, and on August 23 of that year he was installed as Master of St. Patrick's Lodge, organized at Johnson Hall, its meeting place. April 12, 1769, he was raised to the Sublime Degree of Perfection, Scottish Rite. Somewhat later he was elected Master of Ineffable Lodge, A. A. S. R. of Albany. In December of 1770 Johnson declined reëlection as Master of St. Patrick's Lodge, and was succeeded by Guy Johnson.

Sir William displayed much interest in all that concerned the order, including its stated ceremonies. He attended a meeting of his lodge on February 11, 1773, for the last time. The lodge room, ready for masonic exercises, is still shown to visitors at Johnson Hall.

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The zeal for these objects did not interfere with attention to civic duties, or to the material prosperity and progress of the community which Johnson had protected and fostered. After

some delay, he was gratified in the ambition to see a county set off from Albany county, having Johnstown for its seat and Guy Johnson for its representative in the Assembly.

Johnson's attitude toward the revolutionary fevers roused by the Stamp Act is perhaps best expressed in a letter he wrote Lieutenant Governor Colden on March 27, 1766:

> the January Pacquet brought me a letter from my son (John, who was then in London), which contained very little news, its being a matter of doubt, at that time, what would be the Issue of the Debates in Parliament, tho it was thought by many of ye first People that the Stamp Act would not be repealed, the Issue is no doubt expected with impatience, and from some hints there is reason to think it will be more favorable to the Commercial Interest of the Colonies, than to the wishes of the People concerning the Stamps;—I hope it may produce a Harmony between the Mother Country & this, and that the People may be convinced a proper consistent support of the Priviledges of the Mother Country are the surest prop to our liberties here against the future encroachments of the ambitous in America.

The emphasis on commercial interest may reflect the influence and ideas of Pownall, who early declared against coercing the colonies and in favor of binding them to the Mother Country through commercial treaties encouraging to their growth and trade.

It will be asked, what was Sir William Johnson's attitude toward the movement which pointed toward the separation of the colonies from the Mother Country? It was not sympathetic. He was a monarchist, who believed in the British Constitution. Apparently he did not approve the Stamp Act, but still less did he approve a turbulent opposition to its enforcement. While as a Crown officer he refrained from taking a public position in this and subsequent quarrels over the measures of parliament, his private correspondence must prove to a candid mind that, if he had lived to espouse either cause, it would not have been the cause of independence. A careful consideration of his thirty

years' service of the Crown as well as the benefits and honors bestowed upon him and his family at the hands of his sovereign seems to determine where his sense of duty would have ranged this old monarchist in the end.

It should here be remarked that Johnson never fully perceived the nearness of the crisis in the relations of the colonies to Great Britain. It did not seem to engross his thoughts in the closing days. He may have shared the view that the political disturbances which he deprecated were chiefly the work of the "Bostonians," which General Gage, when he transferred his residence from New York to Boston, would subdue with a touch of the bayonet. Or he may have been too tired, too worn by illness, to grapple with the problems of '74 as he had with those of '44.[8]

Johnson's fame has suffered through the evil behavior in the Revolution of those who inherited his name and property. Their species of warfare against the Mohawk Valley would never have been countenanced by the man who had given his youth and his prime to the protecting and upbuilding of that beautiful land.

Sir William Johnson's inestimable service to America and her civilization call for a new evaluation of his character and a just view, only lately made possible, of his political principles, even though he could not see, as we see, that the colonial status had been outgrown.

CHAPTER XLI

DEATH UNBARS THE DOOR

FOR five years before his death the loyal group around Sir William, noting his decline in strength, tried to save him from the strain of overwork. A typical letter on this subject is this from John Wetherhead, his New York representative:

New York the 8th May 1769

The account Mr. Adams has given me of your Indisposition for some time past, has really given me a great deal of Concern—That you woud Suffer your Health to waste away in the Manner you do & linger out your Life in pain & Misery, when by a little Alluviation from Business, Change of Air & gentle Exercise you might be very greatly relieved—is very astonishing to me—for God's sake have you made a Vow to Sacrifice yourself & all the Comforts you ought to enjoy at your Time of Life to the Ease & Happiness of the Indians? I very well know the Dilicacy of your Sentiments on that Head—but pray Sir William have you not people enough about you to take Care of them in your Absence—certainly They woud take a very particular Pleasure in exerting themselves on an Occasion So much for the Advantage of all your Connections as that of preserving your Health & Life—I am afraid of being thought impertinent, but I coud wish it was in my Power to prevail on you to take a Jaunt to Shrewsberry for a while—I'm certain you woud almost immediately find the Advantage of it—The beautifull Situation of the Place, with the Amusements of Fishing & fowling, which No place on this Continent is better calculated for, woud make your Time pass pleasantly & woud make you Use Such gentle Exercise as may be necessary for you, without being plagued with more Company than yourself woud Chuse—Give me Leave therefore Sir to prevail on you to try the Experiment & come down as Soon as you Can with Convenience to yourself & if you Shoud resolve to do So, wch I will flatter myself will be the Case—I must insist upon your being at my House, where I Assure you Sir you Shall meet with a Cordial Welcome—I live in an Airy pleasant part

of the Town & have Rooms to Spare for you without the least Inconvenience to myself or family during your Stay here—& Shall think it my Duty to do every thing in my Power to contribute to your Comfort & Happiness—do let me hear from you on this Head & in the mean time Assure yourself that I am with great Truth & Sincerity

Sir your most Obliged Hble Servant

JOHN WETHERHEAD.[1]

In 1769 the Baronet could still laugh off these exhortations; but in 1774, some months before the end, he realized the deadly seriousness of his condition. Every medicine had lost its potency to check his disorder; seashore air and medicinal springs [2] had failed him. Those twin plagues—the painful old wound of '55 and even older dysentery—these had beaten him at last. Then he made his last will, apparently by bringing an old one down to date by adding his younger children by Miss Molly, and composed his spirit; but even yet the pressure of work continued. A month before he died he wrote the colonial secretary a letter which shows both his situation and his resolution:

I have daily to combat with thousands, who, by their avarice, cruelty, or indiscretion, are constantly counteracting all judicious measures with the Indians; but I shall still persevere. The occasion requires it; and I shall never be without hopes till I find myself without that influence, which has never yet forsaken me on the most trying occasions.[3]

The truth is that Sir William had been under siege for ten years or more by an acquisitive race determined to possess themselves of that over which he stood guard. American individuals keen to divide the communal lands of Indian tribes into parcels of their own; American traders insisting that trade be free, even though it might be deadly—these trampled on the Fort Stanwix line, these broke the regulations on Indian trade, these stood ready to tear up every Indian treaty. The State Historian of New York, Alexander C. Flick, has stated the case truly, but mildly, in his *The American Revolution in New York:*

In 1761 and 1763 the British government forbade trading with the Indians unless a royal license had first been secured and also prohibited settlers and speculators from obtaining lands from the Indians beyond the Allegheny mountains. In 1768 the Fort Stanwix treaty defined the line more strictly. These measures irritated the numerous traders, trappers, adventurers, speculators and frontiersmen from the St. Lawrence to Florida and caused them to range themselves on the side of the merchants and shippers in denouncing interference from overseas with their rights.[4]

The sick man held himself staunchly to his task. Governor Tryon, who gave his name to the great pre-Revolutionary county which should have been named Johnson in tribute to the man who did most for it, visited Johnson Hall during this tense period. His report contains this paragraph:

It is with real satisfaction that I saw the credit and confidence in which Sir William was held by the Indian tribes. It is impossible for any man to have more uniform zeal and attention than he has in his department, so much so, that it would be no impropriety to style him the slave of the savages.[5]

The spider needs the fly, needs it in order to live, needs it in order to fulfill the law of spiderhood. So, in assaying this conflict of races, it is only fair to note that the whites, pushing westward, felt equally an instinctive need of Indian lands. The stony Atlantic coast had become a forcing bed for humans, some of whom must emigrate or die. Moreover, they represented, on the whole but by no means in all respects, a superior civilization. Yet the fact that the spider needs the fly is no consolation to the victim. With his pitifully inferior weapons the predestined prey fights back.

When the whites were weaker, and unable to prevail by force of arms, they had made a covenant in the name of their King with the native tribes. Being distant, and shielded by riches from the desperate hungers of the common man, the King held

to his covenant; and in so far as his councillors could prevail against hungry men on the ground, the Crown protected its Indian allies. Thirty years before a man who could be trusted had come to the strongest of these allies, learned their ways and words, and had been raised up to govern them in the name of the King. To him they looked to protect them from cheating traders and land robbers. At Fort Stanwix in '68 he had drawn a line in the name of the King, a long line smooth on paper, rough on earth. Let him guard that line. West of that line was Indian country, where except for a few enclaves already of record, Indian lands could not be alienated. Therefore, let him keep his people east of the line, where they belonged.

Like an old bulldog that had spent his days on guard and so must die on guard, Sir William policed his line as best he could. He had no troops under him, and now that his commissary officers had been discharged from the various posts, he could get small coöperation from the military. His Indian deputies and agents worked valorously, but they were few in number compared with the vast expanse of territory. Where force was needed, they must beg for help from reluctant officers, sluggish governors, distant lords, and secretaries for the colonies. The bulldog's teeth were drawn, but he held his ground, growling. And, occasionally, because men knew what he had been once and were not quite sure of his present plight, he drove the marauders off.

Or, to risk another simile, this impasse was like that of the irresistible force pushing at the immovable post. Here a stern will, giving point to the calm impassivity of a monarchial system which could rarely learn its own mind in time to change it, resisted the millions who wanted the West for themselves and their children. Not until Sir William Johnson died, not until

the frontier end of the royal will dissolved in the death of the only man able to uphold it, could Americans carve into individual slices the richest pudding ever spread before a people.

Violations of the Fort Stanwix treaty increased in numbers and seriousness as the excitements of Boston spread their news along the frontier. Youthful Captain Michael Cresap began his private war against Logan in 1774. The Greathouse murders, and the wanton killing of Bald Eagle and Silver Heels, which followed, stirred the Indian world to its depths. Logan's magnificent oratory has won him deathless renown. In the murk of Indian history he shines forth a wise and patient soul. Silver Heels deserved even better of the whites. With a handful of other Senecas he had served as a scout under the Old Belt in Braddock's ghastly defeat. From the English standpoint he had been one of the best of his turbulent tribe, and many a white owed his life to this Indian with the beautiful name. Now he was dead, murdered and scalped. As Johnson had reported to the Secretary of State for the Colonies two years before: "The Indians always regarded the scalping of a murdered person as a national act and a declaration of war." Straightway Logan and Cornstalk led Ohio tribes against the Virginia and Pennsylvania frontiers. The Six Nations shook themselves, and asked Warraghiyagey to tell them the truth. Was there no faith in his people? Had the King forgotten his allies, his children?

Hoping against hope that something might occur to ease the situation, Sir William delayed the inevitable council; but when six hundred tribesmen had gathered at Johnson Hall on July 7 he could wait no longer, though in no condition to endure prolonged fatigue. It was the time of year when he usually went to the seashore on Long Island for relief from his chronic infirmity; now he was chained by duty to the council

fire. He opened the council on the eighth of July, and on the ninth listened to Cayugas and Senecas, one of whom said:

> It seems that your people entirely disregard and despise the settlement agreed upon by their superiors and us; for we find that they, notwithstanding that settlement, have come in vast numbers to the Ohio, and have given our people to settle where they pleased.[6]

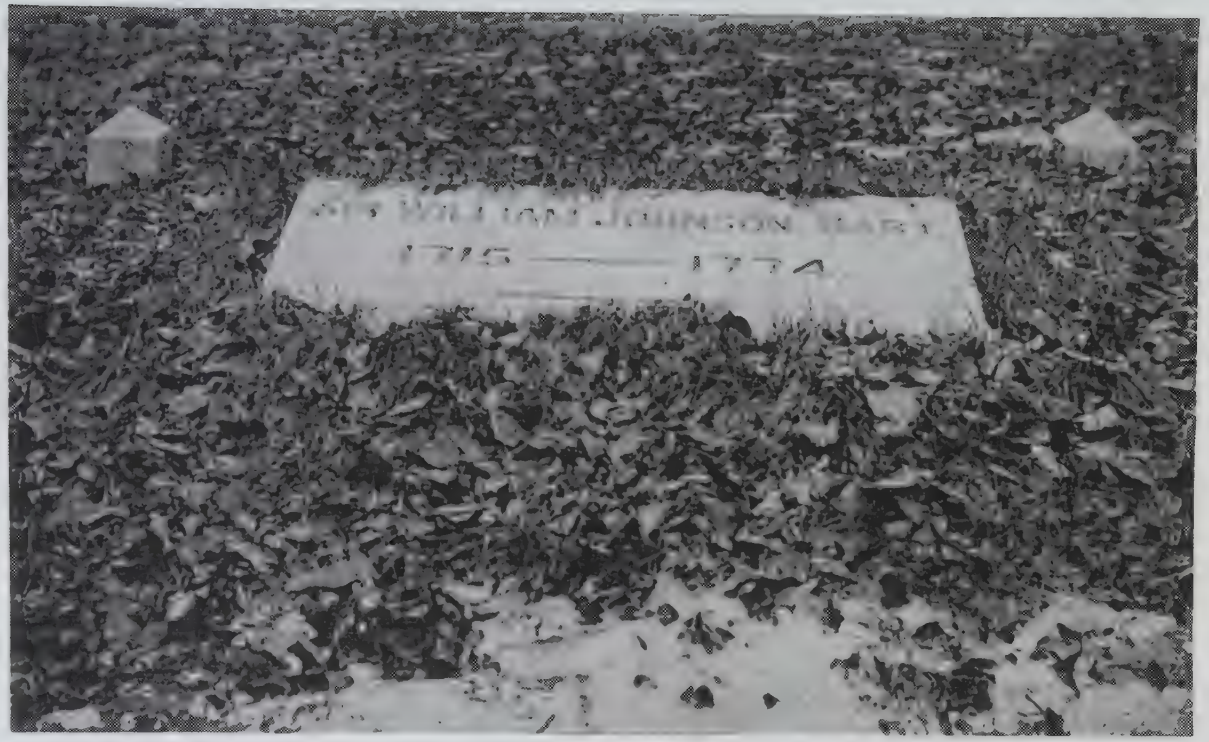
On the eleventh, Sir William replied, telling them once more, as he had so often, that the outrages were the work of individuals whom the King would punish as soon as he could find them. For two hours he spoke in the vigorous Indian manner under a hot sun, stamping the earth for emphasis, bestowing the wampum, masking his feebleness with the art of the practised orator. While the presents were being distributed, he was seized with severe spasms. Assisted to his bedroom, he lingered two hours. On Joseph Brant he is said to have laid this touching charge, "Joseph, control thy people; I am going away." His "dear child Johnny" who had ridden posthaste from Fort Johnson on hearing of the seizure, arrived just before his father passed away. Tradition says Sir John rode a horse to death on this occasion. Molly lifted her voice in the death wail of her people; it was taken up by the dusky watchers in the grove, and fast as foot and voice could travel the word passed up and down the valley that Warraghiyagey's spirit had departed. Men shook their heads, wondering what would happen now that Sir William's power and wealth had devolved upon hotheads, with worse times coming.

The story that the Baronet, faced with the breakdown of his life work through the Revolution, committed suicide, has kept itself alive all these years, as foul tales will. Yet no sudden death was ever better evidenced than this one; a seizure with hundreds about and of a nature clearly in line with the medical history of the case. Simms, the only historian of substance to

print the story, retracted it in a later edition after examination of the evidence. Guy reports the cause as a "fit" in the official minutes of the council and as a "suffocation" in his report to the Earl of Dartmouth. There is on record the written counsel of several medical men on this precise subject. Dr. Samuel Stringer of Albany wrote Johnson about a year before his death, "the electuary I would advise you to use only when you are apprehensive of fits coming on, from a sense of compressure or tightness across the stomach." [7] Thus ended the career of Sir William in the sixtieth year of his life and his thirty-seventh year in America.

Day and night, while Warraghiyagey's body lay in the great drawing room of the Hall awaiting burial, the Mohawks continued the chant for the spirit of their brother who had been raised up by the Great Spirit. They were a lost tribe now that their shepherd, who had never deceived them, had gone away to that happier hunting where the huntsmen never grow old. Two thousand persons followed his body to the church he had built in Johnstown. The mourners represented all the diverse racial elements of the Mohawk frontier—Irish, English, Highland Scotch, Indian, German, Dutch, negroes. Within a year they would be ready to spring at one another's throats; no wonder, since the first among them, he who had established order and defended their acres, had gone back to the soil from which he rose to greatness.

There were many who loved him. A day after his first funeral, the Indians conducted another, condoling with his successor, Colonel Guy Johnson. "Continue," they said, "to give good advice to the young men as your father did: . . . Follow his footsteps; and as you know very well his ways and transactions with us . . . continue to imitate them for the good of the public . . . Take due care of them (our affairs) as that great man did." [8]



THE LAST RESTING PLACE

Grave of Sir William Johnson in Saint John's Churchyard, Johnstown, New York. Hither the paths of glory led him at the age of fifty-nine.

The militia he had commanded so long as colonel, brigadier general, and finally major general, felt lost without his guidance amid the growing disturbances. The Kinderhook officers resolved:

> In a more especial manner must the sensibility of these frontiers be awakened when they contemplate these abilities by which they have been so often and so long protected from the ravages of a merciless foe, by which the arts and even refinements of civil society have been extended into a rude and inhospitable wilderness, and the unprincipled savage been taught to cultivate the blessings of peace.[9]

The simple gravestone in the churchyard of old St. John's bears no epitaph, merely the name, title and dates. But when that stone dissolves under the slow kiss of Time, a grateful people may consider graving upon its successor this quotation from a Johnson letter:

> I thank Heaven I have ever thought my Self love a small Sacrifice to the public.[10]

. . . . . .

The Revolution could proceed; America could proceed. The gate-keeper of the Mohawk had fought off the French, and tamed the Indians; and now, since he was dead, the gate to the West stood open.

ADDENDA

ADDENDUM I

EARLY MOHAWK FACTS

WHEN Johnson took up his home on the Mohawk, Albany county contained a sparse population. It was reckoned in 1737 to be 10,681, and the increase in six years had been 2,108. In area it was enormous, containing approximately 15,000 square miles. The population of the entire province that year was 60,437, an increase of 10,148 representing the six years' growth. Different explanations for the slow advance were offered. Zenger had intimated in his newspaper that men were fleeing from unjust and arbitrary rule in New York to the privileges which they might enjoy under the government of Pennsylvania. Governor Clarke, addressing the Lords of Trade, embodied in words of his own the general opinion that other colonies were more rapidly peopled because their assemblies had a short life; and to the same happiness was ascribed the lively progress of rival provinces in shipbuilding, navigation, and trade. In a later communication Governor Clarke pointed to Indian massacres on the frontier as the chief deterrent from rapid settling of the country.

The products and exports which the colony could boast at that time were those of the forest and the farm. Governor Cosby stated, in answering an inquiry of the Lords of Trade, that the principal staple was wheat, which was exported with little advantage because of high freights, length of passage, and

lateness of intelligence concerning markets. In January, 1738, Archibald Kennedy, Collector of Customs at New York, in a statement required by the same authority, showed that the colony sent to Europe, grain, flaxseed, hides, elk and deer skins, ox horns, staves and lumber; and to different ports on this continent, provisions and horses in addition to the productions enumerated. In 1734 there were no iron works in the province; and several years later lead mining was unprofitable.

Compared with other parts of the country, wages seem to have been comparatively high in the Mohawk Valley. One of Farmer Flood's accounts indicates that nine shillings ($2.25) a day was the going price for man and team at plowing, which would contrast with $8.00 or $10.00 today. As on most frontiers where two races of varying industrial efficiency meet, Indian labor was cheap and of small value, white labor expensive and scarce. Mohawk wages in Johnson's time were never as low as in Pennsylvania, where Peter Kalm in 1748 found £20 a year the usual rate "for a man servant of ability."

. . . . . .

Stoves the laborer knew not, coal he had not seen, matches he had never heard of, and glass never adorned his table, china his cupboard, or prints his wall. Food consisted of salt pork, baked beans, Indian pudding, parched corn, "barley fire-cake," and other rough foods. Professor J. B. McMaster declares that the worker "rarely tasted fresh meat as often as once in a week, and paid for it a much higher price than his posterity." He usually wore a pair of yellow buckskin or leather breeches, checked shirt, jacket of red flannel, rusty felt hat, neat's skin shoes adorned with huge brass buckles, and a leather apron, which he smeared with grease to keep it soft and pliable. (Jennings, *History of Economic Progress in the United States*, p. 13.)

ADDENDUM II

THE FUR TRADE OF NEW YORK

THE seal of New Netherlands, in use until 1764, is thus described: "*Argent,* a Beaver, proper; *Crest,* a Coronet; *Legend;* Sigillum, Novi Belgii." The beaver is retained on the seals of the province under English rule, as representing the most valuable industry in which the inhabitants were engaged. The dignity accorded to this animal in the seal corresponded to the importance of the fur trade. In the early days of the War of the Revolution New York troops bore a banner which displayed a black beaver on a white ground—a fine piece of loyalty, considering how much that industrious creature had contributed to the prosperity of the colony and of the State to be.

As early as 1676 Captain Cornelis Hendricksen reported to the States General of the United Netherland provinces that he had discovered a bay and three rivers between 38° and 40° of latitude, "and did there trade with the Inhabitants; said trade consisting of Sables, Furs, Robes and other skins," commodities equally abundant in the adjacent region known as New Netherlands. Ten years later a ship, arriving at Amsterdam, brought from New Netherlands "7246 Beaver skins, 178½ Otter skins, 675 Otter skins, 48 minck skins, 36 Wild cat skins, 33 Mincks, 34 skins." Twelve years later nothing came to Netherland from the colony save beaver skins and other furs. At about this time the fur trade carried on with the Indians, of which the West India Company had enjoyed a monopoly, was thrown open to all, including traders from Virginia and New England.

Population increased, and a period of prosperity was expected, a condition delayed by the rapacity of traders, their trespasses on the Indians' corn lands and the sale of firearms to the Mohawks to the injury of other aboriginal nations. In the year before the conquest of New Netherlands by the English, 10,000 skins were obtained from the trade on the Delaware river. It was estimated that this traffic might be made to yield as much in duties as the export of tobacco. The skins of beavers exported from New Netherlands were carried to Russia, because, to borrow a statement of that period, "the fur is separated there in Russia with particular skill and in the most subtle manner from the aforesaid beavers, and then, so prepared, is brought back here [to Netherland] and sent hence to France."

Governor Thomas Dongan was the first of the governors of New York fully to appreciate the importance of the trade in furs and peltry. For its preservation he desired that he might have "order to erect a Campagne Fort upon Delaware in 41d 40m; another upon the Susquehanna where his Mat^{y} shall think fit M^{r} Pens bounds shall terminate. And another at Oneigra [Niagara] near the Great Lake in the way where our people goe a Beaver hunting or trading or any where else where I shall think convenient it being very necessary for the support of Trade." It was also in Dongan's mind to build a fort by Lake Champlain, one at the mouth of Salmon River, one at Niagara, and two or three small forts between Schenectady and Lake Ontario, to protect the trade against the French. This governor lamented the decline of an exportation, which at one time had amounted to 35,000 or 40,000 beavers a year. Lord Bellomont, when governor, found that the business had fallen off, because, through change of fashion, beaver was little worn in England, and he recommended that beaver and other peltry from this province be made custom free. In Lord Cornbury's time the trade in peltry was "scarce worth regarding." Somewhat earlier,

the beaver trade of Albany, estimated at one time at £10,000 a year, had suffered by reason of the war between New York Indians and the French. An unofficial authority of that period placed a value of £200,000 on the entire fur trade of the English colonies. In Governor Burnet's administration the trade had again advanced. From 1724 to 1725 furs with deerskins to the amount of 305 hogsheads and casks and 87 packs were shipped from New York to English ports. At that time several trade acts were passed in this province for guarding the trade with the Indian nations. The act of chief importance prohibited the sale of Indian goods to the French of Canada, since it was to the advantage of the French to extend their trade with the Indians, whether by selling French products or English, and it was equally to the interest of the English colonists to keep the direct traffic with Indians in their own hands.

So valuable had the fur trade become that in 1724 one of the ablest minds in the colonies turned its attention to the subject. Cadwallader Colden's report is a comprehensive survey of the situation of the two rival powers striving for mastery on this continent. The aims of those powers were somewhat different and they constantly diverged. In the one case to extend from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi, from Florida to Hudson's Bay, a rule despotic and ecclesiastical, which would reflect the majesty and military dominance of France and multiply her material wealth. The fur trade was to be one of the pillars of this American structure, and the idea of replacing the trader and trapper, the *coureur de bois,* with the farming *habitant* was feebly, if at all, entertained.

British aim, not less imperial, was divided and uncertain. George Croghan looked on the shifting policies of successive state ministers in whatever concerned the Indians as a cause of the decline of British influence over those tribes. The Indians knew at any time what Paris meant. They did not always know

what London meant. At times London did not know. Some statesmen and economists believed that the chief use of the colonies was to provide raw materials for English industries; others that the growing and spreading population of British subjects in the New World should be looked upon chiefly as consumers of British goods. The more frontiersmen who were cutting away the forests and destroying the wild animals moved westward and planted settlements where the primeval wilderness had been, the greater would be the market for the products of the homeland. The first school of statesmanship cherished the fur trade, had little desire that the forests should disappear, strove to guard the native tribes in the retention of their hunting grounds, the nursery of the fur trade, looked with disfavor on the creation of companies to found communities or to establish colonies in the Far West. Instinctively they felt that the prevention of colonial expansion, the restriction of American enterprise to the production of raw materials, such as furs and skins, and the maintenance of the Indian nations as a wall against white encroachment, guaranteed to Great Britain a permanent control of the destinies of America. Lord Hillsborough, Secretary for the Colonies from 1768 to 1772, was one of the most arrogant and least intelligent exponents of this opinion in the days just preceding the Revolution. When Cadwallader Colden set the British cause and the French in opposition, the seaboard colonies, whose interest he championed, had fifty years of growth before them; the westernmost communities were hedged in by formidable and jealous tribes, on whose friendliness and activity the fur trade depended, and few looked ahead to a day when the barter of the white man's commodities for beaver and peltry would be an industry of minor concern.

Colden did not disguise certain natural advantages enjoyed by France in her ability to utilize the Great Lakes as a channel of trade, and with little difficulty the Mississippi. But he stated

with clearness her disadvantage in the character of navigation through the river and the Gulf of St. Lawrence by reason of stormy weather and sunken rocks. Another difficulty against which the Canadiens contended resided in the superior excellence, variety, and cheapness of English goods. Strouds, cheap blankets, which the Indians valued as material for clothing, were made only in England. Rum could not be supplied by the Canadiens, because they had no article which they could exchange in the West Indies for molasses, the basis of that beverage. Other articles for Indian trade were much more costly in Montreal than in Albany, for reasons which he plainly analyzed.

While the rivalry of Montreal and Albany never wholly ceased, and Albany had manifest advantages over Montreal as well as over her rivals in the colonies, there existed something like a commercial alliance between the old city on the Hudson and the French emporium. The profitable arrangement was maintained even in war time. When New England visitors to the Hudson river found in the hands of Albany traders household or personal articles, seized in the descent of Canadian Indians on Massachusetts settlements, the visitors went away with something in their hearts that was not affection for Albany. The Caghnawagas of the St. Lawrence were the carriers in this trade, and gradually the Albany merchants found it easier to let them convey their Indian goods to Montreal than to get them to the Indians more directly.

In Colden's eyes such a commerce in peace or war with a neighbor never really at peace with the English colonies was never expedient, because the Dutch and English traders possessed manifest facilities for keeping and extending their trade with the Indian Nations, and at the same time maintaining close political relations with them. The French traders suffered the embarrassment of a closed market in which to sell.

A company which paid high duties in France on importations of fur had the exclusive right to purchase from the traders, and this company fixed the prices, and so of course fixed the prices paid to the natives. The Frenchmen paid more for goods and received less for furs.

In a way the French traders had the lead. They were the first to occupy a field opened to them by the explorers and missionaries of France. They mingled more naturally with the natives, learned their speech, and by the easy complaisance of Frenchmen gained their confidence and affection. As the trade with the Iroquois languished, and the eastern colonies declined as fur-producing territories, trade moved westward and centered in regions preëmpted by the men of New France. Not that they were to hold this ground unchallenged. From New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia the English traders poured into the West, by lake or river or mountain pass to contend for possession with their competitors. By bateau and canoe, pack horse, schooner and raft, by poling and rowing and tramping, the hardy forerunners of rival nations pushed their commerce into the distant wilderness. There they continually clashed. Soldiers were sent in to support the honor of the fleur-de-lis and the banner of St. George, and these likewise clashed. Thus the two powers which represented European enterprise in America found themselves in 1755 at war without a declaration.

ADDENDUM III

FORT JOHNSON

A Contemporary Description by a French Spy

"Col. Johnson's mansion is situate on the border of the left bank of the River Mohawk; it is three stories high; built of stone, with port holes (crenelees) and a parapet and flanked with four bastions on which are some small guns. In the same yard, on both sides of the Mansion, there are two small houses; that on the right of the entrance is a Store, and that on the left is designed for workmen, negroes and other domestics. The yard gate is a heavy swing gate well ironed, it is on the Mohawk river side; from this gate to the river there is about 200 paces of level ground. The high road passes there. A small rivulet coming from the north empties itself into the Mohawk river, about 200 paces below the enclosure of the yard. On this stream there is a Mill about 50 paces distance from the house; below the mill is the miller's house where grain and flour are stored, and on the other side of the creek, 100 paces from the mill, is a barn in which cattle and fodder are kept. One hundred and fifty paces from Colonel Johnson's Mansion at the North side, on the left bank of the little creek, is a little hill on which is a small house with port holes where is ordinarily kept a guard of honor of some twenty men, which serves also as an advanced post.

"From Colonel Johnson's house to Chenectedi is counted seven leagues; the road is good; all sorts of vehicles pass over

it. About twenty houses are found from point to point on this road."

(From a description of the country between Oswego and Albany, written in 1757, evidently by a French spy. Translated from a Paris document.)

ADDENDUM IV

FRANKLIN'S PLAN OF UNION ADOPTED BY THE ALBANY CONGRESS—1754

As usually printed, each article of Union is followed by "Reasons and Motives," composed by Franklin. We give only the articles themselves:

That the said general government be administered by a President-General, to be appointed and supported by the Crown; and a Grand Council, to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several Colonies met in their respective assemblies.

That within months after the passing such act, the House of Representatives that happen to be sitting within that time, or that shall be especially convened, may and shall choose members for the Grand Council, in the following proportion, that is to say,

Massachusetts Bay	7
New Hampshire	2
Connecticut	5
Rhode Island	2
New York	4
New Jersey	3
Pennsylvania	6
Maryland	4
Virginia	7
North Carolina	4
South Carolina	4
	48

—who shall meet for the first time at the city of Philadelphia in Pennsylvania, being called by the President-General as soon as conveniently may be after his appointment.

That there shall be a new election of the members of the Grand Council every three years; and on the death or resignation of any

member, his place shall be supplied by a new choice at the next sitting of the Assembly of the Colony he represented.

That after the first three years, when the proportion of money arising out of each Colony to the general treasury can be known, the number of members to be chosen for each Colony shall, from time to time, in all ensuing elections, be regulated by that proportion, yet so as that the number to be chosen by any one Province be not more than seven nor less than two.

That the Grand Council shall meet once in every year, and oftener if occasion require, at such time and place as they shall adjourn to at the last preceding meeting, or as they shall be called to meet at by the President-General on any emergency; he having first obtained in writing the consent of seven of the members to such call, and sent due and timely notice to the whole.

That the Grand Council have power to choose their speaker; and shall neither be dissolved, prorogued nor continued sitting longer than six weeks at a time, without their own consent or the special command of the crown.

That the members of the Grand Council shall be allowed for their service ten shillings sterling per diem, during their session and journey to and from the place of meeting; twenty miles to be reckoned a day's journey.

That the assent of the President-General be requisite to all acts of the Grand Council, and that it be his office and duty to cause them to be carried into execution.

That the President, with the advice of the Grand Council, hold or direct all Indian treaties, in which the general interest of the Colonies may be concerned; and make peace or declare war with Indian nations.

That they make such laws as they judge necessary for regulating all Indian trade.

That they make all purchases from Indians, for the crown, of lands not now within the bounds of particular Colonies, or that shall not be within their bounds when some of them are reduced to more convenient dimensions.

That they make new Settlements on such purchases, by granting lands in the King's name, reserving a quitrent to the crown for the use of the general treasury.

That they make such laws for regulating and governing such new settlements, till the crown shall think fit to form them into particular governments.

That they raise and pay soldiers and build forts for the defence of any of the Colonies, and equip vessels of force to guard the coasts and

protect the trade on the ocean, lakes or great rivers; but they shall not impress men in any Colony, without the consent of the legislature.

That for these purposes they have power to make laws, and lay and levy such general duties, imposts or taxes, as to them shall appear most equal and just (considering the ability and other circumstances of the inhabitants in the several Colonies), and such as may be collected with the least inconvenience to the people; rather discouraging luxury, than loading industry with unnecessary burdens.

That they may appoint a General Treasurer and Particular Treasurer in each government when necessary; and, from time to time, may order the sums in the treasuries of each government into the general treasury; or draw on them for special payments, as they may find most convenient.

Yet no money to issue but by joint orders of the President-General and Grand Council; except where sums have been appropriated to particular purposes, and the President-General is previously empowered by an act to draw such sums.

That the general accounts shall be settled yearly and reported to the several Assemblies.

That a quorum of the Grand Council, empowered to act with the President-General, do consist of twenty-five members; among whom there shall be one or more from a majority of the Colonies.

That the laws made by them for the aforesaid purposes shall not be repugnant but, as near as may be, agreeable to the laws of England, and shall be transmitted to the King in Council for approbation, as soon as may be after passing; and if not disapproved within three years after presentation, to remain in force.

That in case of the death of the President-General, the Speaker of the Grand Council for the time being shall succeed, and be vested with the same powers and authorities, to continue till the King's pleasure be known.

That all military commission officers, whether for land or sea service, to act under this general constitution, shall be nominated by the President-General; but the approbation of the Grand Council is to be obtained, before they receive their commissions. And all civil officers are to be nominated by the Grand Council and to receive the President-General's approbation before they officiate.

But, in case of vacancy by death or removal of any officer, civil or military, under this Constitution, the Governor of the province, in which such vacancy happens may appoint, till the pleasure of the President-General and Grand Council can be known.

That the particular military as well as civil establishments in each Colony remain in their present state, the general constitution notwith-

standing; and that on sudden emergencies any Colony may defend itself, and lay the account of expense thence arising before the President-General and General Council, who may allow and order payments of the same, as far as they judge such accounts just and reasonable.

Full accounts of the proceedings of the Albany Congress may be found in Volume VI, *Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York.* A good general account is in Frothingham's *Rise of the Republic.* Old South Leaflet No. 9 is a convenient reprint of the Plan of Union as it appears in Sparks' edition of Franklin's writings, including both the articles of the Plan of Union and the "Reasons and Motives" for each of the articles.

ADDENDUM V

EMINENT INDIANS OF JOHNSON'S TIME

Abraham, a Mohawk chief, brother and successor of Hendrik, at Canajoharie. Both he and Hendrik are given the family name of Peters. In general, however, second names have little value in Indian lore.

Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea), Mohawk chief, born about 1742 on the Ohio river. Educated at Eleazar Wheelock's mission school at Lebanon, Conn. Present at Battle of Lake George. Lived at Canajoharie. Captain of Indians in the service of Great Britain in the Revolution. Settled on the Grand River, Canada. Indian agent. Died on November 24, 1807. Conceivably the young Brant or Keghneghtoga, to whom Sir William left two bequests.

Nickaus Brant, prominent Mohawk, of Canajoharie.

(The) Bunt (Otschiniata, Teyawarunte), Onondaga chief, active from 1751 to 1774. Attended conferences and congresses at Canajoharie, Onondaga, Ontario (with Pontiac), Fort Stanwix, German Flats and Johnstown. Took part in the condolence of Johnson's death, and led in the celebration of his Niagara victory at Oswego.

Conogquieson, an Oneida chief, active from 1755 to 1775.

(The) Drunkard, chief, head of the whole Seneca nation, died in 1761.

Guastarax, Geneseo (Seneca) chief. Favored the French. Hostage at Fort Johnson in 1765. Attended Treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768. Died about 1771.

Hendrik or Hendrick (Teoniahigarawe), of Canajoharie, chief of the Mohawks. An adopted Mohawk, by birth probably a Mohican. A Christian preacher early in life. Attended a conference at Albany in 1700. Visited England in 1710 with four other chiefs. A speaker at the Albany congress in 1754. Speaker at many meetings. Commanded the Indians at Lake George in 1755. Killed September 8, 1755 in the morning scout.

Kayashota, Seneca deputy. Carried proposals for revolt to Western Nations in 1761. Charge against him denied at Johnson Hall in 1762.

King, Thomas, Oquaga chief. Led war party. Attended conferences at Johnson Hall in 1765 and 1768. At German Flats in 1770. Envoy of Johnson to distant nations. Died at Charleston, S. C., in 1771.

Kindarunti, or Blue Cheeks, Seneca warrior, commended for good sense. Killed by a member of his own nation, jealous of the favor which he had won from the whites.

James Logan (Soyeghtowa) Cayuga chief and orator.

Nickas, a chief warrior of the Oneidas, active in 1756.

(The) Old Belt (Belt of Wampum, Tawagsaniunt) Seneca chief. Attended a council at Fort Johnson in 1756. Leader of the faithful band of Iroquois scouts who served Braddock in '55.

Pontiac, Ottawa chief, living near Detroit, head of Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawattamies and all the nations of the lakes and rivers of the north. Formed a conspiracy in 1763 against British control of the western territory ceded by France to Great Britain. Deeply and fanatically devoted to the French interest. For character and abilities see Parkman's *Conspiracy of Pontiac.* Submitted to Johnson at the Oswego congress in 1766. His death at the hand of an Indian.

Red Head (Kaghswughtioni), Onondaga chief, orator at Onondaga conference in 1753 and at Mount Johnson in 1755. Had been won away from the French by Johnson.

Red Jacket (Sagoyewatha), the noted orator of the Senecas, who was kept out of the position of Confederate Lord because it was thought he would gain too much power if advanced.

Scarrooyady, an Oneida who succeeded Tankarisson as Half-King of the Delawares. He remained with Braddock's force after the other Delawares deserted.

Silver Heels, another of Braddock's faithful scouts. Noted warrior well disposed toward whites but foully murdered at their hands.

Teata, Wyandot Huron. Attended Johnson's council at Detroit, 1761.

Teedyuscung, a Delaware chief of marked ability in council; a winning speaker. Lived at Tioga, Pa. Led in outbreak against the whites in 1755. Prominent at meeting of June, 1762, at Easton, Pa., held by Johnson to examine Indian complaints. Killed treacherously in his house at Wyoming by Six Nation Indians in April, 1763.

Wabbicommicot, Chippewa chief present in Niagara and Detroit councils, 1761.

Wasson, Ojibwa chief who murdered Captain Donald Campbell at Detroit, 1763, and made peace with Bradstreet after Pontiac had retired from Canada.

White Mingo, a Pennsylvania Seneca influential in Ohio Valley.

ADDENDUM VI

BRITISH REGIMENTS

THE following British regiments figure in events with which Sir William Johnson was associated or which have prominence in his correspondence:

1st regiment, in America, 1758-64; James Sinclair, Colonel, 1758-63; Sir Henry Erskine, Bt., Colonel, 1764. At Crown Point. (The Royals.)

17th regiment, in America, 1758-67; John Forbes, Colonel, 1758-59; Robert Monckton, Colonel, 1760-67. At Crown Point.

22nd regiment, in America, 1758-65; Edward Whitmore, Colonel, 1758-62; Hon. Thos. Gage, Colonel, 1763-65.

26th regiment, in America, 1768-73; John Scott, Colonel.

27th regiment, in America, 1758-67; Lord Blakeney, Colonel, 1758-61; Hugh Warburton, Colonel, 1762-67. Engaged at Ticonderoga. (Enniskillens.)

34th regiment, in America, 1764-69; Lord Frederick Cavendish, Colonel. Served in Cuba.

35th regiment, in America, 1758-64; Charles Otway, Colonel.

42d regiment (the Black Watch), in America, 1758-67; Lord John Murray, Colonel. Engaged at Ticonderoga and Bushy Run. Detachment stationed at Fort Chartres.

44th regiment, in America, 1758-65; James Abercromby, Colonel. With Braddock. Stationed at Schenectady. In siege of Fort Niagara.

46th regiment, in America, 1758-67; Thomas Murray, Colonel,

1758-64; Hon. William Howe, 1765-67. At siege of Niagara. Served in West Indies. Suppressed riot in Albany.

48th regiment, in America, 1755-63; Daniel Webb, Colonel. With Braddock. At Louisburg.

50th regiment (Shirley's), in America, 1755- . Captured at Oswego. Shirley's "Dirty Half-Hundred."

51st regiment (Pepperell's), in America, 1755- . Captured at Oswego. Named after Sir William Pepperell, first American baronet, captor of Louisburg.

55th regiment, in America, 1758-63; Viscount Howe, John Prideaux, and other colonels. At Crown Point.

60th regiment (Royal Americans), in America, 1758-73; James Abercromby, Colonel, 1758; Amherst, Colonel, 1759-73. At siege of Niagara, at Bushy Run, at Bloody Bridge near Detroit.

77th regiment, in America, 1758-63; Archibald Montgomery, Colonel, 1758-63. At Havana.

80th regiment, in America, 1758-63; Thomas Gage, Colonel, 1758-62. Suffered loss at Devil's Hole. Often spoken of as Gage's Light Infantry, or, merely, Gage's.

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The Royal Americans

The next object of the immediate attention of Parliament in this session was the raising of a new regiment of foot in North America; for which purpose, the sum of 81, 178 1s was voted. This regiment, which was to consist of four battalions of 1000 men each, was intended to be raised chiefly out of the Germans and Swiss, who, for many years past, had annually transported themselves in great numbers to British plantations in America, where waste lands had been assigned them upon the frontiers of the provinces; but, very injudiciously, no care had been taken to intermix them with the English inhabitants of the place, so that very few of them, even of those who have been born there, have yet learned to speak or understand the English tongue. However, as

they were all zealous Protestants, and in general, strong, hardy men, accustomed to the climate, it was judged that a regiment of good faithful soldiers might be raised out of them, particularly proper to oppose the French; but to this end it was necessary to appoint some officers, especially subalterns, who understood military discipline and could speak the German language; and as a sufficient number of such could not be found among the English officers, it was necessary to bring over and grant commissions to several German and Swiss officers and engineers. But as this step, by the Act of Settlement, could not be taken, without Act of Parliament, an act was now passed enabling his majesty to grant commissions to a certain number of foreign Protestants, who had served abroad as officers or engineers, to act as officers or engineers in America only.

Smollett, *England,* Vol. III, p. 475.

Among these foreign officers or engineers commissioned for American service, Bouquet and Haldimand, both Swiss, appear frequently in these pages. The regiment so formed became a notable military organization. Its units were widely scattered, so there was hardly a frontier post or engagement of this period without a note in the regimental records. At present the regiment is the 60th Rifles (Parkman).

ADDENDUM VII

THE INDIAN SERVICE UNDER JOHNSON

SECOND only to Johnson in grasp of Indian relations and influence over the tribes of Pennsylvania and the Middle West was George Croghan. Croghan was a Dublin Irishman, who came into the border region of Pennsylvania in 1741. With an aptitude for trade, he soon found himself among the most adventurous of the men who created and constantly extended their own frontier. In this he incurred the enmity of the French, who competed with them for the favor of the Indian hunters and the profits of that enormous fur traffic which European enterprise had planted in the interior of North America. This barter, involving a chain of credits from European capitals to remote Indian villages, had a dazzling speculative character which appealed to men of a certain temperament. It is not strange that he early became an Indian agent in the employ of Pennsylvania. Croghan's ambition did not stop with that traffic and that service, and within a few years he obtained several patents to land in Lancaster county, a region that was to become one of the finest agricultural sections in the province. We find him purchasing land close by Harris Ferry (now Harrisburg) on the Susquehanna, where for ten years he had his home, pushing his fur trade ever westward and planting his storehouses by remote lakes and regions. The Pennsylvania Archives for 1752-54 afford proof of Croghan's success in this line of business, in mentioning his "Stores on ye Lake Erie, all along ye Ohio . . . all along ye Miami River, up & down all

that fine country watered by ye Branches of ye Miamis, Sioto & Muskingham Rivers."

At the same time Croghan was enlarging his personal influence over the original owners of the soil and forming friendships with those people which were to count in the official relations he was destined to hold with them, as a deputy agent for Sir William Johnson. Nothing less than the amity of the Indian Nations, whose natural suspicions and jealousies were continually played upon by the French, will explain his success for thirty years in treading the paths of the wilderness beyond Fort Pitt, first for private gain, then in the service of the King and the colonies, suffering only one attack that was aimed at his life.

Braddock's expedition and a captain's commission drew Croghan to the military life; but this he abandoned in 1756 for those responsibilities which were committed to him by Johnson and which preserve his name for us. Pennsylvania and Ohio Indians were his particular charge, but he ranged far and wide. The printed records of the Indian office exhibit his activities and usefulness. In the important meetings which he held with the Indians he exhibited judgment, tact, and suavity, prevailing as much through the confidence which the red men reposed in him as by the exercise of his native gifts.

Croghan was a heavy loser by the last French and Indian war and its antecedent outrages. His goods in the hands of other traders were esteemed a fair spoil by the French and their prowling auxiliaries. Several claims, apparently upright, pressed by him against the Crown, were rejected by the British commanders. Nevertheless he came into possession of tracts of land on Aughwick creek, and near Fort Pitt. Also he owned an immense estate skirting Otsego Lake in New York. The title to the last rested on a purchase made from the Indians prior to the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and confirmed at that meet-

ing. Much of this great tract eventually became the property of James Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, whose heirs are still rooted there.

Croghan's orthography has not escaped criticism. The paragraph that follows, from a letter of April 10, 1758 to Johnson, reveals his failures in that field, as well as an independence in the use of capital letters that distinguished the style of many other prominent persons of his time:

> I have Ingaged Indian I Mens hond to you to go to Caterque agreeable to y^{r}. Orders, Butt he first goos home, then Setts of withoutt any Delay he is a Very Sober honoust fellow and one that may be Depended on he is one of them that wth. the Half king & Coll. Washington tuck Lefouvre & 20 More prisoners & kill^{d}. 11 the Same time Just before Washington's Defeatt I shall show you y^{e} Instructions I gave him as Soon as I have y^{e}. honour of Seeing you.

No chief executive could have asked for a better second in command than George Croghan.

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Peter Wraxall, of Bristol, England, came to New York as early at least as 1746, and returned to England in the following year. In 1752 he again came to America, as secretary for Indian affairs, and claimed by royal appointment the office of town clerk and other clerkships in the county of Albany, obtaining all but the office of town clerk. In the Crown Point expedition Wraxall attended Johnson as aide-de-camp and judge advocate while still performing his duties as Indian secretary. The Indian office he held until his death on July 11, 1759, although his service was interrupted by intervals of illness. His ready pen and innate loyalty made him extremely serviceable to his superior, on whom he bestowed respect and affection. Devotion to Johnson won him the dislike of Shirley, who seemed to regard him as rather super-serviceable. Wraxall prepared an abridgment of the records of the Indian office from

1678 to 1751, which has been published. His thorough understanding of Indian affairs enabled him to produce valuable papers on that subject.

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Witham Marsh, a retired army officer, obtained the office of Indian secretary as successor to Peter Wraxall, but rendered little service on account of invalidism. Much of his official life was spent in efforts to obtain by litigation the clerkship of Albany, held by an Albany man. His letters abound in complaints over delays in his suit and sharp visitations of the gout. He was Johnson's secretary at the Easton meeting, held to examine the charges of the Delawares against the Proprietors of Pennsylvania. He died in New York in January, 1765.

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Dr. Richard Shuckburgh was a surgeon in the New York regiment and was in this country as early as 1737. He appears in Johnson's correspondence in 1746. In 1758 his regiment was encamped at Fort Crailo, Greenbush, N. Y., before the Ticonderoga expedition. He is said to have written while stationed there the quaint verses known as "Yankee Doodle," at the expense of the provincial regiments and their unmilitary appearance. For a period of the French War he acted as secretary of Indian affairs, but was removed by General Amherst in 1761, later buying a surgeon's commission in the 17th regiment. By reason of his personal attachment to Johnson, he was much gratified at receiving the Indian secretaryship in 1765, an office which he held until his death in 1773.

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Henry Montour was a leading member of the noted Montour family, one branch of which traced its descent to Count Frontenac, Governor of New France, while having a line of

Indian origin as well. Montour was much in the employ of Johnson because of his fidelity and his knowledge of woodcraft and woods fighting. His most effective undertaking was to lead an Indian party against the Delaware villages that were nests of predatory Indians, destroying those places and capturing many of the people who found refuge there.

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Alexander McKee followed his father, Thomas McKee, into the Indian service, and continued in it many years. He was a capable assistant of Croghan in the department which had its headquarters at Fort Pitt. In the War of the Revolution he attained prominence on the side of the King.

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The most comprehensive view of the Indian service, as organized by Johnson, and in the heyday of its activity from 1766 to 1768, is contained in the plan and budget which he submitted to the Lords of Trade in 1764. Substantially as drawn up, this plan was put into effect. It is taken from Johnson Papers, Vol. IV, p. 556-563:

A Scheme For Meeting Expenses of Trade

Johnson Hall, October 8th, 1764

A State of the Indian Trade, and a Scheme for raising a fund by Duties thereon, for defraying the Expences of the Northern District.

In this scheme the Mode proposed at the conclusion of the plan, And the requisitions contained in your Lordships Letter shall be as Strictly adhered to, as the difficulty of the subject will admit of.

The first Article required by your Lordships Letter touching the actual, annual, Quantity and value of Goods sold to the Indians, appears so difficult to be ascertained, that I don't think it is in the power of Any man to determine it without the most particular Enquiries throughout the Several Governmts., And Even then it would be Imperfect. I shall notwithstands. Explain this Article as far as possible.

The Trade having hitherto been carried on Irregularly no proper system having been Established by Law, throughout all the colonies,

to prevent Impositions, and Many Traders having carried on Clandestine Dealings in the Indian Country, are the causes of this difficulty. What the Trade was in the time of the French, no two persons can agree about, at that time the chief place for our Trade was Oswego, where the Traders, who generally amounted to Eighty persons, Annually depended on the Trade with these Western and Northern people, who came to them for such Articles as were dear amongst the French. The six Nations being for the most part Engaged in the wars with the English and French: and during the short recesses in America, Usually brought great part of their peltry down the Mohock River. These Traders being Chiefly low Dutch who are very cautious in their Dealings, and contented themselves with Carrying a very small Cargoe, Just sufficient to maintain them in Idleness, for Nine Months in the year. The prime cost, of which goods, did not amount to £20,000 Sterlg. Annually. On the reduction of Canada, the furr Trade in a great Measure Engrossed by the French, of course came to the English. But the manner in which it was carried on, as before Mentioned, together with the Unsettled Minds of the Indians, who did not Immediately return to hunting, their best Hunters having been generally concerned in the war, prevented it's being so Extensive as it may amount to, the Indians Seeming disposed to watch the consequences which they Apprehended from the conquests of Great Britain. however I made as good a regulation as time and circumstances would permit in 1761, in consequence of which a Tariff was Made for the Exchange of commodities at Rates proportioned by the Distance of posts and the Expence of Transporting Goods, and accordingly gave passes to those who Applyed to me, Subjecting them to the Inspection of the commanding officers, who were to turn them from the posts, and they were never to be permitted any Trade, in case they did not strictly adhere to the regulations I had made, which the Commander in Chief directed to be observed. At the same time, Many Traders went with passes obtained in Canada, as well by way of the Lakes, as by the Ottawa River; As did several clandestinely, with prohibited Goods, some of Whom being Frenchmen continued amongst the Indians during all the Subsequent Troubles, sold their commodities at most Exorbitant rates, and are yet in the Indian Country.

These things duly considered will readily account for the difficulty of Ascertaining the value of Goods sold, and the amount of Furs &c. purchased in return. I apprehend that the Customhouse Books would give a pretty Exact Estimate of the Exports and Imports of the Indian Trade. In the mean time I shall suppose,

That there are 10,000, Indian Hunters throughout the Northern

Department, (Exclusive of the Sioux, with whom we have had very little intercourse) Altho' the Number of male Indians is much more Considerable, I have made choice of this, because those Tribes, Amongst the white Inhabitants, have much declined Hunting, most species of Game growing very scarce. To these 10,000 I have added a like Number of women, and for both I have made a Calculation of the Quantity of goods they will Annually purchase, which I have placed at the first cost in America, where the Much greater Number of Traders do always supply themselves such Articles, the sale of which

	Indian Goods	Prices in N. York Curr.cy	Do	In Sterl.g		
		Shs.				
20,000	Blankets.....a	13.	13,000	7,583	6	8
30,000	Strouds.....a	20.	30,000	17,500	"	
40,000	Shirts.....a.	10.	20,000	11,666	13	4
40,000	p.r of Stockings....a	5.	10,000	5,833	6	8
10,000	Laps.....a	5.	2,500	1,458	6	8
30,000	p.ces of Gartering..a	6.	9,000	5,250	"	
20,000	lb of Vermillion.....a	12	12,000	7,000	"	
20,000	M Black Wamp:m at p M.	40s	40,000	23,333	6	8
5,000	M WhiteWamp.m at pr M.	25	6,250	3,645	16	8
———	Hair plates, & Sylver Trinkets.....		20,000	11,666	13	4
20,000	Knives.....a	6d	500	291	13	4
60,000	Awls.....		100	58	6	8
10,000	lb of Brass Wire....a	4s	2,000	1,166	13	4
5,000	lb of Beads.....	4s	1,000	583	6	8
———	Gilt Trunks.....		400	233	6	8
10,000	Looking Glasses....a	3s	1,500	875	"	
10,000	Raizors.....	9d	375	218	15	
———	Calicoes And Calimancoes		4,000	2,333	6	8
———	Ribbons.....		1,000	583	6	8
———	Silk handkerchiefs.....		500	291	13	4
50,000	Gall.ns of Rum.....	3s	7,500	4,375	10	
80,000	lb of Gun powder.....	3s	12,000	7,000	"	
160,000	lb of Lead.....	6d	4,000	2,333	6	8
3,000	Fuzils.....	30s	4,500	2,625	"	
5,000	Beaver Traps.....	10s	2,500	1,458	6	8
10,000	Axes.....	3s	1,500	875	"	
10,000	Wt. of Kettles.....a	3/6d	1,750	1,020	16	8
	Total in York Currcy		£207,875 Sterg	£121,260	18	4
	To the foregoing may be added for the use of the Children of Each family at the most moderate Computation Goods to the Amt of.		100,000 Which is Sterlg	58,333	6	8
	Amount in Y: Curr.cy.....		307,875 in Sterl	g 179,594	5	

Note. Several small Articles such as Jews harps, Combs, Needles, Hawk-bells, Flints, Steels, Worms, Worsted for Belts & Garters, & other Threads &ca are not inserted, being of small Value and their Quantity of uncertain computation.—

depend on the Taste and Disposition of Each Individual. I have computed on An Average, one Indian, with another, and to the whole, I have Added a supposititious sum for the consumption of the Children, without computing that of old people &c to prevent too great an Uncertainty, and that I might keep within bounds, as the Indian Trade will not be so considerable for the first year or Two, as it must be when the Indians have conquered their Jealousies, and devote themselves solely to Hunting.

The account of goods proper for the Indian Market, their prices and proportion will be found at length on the other side [see table on page 485].

It is presumed that the value of goods necessary for carrying on an Extensive Trade with the Indians, in my Department, will amount to the foregoing sum, and that the profit on Furrs and Skins received in return will on An Average, allowing for the distance of some of the posts, amount to one Hundred Pr. Ct. It is therefore humbly Conceived, that the following Duties may, at the foregoing Calculation, be laid upon all the Indian Trade within my Department, which will defray the several Establishments and Contingencies thereof, agreable to the Annexed Estimate.

That a Duty not less than 5 Pr. Cent be laid upon all articles of Every denomination to be sold to the Indians within my department, which at the foregoing calculation will Amount to	£8979..14..–
That an additional duty of 5 Pr. Cent be laid upon spirituous Liquors, Arms, powder and Lead which, supposing the consumption of these Articles to be £16333..16..8 will Amount additional duty to..	£816..13..2
That the same duty of 5 Pr. Cent with the additional Duty be in like manner laid on all the Frontier Inhabitants throughout the Northern Department, who shall sell any Indian Goods, Liquors, &c; which Trading houses, at a moderate computation, will Amount to 200, which at an Average of £10 York Currcy. Each house is £2000 Currcy. &c Sterg	£1166..13..4
Making in all Sterlg	£10963..—..6

Which sum may be Levied as follows, Vizt.

Those laid upon the Traders, at the posts, to be paid to the Commissary on his personal Inspection, of the Quantity Brought by Each trader; which sums may be paid half yearly or Otherwise into the

receiver General's office of Each Colony within the Northern District.

That the Inhabitants who trade within the several Colonies before Mentioned be obliged to take out Licenses Annually in manner of the other Traders, and to give in on Oath, to the governor or Governors by whom such License is granted, the full and Actual amount of the Goods they Intend to vend for one Whole year, paying into the receiver General's Office such Duties, as the same are liable to, at the Rates before Mentioned; And that all Trading Inhabitants selling Indian Goods, &c Contrary Hereto, or without a License, be Liable to the pains and penalties Imposed on other Traders.

Estimate of the Annual Amount of the Several Establishments, presents, Contingencies, &c. of the Northern District of Indian Affairs.

Super Intendant per Annum		£600
Three Deputy Agents at 300£ Each		900
Eleven Commissaries for Trade	One commissary for Oswego	120
	One for Niagara	150
	One for Fort Pitt	150
	One for Detroit	200
	One for Michilimackinac	200
	One for La Baye, or Fort Edward Augustus	200
	One for Fort Chartres, at the Illinois	200
	One for Chicoutami, on Saguenay River.	150
	One for Montreal, or Carrillon	120
	One for Fort Halifax Kennebec River	100
	One for Fort Frederick St. John's River	100
Thirteen Interpreters Eleven at the posts; & Two, with the Super Intendt.	One for Oswego	70
	One for Niagara	80
	One for Fort Pitt	80
	One for Detroit	80
	One for Michilimackinac	80
	One for La Baye	80
	One for Fort Chartres	80
	One for Chicoutami	70
	One for Montreal or Carillon	70
	One for Fort Halifax	60
	One for Fort Frederick	60
	Two for different Languages Under the Immediate Direction of the super Intendt. to Attend him and Depys. on Journeys, and at Councils, Each at £80	160

Eleven Smiths Each finding his assistant	One Smith for Oswego	80
	One for Niagara	80
	One for Fort Pitt	80
	One for Detroit	90
	One for Michilimackinac	100
	One for La Baye	100
	One for Fort Chartres	100
	One for Chicoutami	80
	One for Montreal or Carillon	80
	One for Fort Halifax	70
	One for Fort Frederick	70
	Bellows, Tools, Iron and Steel for Each, in All	220
	An Annual present for the Nations in the Northern District	4000
	Store house Rent at Albany & Schenectady for y^{e}. same	40
	A Storekeeper and Clark, at 50£ p^{r}. annum Each	100
	Expence attending their Transportation by Land & water	400
	Contingent Expences attending the Northern Department for Rewards, Intelligences, Clothing, and presents to Chiefs and Individuals, with many other particulars depending Entirely on Circumstances, and cannot be computed at less P^{r}. Ann. than	1000
	Total Annual Expence of the North^{n}. Department	£10850

ADDENDUM VIII

THE WILL OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON

In the name of God amen,—I, Sir William Johnson, of Johnson Hall, in the county of Tryon and Province of New York, Bart., being of sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding, do make, publish and declare, this to be my last will and testament, in manner and form following:

First and principally, I resign my soul to the great and merciful God who made it, in hopes, through the merits alone of my blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to have a joyful resurrection to life eternal; and my body I direct to be decently interred in the place which I intend for it; and I would willingly have the remains of my beloved wife, Catharine, deposited there, if not done before my decease; and I direct and desire my hereinafter mentioned executors to provide mourning for my house-keeper, Mary Brant, and for all her children; also for young Brant and William, both half-breed Mohawks, likewise for my servants and slaves; it is also my desire that the sachems of both Mohawk villages be invited to my funeral, and there to receive each a black stroud blanket, crape and gloves, which they are to wear, and follow as mourners, next after my own family and friends. I leave it to the discretion of my executors, to get such of my friends and acquaintances for bearers as they shall judge most proper, who are to have white scarves, crapes and gloves, the whole expense not to exceed three hundred pounds currency. And as to the worldly and temporal estate, which God was pleased to endow me with, I devise, bequeath

and dispose of in the following manner: Imprimis. I will, order and direct, that all such just debts as I may owe, at the time of my decease, together with my funeral expenses of every kind, to be paid by my son, Sir John Johnson, Bart. Item. I give and bequeath to the following persons the sums of money hereafter mentioned which several sums of money are to be paid to them, by my executors, out of the money I may have in the three per cent consolidated annuities, of which the heir of the late Sir William Baker has the management, and that in six months after my decease. And first, to the children of my present housekeeper, Mary Brant, the sum of one thousand pounds sterling, to wit: to Peter, my natural son by said Mary Brant, the sum of three hundred pounds sterling, and to each of the rest, being seven in number, one hundred pounds each; the interest to be thereof duly received and laid out to the best advantage by their guardians or trustees, and also the income of whatever other legacies, &c., as are hereafter to be mentioned, until they come of age or marry, except what is necessary for their maintenance and education. Item. To young Brant, alias Keghneghtaga, and William, alias Tagcheunto, two Mohawk lads, the sum of one hundred pounds York currency to each or the survivor of them.

After paying the before mentioned sums of money, I bequeath to my dearly beloved son, Sir John Johnson, the remaining part of what money I may then have left in the before mentioned, and the other half to be equally divided between my two sons-in-law, Daniel Claus and Guy Johnson, for the use of their heirs. Item. I bequeath to my son, Sir John Johnson, my library and household furniture at the Hall, except what is in my bedroom and in the children's rooms or nursery, which is to be equally divided among them; I also bequeath to him all my plate, except a few articles which I gave to the children of my housekeeper, Mary Brant; he is also to have

one-fourth part of all my slaves, and the same of my stock of cattle of every kind. To my two daughters, Anne Claus and Mary Johnson, two-fourths of my slaves and stock of cattle; the other fourth of my slaves and stock of cattle of every kind, I give and bequeath to the children of Mary Brant, my housekeeper, or to the survivors of them, to be equally divided amongst them, except two horses, two cows, two breeding cows, and four sheep, which I would have given before any division is made to young Brant and William of Canajoharie, and that within three months after my decease. I also give and devise all my own wearing apparel, woolen and linen, &c., to be equally divided among the children of my said housekeeper, Mary Brant, share and share alike.

In the next place, I dispose of my real estate, all of my own acquiring, in the following manner, and as I maturely weighed the affair, and made the most equitable division which my conscience directed, I expect all who share of it, will be satisfied, and wish they may make a proper use of it. And first, to my son, Sir John Johnson, Bart., I devise and bequeath all my estate, at and about Fort Johnson, with all the buildings, improvements &c., thereunto belonging, to be, by him and his heirs, forever peaceably possessed and enjoyed. Also a small tract of land on the south side of the river, opposite Fort Johnson; fifty thousand acres of King's land or Royal Grant, all in one body, except the few lots which I have otherwise disposed of; also my share in a patent called Klock & Nellis, jr. on the north side of the Mohawk river. I also devise and bequeath to my son, Sir John Johnson, all my right and title to the Salt Lake, Onondaga, and the lands around it, two miles in depth, for which I have a firm deed, and it is also recorded in the minutes of council at New York; I likewise devise and bequeath to my said son lot No. 10 in said meadow, or patent Sacondaga containing two hundred and sixty-three acres, to be by him and his

heirs, of his body lawfully begotten, forever quietly and peaceably possessed and enjoyed; lastly, I do most earnestly recommend it to my son to show lenity to such of the tenants as are poor and of upright conduct in all his dealings with mankind, which will, upon reflection, afford more satisfaction and heart-feeling pleasure, to a noble and generous mind, than the greatest opulency.

In the next place, I devise and bequeath to my son-in-law, Colonel Daniel Claus, and to his heirs, the tract of land whereon he lives, to wit: from Dove Kill to the creek which lies about four hundred yards to the northward of the new dwelling house of Colonel Guy Johnson, together with all the islands thereto belonging; also the house and lots in Albany which I purchased of Henry Holland, together with the water lot adjoining thereto, which I purchased of the corporation of Albany, together with all the buildings and other improvements thereon.

I further devise and bequeath unto the said Daniel Claus and the heirs of his body, all my right in the patent adjoining the German Flatts, on the south side of the Mohawk river, containing about sixteen hundred acres; also three lots in the patent of Kingsborough, to wit: no. thirteen, fourteen and fifty-seven, in the western allotment of three lots in Sacondaga patent, to wit: No. 29, sixty-six, and twenty-seven, containing each two hundred and fifty acres; a third part of a lot in Schenectady, which exchanged with Daniel Campbell, Esq.; also ten thousand acres of land in the Royal Grant, next to that of Sir John Johnson, which is never to be sold or alienated. And lastly, I devise and bequeath unto the said Daniel Claus and the heirs of his body, nine hundred acres, the half of that land that was Gilbert Tices, in the nine partners patent, between Schoharie and the Mohawk; the whole of the several tracts, lots and houses and before mentioned, to be by him and his heirs,

of his body lawfully begotten, forever quietly and peaceably possessed and enjoyed. Item. I devise and bequeath to my son-in-law, Colonel Guy Johnson, and the heirs of his body lawfully begotten, the farm and tract of land whereon he now lives, together with all the islands, buildings, and other improvements thereon; also the house and lot of land on Schenectady, purchased by me of Paul Cowes, and now in the possession of the said Guy Johnson, all my right in the Northampton patent, which I purchased of one Dewey; two lots in Sacondaga patent containing one thousand acres, to wit: lot No. 1 and two, near to the river and on both sides of Sacondaga creek; three lots of land in Kingsborough, No. eighty-seven, eighty-eight, and eighty-nine, containing each one hundred acres of land, and one in the eastern allotment; ten thousand acres of land in the Royal Grant, now called Kingsland, adjoining to the ten thousand acres given to Colonel Daniel Claus, which is never to be sold nor alienated on any account; and lastly, nine hundred acres in the half of that land which was Gilbert Tice's in the nine partners patent between Schoharie and the Mohawk village; all the above-mentioned farms, tracts of land and houses with their appurtenances, to be by him and his heirs, of his body lawfully begotten, forever peaceably and quietly possessed and enjoyed. I devise and bequeath unto Peter Johnson, my natural son by Mary Brant, my present housekeeper, the farm and lot of land which I purchased from the Snells in the Stoneraby patent, with all the buildings, mill and other improvements thereon; also two hundred acres of land adjoining thereto, being part of Kingsborough patent, to be laid out in a compact body, between the Garoge and Caniadutta Creeks; also four thousand acres in the Royal Grant, now called Kingsland, next to the Mohawk river, and another strip or piece of land in the Royal Grant, from the Little Falls or carrying-place to lot No. one,

almost opposite the house of Hannicol Herkimer, and includes two lots, No. three and No. two, along the river side, and which are now occupied by Ury House, &c. I devise and bequeath unto Elizabeth, sister of the aforesaid Peter, and daughter of Mary Brant, all that farm and lot of land in Harrison's patent, on the north side of the Mohawk river, at No. nineteen, containing near seven hundred acres, bought by me several years ago of Mr. Brown, of Salem, with all the buildings and appurtenances thereunto belonging; also two thousand acres of land in the Royal Grant, now called Kingsland, and that to be laid out joining to that of her brother Peter, both which she and the heirs of her body, lawfully begotten, are to enjoy peaceably forever.

To Magdalene, sister of the two former, and daughter of Mary Brant, I devise and bequeath that farm near to Anthony's Nose, No. eight, containing about nine hundred acres of land, and on which Mr. Brant now lives, with all the buildings and improvements and other appurtenances thereunto belonging; also two thousand acres of land in the Royal Grant now called Kingsland; adjoining to that tract of her sister Elizabeth.

To Margaret, sister of the above named Magdalene, and daughter of Mary Brant, I devise and bequeath two lots of land, part of Stoneraby patent, the one to wit: No. twenty-five, which I bought of William Marshall, contains one hundred acres, the other, No. twelve, contains one hundred and thirty-one acres and a half, or thereabouts, which I purchased of Peter Weaver; also two thousand acres in the Royal Grant now called Kingsland, to be laid out next to her sister Magdalene.

To George, my natural son by Mary Brant, and brother to the four before-mentioned children, I devise and bequeath two lots of land, part of Sacondaga patent, known by Nos. forty-three and forty-four, and called New Philadelphia, containing

two hundred and fifty acres each; also a small patent or tract of land called John Brackans, lying on the north side of the Mohawk river, almost opposite to the Canajoharie castle, and contains two hundred and eighty acres or thereabouts; and lastly, three thousand acres in the Royal Grant now called Kingsland, next to the two thousand acres given to his sister Margaret. The said farms or tracts of land with all the buildings and other appurtenances belonging to them, are to be by him, and the heirs of his body lawfully begotten, forever quietly and peaceably possessed and enjoyed.

To Mary, daughter of Mary Brant, and sister of the beforementioned five children, I devise and bequeath two thousand acres in the Royal Grant, now called Kingsland, adjoining those of her brother George; also two lots in Stoneraby patent, No. thirty-six and thirty-eight, containing about one hundred and fifty acres, which I bought of Peter Davis and Hannes Kilts.

To Susannah, daughter of Mary Brant, and sister of the foregoing six children, I devise and bequeath three thousand acres of the Royal Grant now called Kingsland, laid out adjoining to them of her sister Mary.

To Anne, sister of the foregoing seven children by Mary Brant, I devise and bequeath three thousand acres of the Royal Grant now called Kingsland, to be laid out next to that of her sister Susannah, and to be by her, and the heirs of her body lawfully begotten, forever quietly and peaceably possessed and enjoyed.

To young Brant alias Kaghneghtaga of Canajoharie, I give and bequeath one thousand acres of land in the Royal Grant, now called Kingsland, to be laid out next to and adjoining the before-mentioned land of Anne, daughter of Mary Brant. Also to William, alias Tagawirunte, of Canajoharie, one thousand acres of land in said Royal Grant, alias Kingsland, adjoining

that of Brant, to be by them and the heirs of their body, lawfully begotten, forever quietly and peaceably possessed and enjoyed.

It is also my will and desire, that in case any of the before mentioned eight children of mine by Mary Brant should die without issue, their share or shares, as well of my personal as real estate, be equally divided amongst the survivors of them by their guardians.

To my prudent and faithful housekeeper, Mary Brant, mother of the before-mentioned eight children, I will and bequeath the lot No. one, being part of the Royal Grant now called Kingsland, and is opposite to the land whereon Honnicol Herkimer now lives, which she is to enjoy peaceably during her natural life; after which it is to be possessed by her son Peter, and his heirs forever; I also give and bequeath to my said housekeeper one negro wench named Jenny, the sister of Juba; also the sum of two hundred pounds, current money of New York, to be paid to her by my executors within three months after my decease; I also devise and bequeath to Mary McGrah, daughter of Christopher McGrah, of the Mohawk country, two hundred acres of land in the patent of Adageghteinge, now called Charlotte river, to be by her and her heirs forever peaceably possessed and enjoyed.

I give and bequeath to my brothers, John and Warren Johnson, to my sisters Dease, Sterling, Plunkett, and Fitzsimons, the following tracts of land, which I would have sold by my executors to the best advantage, and moneys arising therefrom to be equally divided among them and their heirs, to wit: whatever part of the patent called Byrnes at Schoharie, may remain unsold at my decease; also my fourth part of another patent at Schoharie called Lawyer & Zimmer's patent; also that of Adageghteinge or Charlotte river; and lastly, the five thousand acres which I have in Glen and Vrooman's patent; also the

thirteen thousand acres which I have in the patent called Peter Servis near General Gage's or whatever part of the aforesaid tracts may be unsold at the time of my decease; this, (from the many losses which I have sustained, and the several sums expended by me during the war which were never paid), is all I can possibly do for them without injuring others, which my honor and conscience will not admit of. As his present majesty, George the third, was graciously pleased as a mark of his favor and regard, to give me a patent under the great seal for the tract of land now called Kingsland, and that without quit rent, except a trifling acknowledgment to be paid yearly, it is my will and desire that no part of it be ever sold by those to whom I have devised it, as that would be acting contrary to my intentions and determined resolution.

I devise and bequeath to my much esteemed nephew, Doctor John Dease, the sum of five hundred pounds current money of New York, to be paid to him within six months after my decease by my executors out of such moneys as I may have in this country at that time, or by my son, Sir John, for which he, my said son Sir John Johnson, shall have and forever enjoy that lot of land in Sacondaga Patent, whereon Martin Lafflet and two more tenants now live, viz: No. eighty-four, containing two hundred and fifty acres. I also devise and bequeath unto my said nephew, John Dease, Esq., two thousand acres of land lying near to South Bay, or Lake Champlain, which tract was purchased by me of Lt. Augustine Prevost, and which was formerly the location of Ensign or Lt. Gorrel, with all the advantages thereunto belonging; or should he, my said nephew, prefer or rather choose to have the value of it in money; in that case it is my will and desire, that my executors dispose of said land to the best advantage, and pay the amount of it to my said nephew.

To my faithful friend, Robert Adems, Esq., of Johnstown,

the dwelling house, other buildings, and the lot and one acre whereon he now lives, the Potash laboratory, and one acre of land with it; also the farm which he holds by deed from me, all free from rent during his natural life, except the quit rent.

To Mr. William Byrne, of Kingsborough, I give the lot of land whereon he now lives and improvements; also that part of the stock of cattle which was mine, free of rent or demand, as long as he lives, the quit rent excepted.

I also will and bequeath to Mr. Patrick Daly, now living with me, for whom I have a particular regard, the sum of one hundred pounds current money of New York, to be paid unto him within three months after my decease, by my executors. It is also my will and desire that all the white servants I may have at the time of my death, be made free and receive from my son ten pounds each.

I also devise and bequeath unto my much esteemed friend and old acquaintance, Joseph Chew, Esq., now of Kingsborough, in the county of Tyron, during his natural life, fifty acres of land, which I purchased from Matthias Link, with all the buildings and other improvements thereon belonging; and after his decease, to his son, William, my god-child, and to his heirs forever. In case of the death of my said god-son William without issue, then to be possessed and enjoyed by Joseph Chew, junr., elder brother of my said god-son William, and his heirs forever. I also devise and bequeath unto the said Joseph Chew, Esq., two hundred acres of land in the patent called Preston's, now Mayfield, to be laid out in one piece next to the lots already laid out by John Collins, Esq., for the township; the same two hundred acres with all the appurtenances thereto belonging to be by him, the said Joseph Chew and his heirs, forever peaceably and quietly possessed and enjoyed.

It is also my will and desire, that in case my son Sir John Johnson should (which God avert) die without issue, the

following disposition be made of the personal and real estate, which is by the foregoing part of this will bequeathed to him, to wit: all the lands of Kingsborough containing above fifty thousand acres, the few lots excepted which I have otherwise disposed of, to be by my grandson William Claus, and the heirs of his body, quietly and peaceably possessed and enjoyed; also twenty thousand acres of the Royal Grant, now called Kingsland, which is never to be sold or alienated from my family.

It is likewise my will and desire, that in the above case, viz., of my son's death without issue, that the lands, houses, &c., at Fort Johnson, and a small tract on the opposite side of the Mohawk river, called Babington's, together with twenty thousand acres of the Royal Grant now called Kingsland, be possessed and enjoyed by the first male heir which my daughter Mary Johnson may have by Guy Johnson, and by his heirs lawfully begotten forever; and in case of her having no male heir to possess it, then it is my will that the before-mentioned lands be equally divided between her daughters and their heirs, in consideration of which my two sons-in-law, Daniel Claus and Guy Johnson shall (within a year) pay unto my executors and trustees for the use of my children by Mary Brant, my housekeeper, the sum of eight hundred pounds current money of New York: that is to say, Colonel Daniel Claus shall pay the sum of five hundred pounds, and Colonel Guy Johnson the sum of three hundred pounds, which sums are to be (as well as the rest devised and bequeathed to them), put out to interest for their support and emolument until they come of age or marry, when equal division is to be made by their guardians or trustees. All the remainder of my son's estate, except what remains of his share in the Royal Grant alias Kingsland, shall be sold by my executors to the best advantage, and the monies arising from the sale thereof to be equally divided between my brothers and sisters as before named, the remainder of his share

in Kingsland to be equally divided between his two sisters' children, who are never to dispose of it.

Lastly, I do hereby make, constitute and appoint my beloved son Sir John Johnson, Kt., my two sons-in-law, Daniel Claus and Guy Johnson, Esqs., my two brothers John and Warren Johnson, Esqs., Daniel Campbell, of Schenectady, John Butler, Nelles Fonda, Captain James Stevenson, of Albany, Robert Adems, Samuel Stringer of Albany, Doctor John Dease, Henry Frey and Joseph Chew, Esqs., or any six of them, executors of this, my last Will and testament. And it is also my will and desire that John Dease, Nelles Fonda, John Butler, James Stevenson, Henry Frey and Joseph Chew, Esqs., be, and act as guardians and trustees of my before-mentioned eight children by Mary Brant, my present housekeeper, in full confidence that from the close connection of the former, and the long uninterrupted friendship subsisting between me and the latter, they will strictly act as brothers, and inviolably observe and execute this my last charge to them; the strong dependance on, and expectation of which unburthens my mind, allays my cares, and makes a change the less alarming. And as I would willingly, in some measure (although trifling), testify my regard and friendship for the above-mentioned gentlemen, I must request their acceptance of three hundred pounds currency to purchase rings as a memento for their once sincere friend, which sum is to be immediately paid to them by my son, Sir John Johnson. And I do hereby revoke, disannul and make void all former wills, bequests and legacies by me heretofore at any time made, bequeathed, or given; and I do hereby make and declare this only to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have (with a perfect mind and memory), hereunto set my hand and seal this 27th day of January, 1774, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four, and my name at the bottom of each page, being thirteen. W. JOHNSON, (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the testator as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, by the desire and in the presence of the said testator and of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names.

WILLIAM ADEMS,
GILBERT TICE,
MOSES IBBITT,
SAMUEL SUTTON.

Tryon Co., *ss.*

Be it remembered that on the twenty-fifth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four, personally came and appeared before me, Bryan Lefferty, Surrogate of the said county, Sir John Johnson, Bart., Guy Johnson, Daniel Claus, John Dease, John Butler, Robert Adems and Joseph Chew, executors of the within written will of Sir William Johnson, Bart., and were duly sworn to the true execution and performance of the said will, by severally taking the oath of an executor as by law appointed before me Bryan Lefferty,

Surrogate.

Tryon Co., *ss.*

Be it also remembered that on the twenty-fifth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four, William Adems, Gilbert Tice, Moses Ibbitt and Samuel Sutton, all of Johnstown and county aforesaid, and being duly sworn on their oaths, declared: That they and each of them did see Sir William Johnson, Bart., sign and seal the within written instrument, purporting to be the will of the said Sir William Johnson, bearing date the twenty-seventh day of January, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four, and heard him publish and declare the same as and for his last will and testament. That at the time thereof, he, the said Sir William Johnson, was of sound, disposing mind and memory, to the best of the knowledge and belief of them the deponents. And that their names, subscribed to the said

will, are of their respective proper hand-writing, which they subscribed as witnesses to the said will in the testator's presence.

BRYAN LEFFERTY,
Surrogate.

(From Stone's *Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.*, pp. 490-502, Vol. II.)

ADDENDUM IX

SOME DIRECT DESCENDANTS

LATER generations of Johnsons include so many soldiers and sailors of distinction that military leadership may be accepted as the family's outstanding trait. We have space only for brief details of these eminent direct descendants of William Johnson:

GRANDSONS

William Johnson, lieutenant colonel, died in service, 1812. He married Susan De Lancey, daughter of Stephen De Lancey and sister of the Sir William De Lancey, Wellington's quartermaster general, who was killed at Waterloo.

Sir Adam Gordon Johnson, second son and third baronet, lieutenant colonel.

James Stephen Johnson, third son, captain, 28th regiment; killed at Badajoz, Spain.

Warren Johnson, major, 68th regiment.

John Johnson, sometime lieutenant, Royal Navy; colonel of militia.

Charles Christopher Johnson, lieutenant colonel, Ninth Lancers; quartermaster general in Ireland; knight of 2d class Persian Order of Lion and Sun.

John "Smoke" Johnson, a principal chief of the Confederacy at Brantford, Ontario, appointed by the Canadian government as Speaker of the Great Council. D. G. Brinton, editor of the *Iroquois Book of Rites,* Volume II of the

Library of American Aboriginal History, interviewed this old chief in 1879, and describes him (p. 39) as "the only man now living" who can tell the meaning of every word in the *Book of Rites,* the Iroquois Veda compiled by David, presumably the David sent by Sir William to the Reverend Eleazar Wheelock's school in Connecticut. Brinton is certain of John "Smoke" Johnson's descent from Sir William, but does not specify which one of Sir William's sons was this chief's father. A better translation of his Indian name, Sakayengawaraton, is "Disappearing mist," the haze of an autumn morning.

GREAT-GRANDSONS

William George Johnson, fourth baronet, graduate of Woolwich, artillery and staff officer.

Charles Johnson, captain, Madras artillery.

James Stephen Johnson, lieutenant, 4th foot; died in India of sunstroke.

William Johnson, officer, 20th regiment.

John Ormsby Johnson, vice admiral, Royal Navy.

Edward Colpoys Johnson, saw service in the Crimea, missionary in northern India.

The present (5th) baronet, Sir Edward Gordon Johnson, of Montreal, is the last of the male issue direct in North America. The heir presumptive is the first Baronet's great great grandson, Frederick Colpoys Ormsby Johnson, first son of Admiral John Ormsby Johnson. He has two sons, both of whom won the Distinguished Service Order in the World War. They are Guy Allen Colpoys Ormsby and Lionel Stanley Ormsby, R. N.

The second son of Admiral John Ormsby Johnson, Captain Robert Warren Johnson, went down with his ship, the *Cressy,* when the latter was torpedoed September 22, 1914.

Three of Sir William's granddaughters married distinguished officers, viz:—

Mary Johnson, daughter of Colonel Guy and Polly Johnson, married Colin Campbell, the famous soldier who became colonel of the 65th, lieutenant general, and lieutenant governor of Gibraltar.

Anne, daughter of Sir John and Lady Johnson, married Colonel Edward MacDonnell, one time aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington and deputy quartermaster general to the forces in Canada.

Catherine, her sister, married Major-General Barnard Foord Bowes, killed in action at Salamanca, Spain, June 23, 1812.

It is of interest that the widow of Sir John Johnson's eldest son, Lieutenant Colonel William Johnson, who died in 1812, married, secondly, General Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon's jailer at St. Helena. One of Sir William's great granddaughters, Charlotte Johnson, married there in 1820 Alexander, Count Balmain, the Russian commissioner to St. Helena.

For further genealogical details see *Burke's* or *De Brett's Peerage.*

NOTES

CHAPTER I (Pages 1-11)

[1] To the Five Nations, which formed the League of the Iroquois, a sixth was added in 1713, through the migration of the defeated Tuscaroras from the Carolinas to New York, where they settled first at Caneseraga near the Oneidas, who stood sponsor for their kinsmen to the Confederation. Though admitted to the Confederation, the Tuscaroras never had representation in the Great Council.

[2] New France and Canada.

Unlike New England, which never seems to have been anything more than a geographical expression, New France was the official name of the French possessions in the northeastern North America. The phrase "My Colonies of New France" appears in a royal paper from the King to M. de la Jonquière, Colonial Governor. Another unsigned but plainly royal paper is entitled: "Instruction of Sieur de Vaudreuil, Governor and Lieutenant-General of New France, 1755."

The three original colonies of New France were Saguenay, Canada, and Hochelaga. As the seat of French administration was for many years at Quebec in Canada, that name came to be applied to the whole of the French possessions in that quarter, and the two names, New France and Canada, are used synonymously in this volume. Louisiana was another jurisdiction, with its separate seat of government at New Orleans. The two jurisdictions met somewhere in the wilderness between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi; but we know of no boundary being drawn in the French time. In 1760 Vaudreuil surrendered New France, and this capitulation was ratified in the Peace of Paris, 1763, to include everything east of the Mississippi, except an enclave around New Orleans.

[3] The Iroquois, likewise, always called the Governor of New France "Onontio."

CHAPTER II (Pages 12-20)

[1] Population of thirteen colonies, as estimated by Bancroft: 500,000 in 1721; 1,000,000 in 1743; 2,000,000 in 1767.

In 1754 there were in

New England	425,000 whites	and	14,000 negroes	439,000
Middle Colonies	353,000 whites	and	27,500 negroes	380,500
Southern "	387,000 whites	and	222,000 negroes	609,000
			Total	1,428,500

As examples of the fecundity of this population, we cite two New England women of the period. Maria Hazard died in 1739 at the age of one hundred;

she had had 500 descendants, of whom 205 survived her, and one of them, a granddaughter, had already been a grandmother fifteen years. Sarah Furman, dying at ninety-seven, was survived by five children, sixty-one grandchildren, one hundred and eighty-two great grandchildren and twelve great great grandchildren—total two hundred and sixty.—Jennings, *Economic Progress of the United States.*

[2] This extract from Kalm's diary is reprinted from Munsell's *Annals of Albany,* Vol. I. Various other extracts from this work will be found scattered through the various volumes of the *Annals,* giving the scientist's observations on soils, flora, etc., as well as on social and political conditions.

This opinion endured many years. In 1769 on his journey on the "Four Great Rivers" Richard Smith encountered overcharges at Cartwright's tavern in Albany which led him to say: "It is justly remarked by Kalm the Sweedish Traveler in America that the Townsmen in Albany in general sustained the character of being close, mercenary and avaricious."

[3] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 246.

CHAPTER III (Pages 21-32)

[1] Sir Peter Warren, Vice-Admiral, born 1703, youngest son of Michael Warren of Warrentown, County Meath, Ireland. Sister Anne married to Christopher Johnson of Warrentown. Famous sea fighter, Louisburg, Finisterre. Received Order of Bath. In Parliament for Westminster, July 1, 1749, till death. Died in Ireland, July 29, 1752. Monument in Westminster Abbey. Married Susannah, daughter of Stephen De Lancey. Had farm of 300 acres on Manhattan Island, and tract on the Mohawk, Warrensbush, east of Schoharie Creek and Fort Hunter. (See *Dictionary of National Biography.*) An elder brother, Oliver, also distinguished himself in the Royal Navy.

[2] "Some of the best Irishmen who ever lived were the sons of English parents"—James Haltigan in *The Irish in the American Revolution,* while discussing the race identity of General Anthony Wayne. The most prominent American of Irish extraction, at this writing, bears the thoroughly English name, Alfred E. Smith.

[3] The County of Meath with much other territory formed the old kingdom of Meath, which endured from the second century until late in the twelfth, when it came into the English "Pale," in the reign of Henry II of England. More than a century later Meath was declared a county; but until the early part of the seventeenth century it was regarded by many as a fifth province of Ireland, embracing several counties. Among the famous possessions of Meath is the ancient residence of the king and gathering place of the people, known as Tara, the celebrity of which has been enhanced by the exquisite ballad of Thomas Moore. While the seacoast is short, the county is crossed by the river Boyne, whose name recalls Ireland's most troublous days. The surface of the country presents a plain, gently rising into rolling hills. The soil is fertile, finely adapted to pasturage.

[4] James De Lancey, son of Stephen De Lancey, was born in New York City in 1703 and died there in 1760. He was a graduate of Cambridge University, England, and studied law in London. Returning to America, he entered public

life and rose to be member of the provincial council, chief justice and lieutenant governor. He presided over the Albany congress held in 1754. De Lancey and William Smith, the historian, a graduate of Yale, were the only college graduates in the colony.

CHAPTER IV (Pages 33-39)

[1] These Germans, leaving the Palatinate because of religious persecution, sought Queen Anne's protection in England. She shipped them on to the Hudson where they were settled in and around Rhinecliff, Rhinebeck, Germantown, East Camp, West Camp and other villages, chiefly in the Livingston Manor. Disliking to pay rent because of their extreme poverty and democratic feeling, numbers emigrated to the upper Schoharie Valley, where they again encountered rent difficulties. Moving on into the Mohawk they finally established themselves, free of rent, in the Mohawk Valley, with settlements at Palatine Bridge, Stone Arabia, and German Flats.

[2] The Pietists, Amish, and Rappists are a few of the several sects in which the Palatines in America have manifested their variety of religious feeling, with a garb and discipline contrasting with current fashions and behavior.

CHAPTER V (Pages 40-47)

[1] Stone's *Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.,* Vol. I, p. 60.

[2] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, pp. 4-7.

CHAPTER VI (Pages 48-57)

[1] See Addendum IX.

[2] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, pp. 10-14.

[3] For a brief summary of the status of indentured servants, and a hint of what awaited indentured women servants on the frontier, see Jennings, *History of the Economic Progress of the United States,* pp. 16-17.

[4] Also see Appendix X, Stone's *Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.,* Vol. II, p. 529.

[5] Francis Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe,* Vol. I, p. 298.

CHAPTER VII (Pages 58-70)

[1] *The Johnson Calendar,* p. 527, with references thereunder to the original documents, reveals a negotiation between the Mohawk Nation and the corporation of Albany, extending from December, 1773 to January 8, 1774, which indicates that the Mohawks foresaw their extinction as a Nation, undertaking to provide for the maintenance of families that may survive Mohawk nationality.

The negotiation broke off when Albany representatives refused to define the word, Nation, in a deed securing to the Indians "while they remain a nation the lands at Tionnondoroge."

[8] The expression "a belt" or a "string" occurring in the course of a speech at an Indian council refers to a belt or string of wampum, which the speaker bestowed on the chief representative of his audience, the better to fix his point in the memory of his hearers. Wampum, sometimes called seawan, consisted of shells, usually pierced to admit of their being assembled. As such they passed current among the Indians as money, and also among the whites when metal money grew scarce. The seashore Indians were, of course, the source of supply originally, but in time whites took over the production of wampum in New Jersey on a business basis.

Wampum retained a sentimental and symbolic value in Indian relations long after other currencies ousted it from trade. The shells were arranged in traditional designs. There were war belts, peace belts, condolence belts, and the like; and the measure of a speaker's importance was the magnificence of the belts he bestowed in the course of his oration. Wampum also served as credentials for embassies; the Mohawks discovered the falsity of the Shawnee envoys who came to treat with Bradstreet when they noted the meagerness of their wampum. In the intricate designs appeared the history of their peoples and the terms of treaties; minds schooled in reading these messages could find meanings there which were hidden from the laity. The last of the individual wampum keepers of the Confederacy was Thomas King, who turned over his beautiful and valuable hoard to the University of the State of New York which, by consent of the nations, now acts in that capacity, to the end that these beautiful memorials of native history shall not perish through neglect.

CHAPTER VIII (Pages 71-85)

[1] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, pp. 21-22.

[2] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 41.

[3] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 257.

[4] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 5.

[5] *Documentary History of New York,* Vol. II, pp. 934-35.

[6] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 907. Appendix.

[7] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 929. Appendix.

[8] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 931.

CHAPTER IX (Pages 86-100)

[1] In the colonies the four active stages in the struggle of the French and English for the possession of Mid-America were usually called:
King William's War, 1689-97, ended by Peace of Ryswick.
Queen Anne's War, 1702-13, ended by Peace of Utrecht.
King George's War, 1744-48, ended by Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

French and Indian War or Seven Years' War, 1754-63, ended by Peace of Paris.

[2] George Clinton was a son of Francis, sixth earl of Lincoln. Entering the navy, he was appointed captain in 1716. In 1732 he was made a commodore and governor of Newfoundland; in 1737 commodore of the Mediterranean Fleet; and in 1741 governor of the colony of New York, an office which he held until 1753. While governor of New York he rose through successive ranks to be Admiral of the White. He died July 10, 1761.

[3] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 42.

CHAPTER X (Pages 101-110)

[1] See Addendum II, "The Fur Trade of New York."

[2] *Documents Relative to Colonial History of New York,* Vol. III, p. 385.

[3] One of the members at this time was John Evelyn, the diarist, who reports the early trend toward separation in Massachusetts, as of May 26, 1671:

"What we most insisted on was to know the condition of New England, which, appearing to be very independent as to their regard for Old England and His Majesty, rich and strong as they now were, there were great debates in what style to write to them. For the condition of the colony (Massachusetts) was such that they were able to contest with all other plantations, and there was fear of their breaking from all dependence on the nation."

On June 6, he reports:

"At length it was concluded that, if any, it should be a conciliating paper at first, a civil letter, until we had better information of the present face of things, since we understood they were a people upon the very brink of renouncing any dependence on the Crown."

CHAPTER XI (Pages 111-117)

[1] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 105.

[2] Cadwallader Colden was born in Scotland in 1688 and died on Long Island in 1776. He was a physician and scientific man and was the first surveyor general of the province. He was president of the council and lieutenant governor, performing the duties of governor at different periods. These functions he exercised at the time of the Stamp Act riots, during which he was personally threatened by a mob, and his property burned. Among his publications was a *History of the Five Nations Depending on the Province of New York,* New York, 1727; republished under the title of *History of the Five Nations of Canada.*

[3] Through 1748 Colonel Johnson appears to have been in military command at Albany. Munsell's *Annals of Albany,* quoting from Vol. X, p. 129 of the City Records, says that on April 6 he petitioned the common council "that he might have the barrack wherein the governor's guard were lodged for to keep a main guard in."

The same source contains this record of the Johnsonian snub, administered a few months later:

"Sept. 17, 1748. Res: that Barent Ten Eyck & Johannis Voi: Dow (Douw) go and desire Langaserie and the other Fr. Gent. that came with the flag truces from Canada to come to Ackerman's to let the mayor & corporation know the meaning of their coming to town.

"Sept. 20. Collo. Johnson said they were not obliged to report to council as they were directed to him."

Desligneris and Repentigny remained to carry on the French end of the negotiations with respect to prisoners. They were among the "old reliables" of New France when Johnson captured both of them at Niagara, eleven years later.

CHAPTER XII (Pages 118-130)

[1] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 81.

[2] *Documents Relative to Colonial History of New York,* Vol. VI, p. 358.

[3] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 106.

[4] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 238.

[5] Addendum III.

[6] If power be measured by duration, Hendrik of the Canojoharie Mohawks stands first among the Indians who have attained eminence. He was born about the year 1680, and is believed to have been a Mohawk only by adoption from a Massachusetts tribe, presumably Mohican. He was described by Governor Bellomont before the close of the seventeenth century as a proselyte to the Christian faith, who had been taught to pray and teach in the Mohawk tongue. In the year 1700 he attended a conference at Albany called by the Governor. Ten years later he was one of the five chiefs who visited the court of Queen Anne as ambassadors. In the French War, which terminated in 1749, he carried hostilities as far as Montreal. At the Albany Congress of 1754, which was attended by such men as James De Lancey, William Smith, Oliver Partridge, Roger Wolcott, Stephen Hopkins, John Penn, and Benjamin Franklin, the most impressive speech was Hendrik's. He led the Indian allies in the Crown Point expedition, and in the "bloody morning scout" of September 8, 1755, at Lake George, died by a bayonet thrust. A veteran fighter whom the French knew as White Head, Hendrik is sometimes called Henry and often Hendrick in the documents of the period.

[7] Council Minutes, *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 340.

[8] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 364.

[9] Key's *Cadwallader Colden,* pp. 263-68.

CHAPTER XIII (Pages 131-145)

[1] Molly eventually became a conscientious housekeeper. It is of record that in September, 1763, ten years after joining the Johnson family, she had entered a complaint regarding a stove with an Albany merchant, who addressed his letter on this subject to "Mrs. Brant."—*Johnson Calendar,* p. 180.

CHAPTER XIV (Pages 146-152)

[1] Sir William Johnson is listed by Alexander Henry (p. 235 of the first edition of the *Travels*) as one of the partners in Henry's attempt to mine Lake Superior copper in 1773, the first serious attempt under the British. The Johnson manuscripts, however, show that Sir William put no money into this enterprise, refusing to pay an assessment. As early as 1768 he reported to the Lords of Trade on the richness of the Lake Superior ores, insisting that Indian consent must be secured in advance of mining operations.

CHAPTER XV (Pages 153-161)

[1] *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.*, Vol. VI, pp. 808-15.

[2] *Johnson Papers*, Vol. I, pp. 409-10.

[3] Lords of Trade, September 18, 1753, recommended to Sir Danvers Osborne to hold a meeting with the Indians. They have written to the governor of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and New Jersey to make provision for it. Osborne to notify them of time and place. All the provinces should be comprised in one general meeting.—*Documents Relative to Colonial History*, Vol. VI, pp. 800-01.

Lords of Trade recommended February 26, 1754, to De Lancey "to hold the intended interview as early as possible" and follow the directions given to Sir Danvers Osborne.—*Doc. Rel., etc.*, Vol. VI, pp. 828-29.

Lords of Trade directed by Secretary Robinson to prepare a plan of concert for the colonies, June 14, 1754.—*Doc. Rel., etc.*, VI, p. 84.

CHAPTER XVI (Pages 162-169)

[1] This and subsequent quotations are from the Proceedings of the Congress of Seven Colonies at Albany on Indian affairs, with plan of Union of eleven in one general government, June 19 to July 11, 1755.—*Documentary History of New York*, Vol. II, pp. 545-617, or Vol. II, pp. 317-60; and *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.*, Vol. VI, pp. 853-92.

[2] *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.*, Vol. VI, pp. 897-99.

[3] See Addendum IV.

[4] Thomas Pownall first came to America from England in 1753, as secretary to Sir Danvers Osborne. In 1755 he was appointed lieutenant governor of New Jersey, never, however, exercising the powers of the office; was governor of Massachusetts in 1757; and in 1759 was nominated for the governorship of South Carolina. Later, he served in Parliament. He was distinguished by his liberal attitude toward the colonies, and a remarkable acquaintance with the physical and political conditions of this continent.

Pownall's first American office, the lieutenant governorship of New Jersey, was a sinecure, giving him leisure to study the colonies and meet their leaders. An excellent draughtsman, his maps are the best of the period, while sketches

of Boston and New York harbors indicate high artistic ability. In 1756 he drew up, by command of the Duke of Cumberland, a general plan of operations reprinted in the fifth or 1774 edition of his famous tract, *The Administration of the Colonies.* These advices to Cumberland stress the importance of Indian relations, the vital position of Oswego and the vulnerability of Quebec. Upon Pitt he impressed these points, as well as the necessity for younger men in American authority. These conversations led to Johnson's elevation and prestige, Pownall's elevation to the governorship of Massachusetts, the military appointments of Amherst and Wolfe and the grand strategy of the campaign which resulted in the French surrender of Canada. Johnson's contact with Pownall at Albany was destined to have far-reaching historic results.

From his first days in America, Pownall admired Americans and the spirit of America. Years afterward, reflecting upon the colonial leaders whom he met at the Albany Congress in 1754, he said:

"When I had first an opportunity of conversing with, and knowing the sentiments of, the Commissioners of the several provinces in North America convened at Albany; of learning from their experience and judgment the actual state of the American business and interest; of hearing amongst them the grounds and reasons of that American union which they then had under deliberation, and transmitted the plan to England; I then at first conceived the idea and saw the necessity of a general British union."

After two years in Massachusetts, political changes at home resulted in Pownall's being kicked upstairs to the governorship of South Carolina—an easier and better paid post, but one in which he would be less effective. He never visited his new post, and soon resigned it, returning to England in 1760. After military service in Germany as Commissary General, Pownall returned to England, soon entering Parliament where he remained for fourteen years. In Parliament he was active but non-partisan, saving his influence to battle, first for the cause of the colonies, and after the Revolution began, for an early peace based on local self-government and close commercial ties. No less than thirty-seven of his speeches in Parliament were on the American theme, as were many of the publications which streamed from his pen.

These reflect the many-sidedness of the man. Twenty-three of his books and pamphlets were on politics and political economy; thirteen on topography and geography; seventeen on history and antiquities. This literary productivity appeared to stop entirely during the years in which the Letters of Junius were published anonymously, a strong point in the recent theory ascribing authorship of those famous letters to Pownall. For a full statement of the case, as well as general information concerning a great statesman of prophetic powers, the reader is referred to the biography by Charles A. W. Pownall. Thomas Pownall died in 1805 at seventy-seven years of age.

CHAPTER XVII (Pages 170-176)

[1] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, pp. 425-27.

Along the same line is this letter of Shirley to Johnson, May 24, 1755:

"I know the Difficulties you must be under in reclaiming the almost lost affections of the six Nations to the English and engaging them in the present service agst the thousand Artifices of the French. But I can't but be perswaded, from the knowledge I have of your influence over them & the talents you have

for effecting this important Business, that you will surmount them & do your King and Country the desired Service . . .

"You will have if New York raises their 800 men and the Colony of Connecticut their desired Augmentation, as I hope they will both, 4,700 men beside the Indians for the expedition against Crown Point."

[2] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 430.

[3] The Duke of Cumberland's private instructions via Colonel Napier, are given in Winthrop Sargent's *History of an Expedition Against Fort Duquesne in 1755,* pp. 398-400. The royal secret instructions of the King in Council to Braddock are printed in Vol. VI, *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.* and in Sargent, pp. 393-98.

[4] Winthrop Sargent, as above, pp. 128-29.

CHAPTER XVIII (Pages 177-182)

[1] "His Honour [Governor Morris] informed the Council that Scarrooyady an Oneida Indian who succeeds Tanachrisson or the Half King (of the Delawares) was come to Town along with Two other Indians in their Way to Onondago."—*Minutes of the Provincial Council of Pennsylvania.*

While various Half-Kings are frequently spoken of, the status of this strange political figure is a little hazy. Apparently he was one raised up by the Iroquois to govern their vassals, the Delawares. If Governor Morris is right in saying Scarroyady was an Oneida then it seems that the place was occasionally filled by one of the Six Nations, although it is likely chiefs of the Delawares sometimes filled the office. As for the Iroquois themselves they tolerated no monarchs in their own nations, and even refused sometimes to raise up able men to sachemhood on the ground that the latter would gain too much power. Among the Iroquois "King" was merely a courtesy title sometimes given to an aged sachem. See *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 476.

[2] See Addendum V on "Eminent Indians of Johnson's Time."

CHAPTER XIX (Pages 183-189)

[1] William Shirley was born in Sussex, England, in 1694 and died at Roxbury, Mass., in 1771. He practised law in Boston, was governor of Massachusetts from 1741 to 1745 and 1753 to 1757. The expedition of 1745 against Louisburg was devised by him; in 1755 he engaged in an expedition intended for the reduction of Niagara; and in that year succeeded General Braddock as commander-in-chief. He was a member of the boundary commission, constituted under the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

[2] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 642.

[6] Other evidences along this line follow: Johnson to Braddock, May 17, 1755:

"I assure your Excellency that I have an unfeigned zeal to serve my country, but I dread those delays & those Provincial disputes about quotas which I know

to be so fatal to all Military Undertakings & when the general interest is too liable to be broke in upon by an ill judged, parsimonious and partial spirit.

"Tho I disclaim and detest the least View to the Emolument of my own Private Fortune by this Command, yet I believe your Excellency whom I look upon to be one of the most disinterested of Men will think Some Establishment ought to be fixt upon by the Colonies for supporting my Expenses on this Occasion & yet it hath not been even mentioned to me nor do I know of any such Provision . . ."

Johnson to Robert Orme, aide-de-camp to Braddock, May 19, 1755:

"In money matters I know the Assemblys on this Cont. & particularly ones to the Northward, are not generously disposed & that when Subjects are not to be conducted by or terminate in the private advantage of some of their own Body or Dependants they are at best prone to such a backwardness & distrust, as often not only retards, but Disappoints the public Service. If they should refund the £2000, [secured from Braddock's war chest] my dependence must be on the Crown for future Funds, it will be necessary therefore in my humble Opinion to prepare the administration at home for it, . . . You will see by my Speech to the Mohocks, & I shall repeat it to the Confederate Nations when they meet me in a Body, that I tell them I am planted as their Shelter by so powerful a hand that my Roots are fixed firm & deep &c. Now should I hereafter want a certain Fund to support my Management or by a precarious fettered Dependence upon American Assemblys be obliged to stop or relinquish for want of Money, it will be Attended with very fatal Consequences & give a mortal Wound to all my Influence amongst them, for what I tell them they will depend upon & never forgive their being deceived."

[4] John Bradstreet to Wm. Shirley, Oswego, May 29, 1755:

"I found it absolutely necessary to march my men from Schenectady to Lake Oneida, both for Dispatch, and to be able to bring provisions and stores; and that I am of the Opinion it is the best method for those Troops which may follow to do the same. I am greatly apprehensive it will take more time to bring a large number of troops, with Stores and Provisions here, than most people imagine, should we have a dry season . . . if the troops should meet with any Disappointments to delay their march, so as to be late before they proceed to Action, it may have a bad tendency."

[5] John Bradstreet was born in England in 1711 and died in New York City in 1774. As lieutenant colonel of Pepperell's regiment, he participated in the Louisburg expedition in 1745. The following year he was made lieutenant governor of St. John's, Newfoundland. In 1772 he was promoted to a major generalship but as such did not command troops.

[6] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 400-1.

[7] No doubt the reason for Johnson's prompt resignation of his major generalship was the fact that he held his military commission from Shirley though the document (dated April 16, 1755) sets forth that the appointment is with the approval of Major General Braddock. The appointment as superintendent of Indian affairs, however, came direct from Braddock. On April 15, a day preceding the dating of the commission as major general, Johnson wrote Wraxall from Alexandria, Va., asking the latter to serve as his secretary, as follows:

"Sir: General Braddock having with the Advice of the Council met here, committed the superintendency & the managemnt of Indian affairs to me, and empowered me to employ a Secretary and as many Interpreters as may be requisite to assist me in the discharge of the Trust, my Regard for you as well

as to His Majesty's Commission, lead me to apply to the General for his leave to you to return to act in your office as Secretary for Indian Affairs which he has been pleased to grant."

Lieutenant Governor De Lancey of New York, jealous of Shirley's forwardness, sent Johnson another commission as major general, a course followed by other governors of colonies contributing troops to Johnson's command. Shirley's authority over all operations in the northern sector irked the other provincial governors, not because they disapproved of his plans but because he used his power tactlessly. All through the campaign he was for action at any cost, except on his own beat.

That Johnson was right in holding that Braddock, not Shirley, was the source of his authority, is definitely proved by the manuscript letter from Braddock at Fort Cumberland, Wills Creek, on July 9, 1755, the letter being in possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society:

"Sir: I have received your letter by Mr. Butler informing me of the present situation of Indian affairs, by which I discover they seem much inclined to the French interest. I can in some measure account for it by the conduct of our Governments to these Nations for some years. I am therefore determined as far as in me lies to promote and forward in every way his Majesty's service and as I find the tardyness and absurd Oeconomy of many of his Governments, I do empower you to draw upon Governor Shirley for such money as shall be necessary to carry on your negotiations in acquiring and preserving them in his Majesty's Interest.

"I have for this purpose written Governor Shirley to answer your Draughts for such sums as you shall find necessary . . . in which you are engaged and in which charge you was named by me for your general good character and influence with the Indians."

Additional evidence on this head is found in a letter from ex-Governor George Clinton in London to Johnson, dated February 27, 1756 (N. Y. Archives):

"Have continued my repeated recommendations of you to the ministry, in conseqience of which you obtained your appointment by Gen'l Braddock from my representing that no man in North America was equalled to your power and abilities to make Indians hearty in the cause of the Crown.

CHAPTER XX (Pages 190-211)

[1] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, pp. 539-40.

[2] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, pp. 606-7.

[3] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 597.

[4] Secretary of State, former member of the Lords of Trade and Plantations.

[5] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 419-21.

[6] Johnson's utter fitness for quartermaster duties is revealed in a letter to Oliver De Lancey which reflects the writer's close attention to detail. Acknowledging receipt of 4,000 dollars, part of the £2,000 sent to him from Braddock's war chest, Johnson writes: "One of the Dollars was a Counterfitt." There spoke the trader rather than the General feverishly preparing for a campaign. Letter of June 16, 1755.—*Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 600.

[7] Letter from Wm. Shirley from Boston, May 31, 1755, gives the following forces "now being raised for the expedition against Crown Point":

"New York	800
Connecticut	1000
Massachusetts	1500
New Hampshire	500
Rhode Island	400

which with Indians 200 gives total of 4400, of whom he suggests 1000 should be diverted to his own expedition, which he thinks will pull French troops away from Crown Point, and also from Fort Duquesne on the Ohio."—*Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, pp. 551-55.

[8] Ephraim Williams was born March 7, 1714, at Newton, Mass. For several years young Williams was a sailor, and visited several European countries. Quitting the sea, he settled at Stockbridge, which he represented in the general court at Boston in 1744. In 1745, with the title of captain, he was placed in command of three frontier forts, with headquarters at Fort Shirley, in the town of Heath. He continued in military employment after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, becoming major in 1753, assuming command of Fort Massachusetts the following year, and March 29, 1755, he was commissioned colonel of one of the Massachusetts regiments enlisted for the Crown Point expedition. At Albany, July 22d, when on his way to Lake George, Ephraim Williams made the will in which he made a bequest for the establishment of free school instruction in what became the town of Williamstown. This school was the germ of Williams College. See A. L. Perry, *Origins in Williamstown,* pp. 215-371; James A. Holden, *Colonel Ephraim Williams, in Proceedings of the Second Annual Meeting* of the New York State Historical Association, pp. 42-53; Calvin Durfee, *A History of Williams College,* pp. 31-53; Leverett W. Spring, *History of Williams College,* p. 4; and *Massachusetts Historical Collections,* 8:47.

[9] Stone, *Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.,* Vol. I, p. 521.

[10] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 77.

[11] *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.,* Vol. VI, pp. 998-99.

[12] Eye-witness reports vary greatly, as is certain to be the case in woods warfare. Dieskau's report, subject to discount as that of a loser putting the best face possible on his defeat, says that his Indians shouted a friendly warning to those under Hendrik. This, and in fact all Dieskau's evidence calculated to blame his failure on Indian treachery, seems doubtful, considering the ferocity with which his Indians fought once they were engaged. His report, however, makes clear his own error, from which all his difficulties inevitably followed, that of under-estimating the quality of the enemy. He expected the provincials, "wretched troops," to break at sight of his two companies of regulars.

[13] Daniel Claus, writing of the event years later, says Old Hendrik's horse was shot, but the old chief escaped death in that mêlée, only to be scalped by the Indian squaws and boys who were guarding the French baggage. The scalp taken off his head, says Claus, was no bigger than an English crown. While Claus had a special reason for interesting himself in the manner of Hendrik's death, since he brought the old chief north to combat, we doubt the story. Hendrik was too old to run far in battle, and it is doubtful if the Caghnawaga squaws, who must have known him, would have refused him shelter. Even if they felt no kinship for their eminent uncle, they must have

realized that he was worth more alive than dead. As for the smallness of the scalp, it may be accounted for on the ground of haste. Dieskau and his officers were urging their Indians to pursue the retreating enemy instead of stopping to decorate themselves with scalps of the slain.

[14] Johnson's 32-pounders were served by a chief gunner with naval experience, described as Captain Boyle by John Dies, one of the New York commissioners appointed to outfit the expedition. Dies sent Boyle to Johnson with a letter of July 18, 1755, which says of the bearer:

"He seems Verey Fond to Goe on the Servis, he is one of approved Courage, he has Sarvd in the Navey, has been Gunr on board several priveteers and has Commanded one the latter end of Last War, when he Lost the hand he now wants, he was Desired to have the Stump Dresd but he Damd and Shook his hand overboard, Rapd the Stump in his Handkirchiff and Fought till the Battle wass over. I have Examned him as to his Quantety as Gunner or Bombardier, and think he is as well Qualefeyed as aney we have in this place . . ."

Bombardier Boyle shook his stump at the foe at Lake George, but his missiles landed mostly in the tree tops which frightened the Indians as thoroughly as if they had been better aimed.

[15] Although the provincials knew where the enemy's boats were, from information furnished by an Indian, rejoicing in the lovely name of Thick Lawrence, no move was made to destroy them, so that most of the fleeing army no doubt returned to Crown Point by the easy water route.

[16] Dieskau disclaimed all knowledge of the condition of these bullets, and we accept this denial unreservedly, as Johnson did. It is wholly inconsistent with the French general's character and record. However, Brigadier General Lyman insisted on quizzing Dieskau on the subject as he lay wounded in the camp, showing him the exhibits, no doubt the same mentioned by Surgeon Williams.

CHAPTER XXI (Pages 212-224)

[1] "From Mr. de Johnson, the general of the English army, I am receiving all the attention possible to be expected from a brave man, full of honor and feeling."—Baron Dieskau to Comte d'Argenson. *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.*, Vol. X, p. 318.

[2] Francis Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe,* Vol. I, p. 320-21. Parkman's footnote relates that the incident was told by Dieskau to Diderot at Paris in 1760, and he refers to Diderot's Memoirs, I. 402 (1830).

[3] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 49.

[4] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 74-78.

[5] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 163-64.

[6] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 134.

[7] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 135-36.

[8] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 59-60.

[9] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 98.

[0] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 100.

[11] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 146.

[12] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 79.

[13] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 160.

[14] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 178.

[15] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 313-314.

CHAPTER XXII (Pages 225-233)

[1] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 343-50.

[2] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 9-11.

[3] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III Appendix, pp. 994-95.

[4] *Narrative of Daniel Claus.* Published by Society of Colonial Wars.

[5] *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.,* Vol. VII, p. 11.

[6] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 434-35.

CHAPTER XXIII (Pages 234-245)

[1] Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm de Saint Veran, was born at Condiac, near Nimes, France, in 1712, of a family noted for precocious boys. He entered a military school at nine, and became a captain at fifteen. At thirty he was a veteran colonel with years of active service to his credit in Germany and Italy. In '56 he succeeded Dieskau as maréchal de camp of New France, and for his victories there became lieutenant general. Mortally wounded in the famous battle with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, Montcalm died two days later, September 15, 1759.

[2] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 507.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Montcalm's first division reached Oswego on the morning of the 10th of August with four cannon; but at daybreak on the 12th the second division arrived "with the bateaux of artillery." When, on the 14th, the white flag was hoisted on Fort Oswego, "the besiegers had nine guns in a position to bear."—*Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.,* X (Paris Documents), pp. 441-43, 459-60, 478.

[5] Drunkenness contributed to the surrender; see Chapter XXVIII on "Rum."

[6] The French position in regard to Oswego was shrewdly stated to the Five Nations at Montreal by M. de Vaudreuil:

"By right of conquest Chouagen (Oswego) which you have given to the English, belongs to me, but I will not invade your territory like the English; I give it back to you, but never shall you suffer them to establish themselves again there, and you shall notify me if they desire to do so. I do not engage you to take up the hatchet against them, as the English persuade you to against me. Remain quiet on your mats and do not meddle with anything."—*Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.,* X, p. 479, Paris Documents.

[7] That there was good reason for Montcalm to act sharply against his Indian Allies is proved by this letter found in *Documents Relative to Colonial History of New York,* X, Paris Documents, written by a French officer who was present at the siege and capture:

"I do not make many mention of the horrors and cruelties of the Indians. It is a misfortune to make war with such People—especially when they are drunk—a condition in which nothing stays their fury."

CHAPTER XXIV (Pages 246-259)

[1] John Campbell, fourth Earl of Loudoun, was born in 1705 and died in 1782. Entering the army, he fought against the Jacobites, when the Pretender Charles raised his banner in Scotland in 1745. In the summer of 1756 Loudoun came to America, succeeding General Shirley as commander-in-chief; and he returned home in the spring of 1758.

[2] *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.,* Vol. VII, pp. 254-66. June 10 to 20, 1757.

[3] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 728-29.

[4] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 739-40.

[5] *Doc. Hist. N. Y.,* Vol. I, pp. 520-22.

[6] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 756.

[7] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 757.

[8] Goldsbrow Banyar was born in London in 1724, came to this country in 1737, it is said, and in 1746 was made deputy secretary of the province, deputy clerk of the council and deputy clerk of the supreme court. Later he was register of the court of chancery, judge of probate and examiner in the prerogative court. At the outbreak of the Revolution he retired to Rhinebeck. Royalist in feeling, he maintained an attitude of neutrality, and appears to have suffered but slightly at the hands of the victorious party. After the war he removed to Albany, where he was active in public concerns, and from 1802 to 1805 was a warden of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Abraham Mortier. Mr. Banyar died November 4, 1815, *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.,* 8:188-89 and *A History of St. Peter's Church in the City of Albany,* by Rev. Joseph Hooper.

[9] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 749-50.

[10] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 759.

CHAPTER XXV (Pages 260-268)

[1] William Pitt, sometimes called the elder Pitt, to distinguish him from his equally famous son of the same name, was the statesman militant for the British Crown during the expanding imperialism of the mid-eighteenth century. Born in 1708, he entered Parliament at the age of twenty-seven, and within ten years had made a name for himself in opposition to the corrupt Walpole ministry. He became leader of the Commons under the premiership of the

Duke of Devonshire in '56. Dismissed from office because of opposition to the King's continental policy, Pitt's popularity was such that not even his political enemies could deny him office, and in '57 he became virtual head of the government, while Newcastle was titular head. During the four years that followed "the biography of Pitt is the history of England." He became Lord Chatham in '66 and died in '78. Pitt has been described as the first English statesman during the colonial era to understand the power of public opinion; perhaps he was the only head of a British government to understand American public opinion, and his absence from real power during the tempestuous years preceding the American Revolution probably hastened the breaking away of the thirteen colonies.

[2] Jeffrey Amherst was born in 1717 and died in 1797. Early appointed to an ensigncy in the Guards, he saw service on the continent and was present at the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Roucoux. He saw service in the War of the Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War. Transferred in 1758 to America, he captured Louisburg in that year, and, as commander-in-chief, took the Lake Champlain forts in 1759, completing his record of success in 1760 by the taking of Montreal. He continued in America until the end of 1763, and by his impolitic course with the Indian nations did much to bring on the outbreak of Indian hostilities in 1763. Made Knight of the Bath after the conquest of Canada, Amherst received many honors, being created a baron in 1776 and a field-marshal the year before his death.

[3] James Wolfe, born at Westerham in Kent, in 1727, was the son of Lieutenant-General Edward Wolfe, one of Marlborough's veterans. The son "joined up" at fourteen, going with the 12th Foot to the Rhine, distinguishing himself at Dettingen. Germany, Scotland, Flanders, and France had all contributed to his reputation. When at thirty-seven years of age he came to America, as second in command at the second capture of Louisburg, where he further distinguishes himself. After a brief holiday in England, where he became engaged, he returned to capture Quebec and died (September 13, 1759) of a wound received in battle. Quebec has two memorials to him and there is another in Westminster Abbey.

[4] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 835-36.

[5] Stone's *Life of Johnson,* pp. 64-7. The original was burned.

[6] Ibid.

[7] Ibid. At the close of a small council, Sir William says, as indicating the narrow margin between war and peace at this time:

"When I drank to them at parting, they in return drank my health, and thanked God I had recovered from my late illness. They all then said it was happy I did not die then, for, said they, 'had you died, we and the English would get by the ears very soon, we see; and we fear it will be the case when you die or leave us.' "

In another council the chiefs began their speech in these words:

"Brother, we are extremely glad to see you so well recovered of your late very dangerous illness and thank the Great Spirit above for it. Had you been taken away from us at that time, our case would have been melancholy and our situation extremely precarious."

[8] Montcalm's report.—*Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.,* Vol. X.

[9] British and colonial regiments engaged at Ticonderoga: 26th, 42d, 44th, 46th, 55th, 1st and 4th battalions of Royal Americans, 80th, Provincials, N. Y. regiment, R. I. regiment, two Connecticut regiments, Bagley's, Jersey regiment, and Partridge's. Total force at Ticonderoga: 15,391—Abercromby's report. Indians 440—Johnson's report.

[10] From Summary of Indian Transactions, *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, p. 886: "on the 2d of August Sir William informed the Indians he should set out the Next day he met General Stanwix and Col Broadstreet at the German Flats and desired their warriors to be ready to meet him."

[11] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. II, pp. 889-90.

CHAPTER XXVI (Pages 269-280)

[1] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, pp. 77-8.

[2] Ibid., pp. 108-10.

[3] Johnson's ms. diary, reprinted in Stone's *Life of Johnson,* Appendix No. III, pp. 394-429, is the source of most of these statements of Johnson's actions on this journey. It is, naturally, more detailed on events after the victory than before.

CHAPTER XXVII (Pages 281-293)

[1] Thomas Gage was born in 1721 and was the son of Thomas Gage, first Viscount Gage. In 1741 he was commissioned a lieutenant in a regiment that came to be known as the 48th, later becoming lieutenant colonel of the 44th. In Braddock's expedition Gage commanded the advanced column and was wounded in the action near Fort Duquesne. In 1758 he raised a provincial regiment numbered as the 80th, or "light-armed foot." As a brigadier general he served under Amherst in the capture of Montreal in 1760. A major general in 1761, he later succeeded Amherst as commander-in-chief with headquarters in New York. In 1774 Gage's appointment as governor-in-chief and captain-general of Massachusetts Bay opened a troublesome experience, which brought no enhancement of reputation and had its climax in the costly charges for the possession of Charleston Heights on June 17, 1775. This battle practically closed his active military career, though he rose to be lieutenant general and general. He died on April 2, 1787. He married, in 1758, Margaret, daughter of Peter Kembal, president of the council of New Jersey. See *Dictionary of National Biography* for a fuller sketch.

[2] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, pp. 269-75.

[3] Stone's *Life of Johnson,* Vol. II, p. 130.

[4] Ibid., footnote.

[5] *An Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America,* Vol. II, p. 55, note, by Captain John Knox, *ed.* Arthur G. Doughty:

"Two of these Mohawks [of four captured by the French in 1759] were roasted to death by the French at Trois Rivières, in presence of the other two, who were scalped alive, carried to Montreal, and hanged in chains."

The revengeful spirit of the Mohawks flared up when Johnson was absent, A few days before the taking of Montreal eight chiefs of Canadian Indians made their submission to General Murray. While they were in conference with him, two Mohawks entered the apartment and prepared to attack them, but were prevented. The Canadian Indians were put out of the room for a few minutes. On their return, one of the Mohawks assured them that, but for the presence of the generals, they, the two Mohawks, would scalp every man of them. The narrative continues: "Hereupon one of the French warriors took a small stick with his knife and notched it: the other then re-assumed,—'Do you remember, when you treacherously killed one of our brothers at such a time?—Ye shall one day pay dearly for it, ye cowardly dogs,—let the treaty be as it will:—I tell you, we will destroy you and your settlement,—root and branch;—ye are all cowards;—our squaws are better than you,—they will stand and fight like men,—but ye sculk like dogs, &c . . .' Between every pause the French chief uttered *heh!* heh! and repeated his notches on the stick, till at length, being reproached with cowardice, and equalled to the squaws, he could no longer contain himself, but set up a horrid yell, and, with a tenfold emotion, cut a long sliver off the stick, which seemed to be a signal for his companions to fall on." General Murray and Colonel Burton interfered, put the Mohawks out and secured peace by threats of a serious nature.

[6] Harold Frederic, *In the Valley,* pp. 130-31.

CHAPTER XXVIII (Pages 294-308)

[1] Rev. John Ogilvie was born in New York in 1722, graduated at Yale in 1748, received his master's degree from that institution in 1751, and in 1770 a D.D. from King's College. He was stationed from 1749 to 1759 at St. Peter's Church, Albany, and at Fort Hunter, at the latter as missionary to the Mohawks. In the campaigns against Fort Niagara and Montreal he accompanied Sir William Johnson as chaplain of the 60th regiment. From 1763 to 1764 he was pastor of the Protestant congregation in Montreal. From the latter date to his death in July, 1774, Ogilvie was rector of Trinity Church, New York. Dr. Ogilvie's diary is in the possession of St. Peter's Church.—His letter is in S. P. G. Letters, B 20. New England &c., p. 55, and Journal XII, pp. 232-33.

[2] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, Appendix, p. 994.

CHAPTER XXIX (Pages 309-320)

[1] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, pp. 302-3.

[2] Ibid., p. 303.

[3] Ibid., pp. 334-36.

[4] Ibid., p. 421.

[5] Ibid., p 376.

[6] Ibid., p. 445.

[7] Ibid., pp. 432-33.

[8] Winthrop Sargent's *History of the Expedition against Fort Duquesne*, p. 372.

[9] *Johnson Papers*, Vol. III, p. 453.

[10] Ibid., p. 453.

[11] Ibid., p. 494.

[12] *Travels and Adventures of Alexander Henry*, p. 44.

[13] *Johnson Papers*, Vol. III, p. 407.

[14] Samson Occum, Indian preacher, born at Mohegan, Conn., and probably a Mohican. Ordained two years before Johnson introduced him into the Oneidas.

CHAPTER XXX (Pages 321-331)

[1] The wide-spread Indian feeling against continuing the posts finds eloquent expression in this paragraph from an Oneida petition, quoted by Parkman as sent to Johnson. We are unable to locate it as source material but it has all the earmarks of genuineness:

"We are now left in Peace, and have nothing to do but plant our Corn, hunt the wild Beasts, smoke our Pipes and mind Religion. But as these Forts, which are built among us, disturb our Peace, & are a great hurt to Religion, because some of our Warriors are foolish, & some of our Brother Soldiers don't fear God, we therefore desire these Forts may be pulled down, & kick'd out of the way."

[2] *Johnson Papers*, Vol. III, pp. 405-6.

The express of June 17, 1761, from Captain Campbell to Major Walters at Niagara:

"I had the favor of yours with General Amherst's Dispatches.

"I have sent you an Express with a very Important piece of Intelligence I have had the good fortune to discover; I have been lately alarmed with reports of the bad Designs of the Indian Nations against this place and the English in General; I can now Inform you for certain it Comes from the Six Nations; and that they have sent Belts of Wampum & Deputys to all the Nations from Nova Scotia to the Illinois to take up the Hatchet against the English, and have Employed the Messagues to send Belts of Wampum to the Northern Nations; there are now two Chiefs of the Senecas in the Wyandot Town privately to invite the Nations here to a Council at the Little Lake, or Sandoskey; I had a Just Information of all their designs before they had time to hold a Council with the Nations and have prevented it so far, that I called the Nations to a Council this day, and told of the bad intention of the Seneca Nation against us which I hope will have a good Effect, as they promised to have no concern with them; their project is as follows: the Six Nations, at least the Senecas, are to Assemble at the head of French Creek, within five and twenty Leagues of Presqu Isle, part of the Six Nations, the Delawares & Shanees, are to Assemble on the Ohio, and all at the same time about the latter end of this Month to surprise Niagara & Fort Pitt, and Cutt off the Communications Every where; I hope this will come time Enough to put You on Your Guard, and to send to Oswego, and all the posts on that Communication; they expect to be Joyned by the Nations that are Come from the North by Toronto.

"You have certainly a great many of them, at present at Niagara; You cannot use too much precaution against them; I hope when they find the whole plot is Discovered, they will desist from their Attempt; I have sent an Express to Fort Pitt by Presqu' Isle; it would be proper you send one likewise in case any Accident should have happened to my Express; I have put my Fort in the best posture of Defence I can, and shall take all methods to prevent a Surprise; I have a good many Indian Nations here at present; but hope there is nothing to fear from them. I have sent Enclosed a Letter to General Amherst, which you will be pleased to forward with the greatest Diligence, I am Sir, Your most

"obedient Humble Servant,

"DONALD CAMPBELL."

"If you think it is proper that Sir Wm. Johnson should know of it; You may Communicate this Intelligence to him, but I hope he knows it before this time.

"D. C."

[8] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, p. 444.

[4] Ibid., p. 457.

[5] Stone's *Life of Johnson,* Vol. II, p. 146.

[6] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, p. 463.

[7] Ibid., pp. 464-65.

[8] From the Ms. Diary as printed in Stone's *Life,* p. 450. On the 16th Sir William had dined Major Walters, Captain Etherington, and Lieutenant Hay with similar exhilarating results.

[9] Ibid., p. 452.

[10] Ibid., pp. 453-54.

[11] Ibid. for Thursday, September 3, 1761.

CHAPTER XXXI (Pages 332-342)

[1] The Mohawks played a lofty rôle all through the meeting, patronizing the other tribes insufferably. This extract is from the Mohawk Speech delivered at Detroit Conference September 9th, 1761 (*Papers of Sir William Johnson,* Vol. III, pp. 481-82):

"Brethren

"I am sent hither by my Nation to acquaint you all of our disposition & resolutions to remain steadfast friends & brethren to the English, (as we always have been) & we earnestly recommend it to you to follow our Example so essential to your own interest—As our Brother is now come to settle all matters on the most amicable footing & renew the Covenant Chain of friendship, we hope you will embrace this favourable opportunity and hold each other fast by the Arm, so firm that nothing may ever separate us till our deaths—

A belt.

"Brethren

"We are the Door of the six Nations, as we live next to our Brethren the English we must therefore of Course be first acquainted with whatever News may be stirring, I must therefore beg and request you will not listen, or pay the least regard to any evil reports which may happen to be brought to you by, or from any of the other Nations (Such as that from the Senecas the other day)

since if any thing ill is intended against us, you may depend on seeing the Mohocks here—"

A belt.

[3] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, pp. 475-80.

[3] Stone's *Life of Johnson,* Ms. Diary for Thursday, September 10, 1761, Vol. II, p. 461.

[4] Ibid., p. 463.

[5] Ibid., pp. 462-63.

[6] Ibid., p. 463. Tuesday, June 15th—

"I had the three Huron interpreters here at my lodging, and Aaron (the Mohawk), also St. Martin . . . and told them I recognized them as the head of the Ottawa Confederacy."

CHAPTER XXXII (Pages 343-350)

[1] See Appendix IV, Stone's *Life of Johnson,* Vol. II, for this and following references to the homeward journey in 1761.

[2] Johnson probably was already taking "drops" at thirty. In a letter which appears to be of February, 1746, Apothecary Schrodel wrote to "Mr. Janson Merchant in Mohawk Country" the following:

"According to your request I am sending herewith 2 vials of the drops as well as I can make them. The following serves to let you know the use of them: 20 drops in a little wine may be taken morning and evening, whether the person is strong or weak. According as he himself feels what action it has, he can't take more or less; also according as some action is felt between morning and evening. One vial costs 3 shillings, that is together 6 shillings. For what is left I shall give you credit, so much as still remains . . ."—*Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 46.

CHAPTER XXXIII (Pages 351-362)

[1] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. VI, pp. 770-73.

[2] John Henry Lydius, a son of Rev. John Lydius, Reformed Dutch minister of Albany, was born in 1693. He married a half-breed, became a successful merchant and Indian trader and as such was an early associate and later a competitor of Johnson. His house near the Great Carrying Place at Fort Edward, was long a favorite rendezvous. It was sacked and burned in November, 1745, by Marin in transit to the destruction of Saratoga. In 1750 Lydius lived in Albany, as a trader, and acted as an agent for the exchange of prisoners. Johnson for years distrusted him, openly accused him of being a dangerous man and charged him with sending to Canada a packet containing an account of a skirmish between a band of Indians and Albanians. Shirley always held Lydius in high estimation and intrusted him with several delicate transactions with the Indians. It was Lydius who negotiated a purchase of the Wyoming valley for the Connecticut company in '54. In 1776 Lydius removed to England and in 1791 died near Kensington, aged ninety-eight years.

[3] By resolve of Govr & Assembly of Connecticut, holden at Hartford in said colony on 2nd Thursday of May annoque domini, 1755—"touching a Settlement upon the Susquehanna, &c." The company had 850 members.

[4] This oleaginous appeal from Timothy Woodbridge, a teacher of the Stockbridge Indians, who visited Johnson as an emissary of the Connecticut Company, exemplifies the attitude a really good man could take toward Indian rights:

"Brethren of the Five Nations,

"I speak to you all, & particularly to your great men; I speak in the name & for a Thousand of your English Brethren.

"Six years ago I asked you, to sell me some of your Land on Susquehannah River, your great men took it into Consideration, & at Albany they Sold me a piece of Land, which took the Land that is called Shaunuhdohwauneh, & a great piece of Land with it on both sides of Susquehannah River.—Your great men took a great deal of money of me. I put my money into Colo. John Lydias's hand, and he gave it to your great men. Your great men have had Two Thousand Dollars of my money, and about Twenty of your great men have put their hands, made their marks to a Deed, to make the Land mine. Some of your great men have took my money, that have not sign'd my Deed; Hendrick had a great deal of my money: Seth of Scohare had a good deal of my money for the Land, & told me they would put their hands to my Deed; but they died & did not put their hands; but a great many of your great men did Sign my Deed in Colo. John Lydias's House at Albany, & there took my money. . . .

"Brethren,

"You must not Cheat me out of my money, you Used to stand to what your great men did, & I Expect you will now. . . .

"Brethren,

"I say again you must not Cheat me, for the great God will punish you if you do, for he knows what you have done. . . .

"Brethren,

"I Say, if you hear I am on the Land, let some of your wise men come & talk with me, and as Friends we will Settle all things, & you shall be well treated. . . .

"Brethren,

"I send you my words by your Brother & my brother Thomas, & let me hear you speak as soon as you can; he knows Where I am, & can tell you where I am. . . .

"SOLOHKUHWAUNEH."

A True Copy of a Speech sent from Timothy Woodbridge of Stockbridge, by Thomas of Oughguago, to the five nations.—*Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, pp. 715-17.

CHAPTER XXXIV (Pages 363-375)

[1] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, p. 314.

[2] Parkman's *Conspiracy of Pontiac,* Vol. I, p. 110.

[3] Colden's Letter of Introduction follows:

"Fort George New York May 27th 1749.

"SR

"The bearer of this Mr Kalm, is a Sweedish Gent'n a Professor in the Academy of Sciences there & is now travilling in order to make discoveries in Botany & Astronomy For this purpose he is on his way to Canada with a design to return in the Fall The purpose for which he travels, the advancement

of usefull knowledge will be a strong motive to you to give him any assistance he wants & he wants no other but that of advice in what manner to travel to Canada most conveniently & with the least Danger whether by Oswego or Croun point He comes strongly recommended to me by the King of Sweeden's Physicean & other friends in Europe & therefore what civility you shew him will lay an obligation on me.

"We every day expect Waddel with news by him that will be agreable to you I have yours in answer to that I wrote by my son & I thank you for the civilities you have shewn him I am S[r]

"Your most humble servant

"CADWALLADER COLDEN."

"To COLL JOHNSON"

Johnson Papers, Vol. I, p. 228.

[4] Hugh Wallace was a prominent merchant of New York City, engaged in import and export trade, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and from 1769 to 1776 a member of the provincial council. In the early years of the Revolution Wallace fell under suspicion as a Loyalist and was banished to Connecticut, but was allowed by Governor Trumbull to return on a promise not to bear arms against America. He was again in trouble, and his name figures in the list of Loyalists whose estates were forfeited under the New York act of October 22, 1779. Probably a native of Ireland.

[5] Probably the Patrick Daly of the will, where he is listed as Mr. Patrick Daly, not Dr.

[6] Jeptha R. Simms' *Trappers of New York,* which supplies many local details of the Johnson establishment, was published in 1871.

CHAPTER XXXV (Pages 376-389)

[1] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. I, p. 265.

[2] Ibid., pp. 242-45.

[3] Idem., Vol. III, p. 355.

[4] Ibid., p. 355.

CHAPTER XXXVI (Pages 390-403)

[1] For certain details of Amherst's retrenchment program see *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, p. 978. Amherst to Johnson, December 19, 1762.

[2] Captain Thomas Baugh, at Fort Stanwix, having written General Amherst on July 20, 1762, that certain Oneidas, having been refused rum, were discovered by a sergeant plundering the sutler's house at the Fort Schuyler outpost, General Amherst replied on August 1:

"had the Serjeant ordered his Garrison to fire on the Indians, if they persisted in getting over the Stockade, and killed some of them, he should have had my Approbation."—*Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, p. 831 and p. 835.

[3] Idem., Vol. IV, p. 151.

[4] Ibid., p. 134.

[5] Ibid., p. 135.

[6] Ibid., pp. 137-38.

[7] *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.,* Vol. VII, p. 524.

[8] *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.,* Vol. VII, pp. 525-27.

[9] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. IV, p. 170.

[10] Ibid., p. 176.

[11] *Doc. Rel. to Col. Hist. N. Y.,* Vol. VII, pp. 553-59.

[12] Idem.

[13] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. IV, p. 202.

[14] *Johnson Calendar,* p. 185.

[15] The general style of the British military approach to the Indian heart may be seen in this diplomatic, tactful cultivation of restless Indians at Michilimackinac by Captain Henry Balfour, sent on special mission of conciliation from Detroit:

"You had plenty of pelletry last spring; what is become thereof. It was more than sufficient to purchase what you wanted. How then can you complain, & have recourse to us to furnish with that which we cannot think you are in any want of. I well know it is not by misfortune you have become miserable. When you were at Niagara, you sold your pelltry for Rum, without even buying powder, Lead, or any other Things; you are continually drunk, and then you behave yourselves not as Men, but as Beasts. You say that you have not understanding, but will that excuse your follys? Who will be sufficient dupes after you are impoverished thro' your own fault, to furnish you with the means of continuing your debauches? I have considered you hitherto as Men, but I believe you merit not that title, because you prefer a little Rum to your old people, your Wives and your Children. You foolishly expend what you have, without ever considering that those who remain in your Villages are perishing with hunger. You beg of us to have pity on them. How can you expect that people who are strangers amongst you should have more consideration for them, than yourselves."—Speech of September 29, 1761, to the Sauters (Ojibwas) and Ottawas at Michilimackinac, *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, p. 544.

CHAPTER XXXVII (Pages 404-415)

[1] The conciliatory, even fatherly, spirit in which Sir William entered upon his rôle of peacemaker stands revealed in a superb letter to Acting Governor Colden, dated December 24, 1763, and intended to put the Assembly in its place. These extracts from it may be found on pp. 274-76, Vol. IV of the *Johnson Papers.* What Johnson thought of all this may be seen from his report to Colden of Dec. 24, 1763:

"I shall not take upon me to point out the Originall Parsimony &ca. to wh. the first defection of the Indians can with Justice & certainty be attributed, but only observe as I did in a former letter that the Indians (whose friendship was never cultivated by the English with that attention expence & Assiduity with wh. ye. French obtained their favour) were for many Years Jealous of our growing power, were repeatedly assured by the French (who were at ye. pains of haveing many proper Emissaries amongst them) that

so soon as we became Masters of this Country, we should imediately treat them with neglect, hem them in with Posts & Forts, encroach upon their Lands & finally destroy them, Al wh. after the reduction of Canada seemed to appear too clearly to the Indians, who thereby lost the great advantages resulting from the possession wh. the French formerly had of Posts & Trade in their Country, neither of which they could have ever enjoyed but for the notice they took of the Indians, & the presents they bestowed so bountifully upon them, wh. however expensive they wisely foresaw was infinitely cheaper, and much more effectual than the keeping a large body of Regular Troops in their several Countrys, wh. however considerable could not protect Trade, or cover Settlements, but must remain cooped up in their Garrisons or else be exposed to the Ambuscades & surprises of an Enemy over whom (from the nature & scituation of their Country) no important Advantage can be gained.—from a Sense of these truths the French chose the most reasonable & most promiseing Plan, a Plan which has endeared their Memory to most of the Indian Nations, who would I fear generally go over to them in case they ever got footing again in this Country, & who were repeatedly exhorted & encouraged by the French (from motives of Interest & dislike wh. they will always possess) to fall upon us by representing that their liberties & Country were in ye utmost danger . . .

"The present unhappy rupture was long foreseen, & frequently represented by me, but I had the mortification to find that it did not meet wth. sufficient credit, which neglect at length brought on the Calamities in which we are involved, and from which I apprehend we can never be any time free, unless we remove the Jealousies wh. the Indians entertain of us, and purchase their friendship with favours and notice, which freindship once obtained, & established will enable us to withdraw our hands, & shorten ye. expences by imperceptible Degrees.—these are my sentiments on the present state of Indian affairs, and the causes to which the Hostilities are certainly to be attributed, & I hope they may tend to ye. farther information of any who may be desireous to enquire into the Subject."

[2] From *Travels and Adventures of Alexander Henry,* pp. 165-66. Ed. 1809.

[3] Ibid., p. 171.

[4] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. IV, pp. 471-72.

[5] Ibid., p. 479.

[6] Gage to Bradstreet, ms. letter quoted by Parkman, Vol. II, p. 114 in notes.

[7] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. IV, pp. 521-22.

[8] Ibid., p. 538.

[9] Henry Bouquet was born in Rolle, Switzerland, in 1719. He saw military service in Holland, and Sardinia, and entered English service in 1754. He was made lieutenant colonel of the 62d regiment (Royal Americans) January 3, 1756; served under General Forbes in the expedition of 1758 against Fort Duquesne; became a colonel February 19, 1762; and led a successful expedition against the Western Indians in 1763 and 1764, winning the battle of Bushy Run August 5-6 in the former year. He died at Pensacola, Florida, in February, 1766, a heavy loss to the British cause in America.

[10] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. V, pp. 294-95.

[11] Ibid., pp. 298-300.

CHAPTER XXXVIII (Pages 416-432)

[1] Anne's father, Duncan MacVicar, was an officer in the 77th, a Highland regiment. His first station was in the Dutch village of Claverack, New York. He took part in the Ticonderoga campaign, and in 1760 led a company to Oswego, preparatory to the descent on Montreal. In 1762 the lassie went to the Schuyler mansion to live. Her father left the army in 1765 to reside in Vermont, but returned to Scotland three years later because of ill health. In 1779 the authoress married the Rev. James Grant, whose parish was Laggan, Invernesshire, during their early married life. *The Memoirs of an American Lady* was begun in 1807, when Mrs. Grant was fifty-two years of age, and published a year later.

[2] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. V, pp. 843-44.

[3] Ibid., Vol. VI, pp. 170-72.

[4] Vol. 4, *Gov. Clinton Papers,* No. 1970:

"December 13, 1778.
"Joseph Brant.

"Mr. Capt: Sir, It is the Desire of the Seneca Cheifs and other Indians that you will Not in the Least trouble or moliest those People on the Delaware above Econack. The Reason of this your Rables came to Oughquago when we Indians were gone from our place, and you Burned our Houses, which makes us and our Brothers, the Seneca Indians angrey, so that we destroyed men, women, and Children at Chervalle. It is, therefore, the Desier of us Indians that those people Living about Shacken are our Brothers; we, therefore, Desire that you will Let our brothers live in peace, least you be worst delt with, then your Nighbours the Cheryvalle People was. You may think its a Hard winter will hinder us from Coming to you. I have Big Shouse (snowshoes) and can come in a few day to your place. At present my face is another way, But if you Destroy that place, I will set my face again you, for if you hurt my people I shall fell the Strock for the Six Nations fells the Strock that Hurts there Brothers.
"Capt. William Johnson, Chief Mohack; Joseph Ceskwrora, Cheif; Capt. John, Cheif; William George, Cheif.
"Copy
"To Cunnel John Cantine Mormeltown."

[5] All these variations of conduct and relationship are pawed over in those valley histories which stress religious or racial specialties. A *History of the Montgomery Classis,* by a Dutch Reformed clergyman, is unnecessarily full in this regard. His work, however, shows a number of inaccuracies which suggest that it is the fruit of hearsay rather than research; for instance, the statement that Sir William returned home to Ireland in 1773. We can account for enough of Johnson's time since 1754 to preclude his making such a journey in the twenty years preceding his death, and one of his letters contains the specific statement that he never left this America after coming here. In 1773, moreover, his physical condition made such a journey impossible. This and other inaccuracies suggests bias. The author, like all Johnson derogators, drew heavily, no doubt, on the *Sammons Journal,* the reminiscences of an old man whose family quarreled bitterly with the surviving Johnsons after the Baronet's death. The author, however, is correct in saying that the Johnson estate of 200,000 acres was out of line with the democratic tendencies of the time, though modern wealth accumulations have far outstripped this holding in value if not in extent.

[6] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, pp. 371-72.

[7] Ibid., pp. 381-82.

[8] Mademoiselle Curie, to whom Johnson promised to write his "Sentiments," is referred to only once thereafter in the Johnson correspondence, in a letter from Captain Campbell at Detroit on June 9, 1762:

"I gave a ball on the King's Birthday where a certain acquaintance of yours appeared to great advantage. She Never neglects an opportunity of asking about the General, what says she, is there noe Indian Councils to be held here this Summer—I think by her talk Sir William had promised to return to Detroit. She desired I would Present you her best compliments."—*Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, p. 759.

[9] Ibid., pp. 393-94.

CHAPTER XXXIX (Pages 433-440)

[1] *Johnson Calendar,* p. 98.

[2] Stone's *Life of Johnson,* Appendix IX, Vol. II, p. 502.

[3] *Quarterly Journal of N. Y. State Historical Association,* July, 1928. No. 22 of the Old South Leaflets reproduces Wheelock's *Narrative of the Original Design, Rise, Progress and Present State of the Indian Charity School at Lebanon, Connecticut.* This pamphlet contains interesting references to the training of Missionaries Occum and Kirtland, and the schoolboy days of Joseph Brant, Sir William Johnson's protégé and Miss Molly's brother, together with abundant other material regarding the worthy author's sensible effort to Christianize the Iroquois through sending them missionaries of their own blood, wherever possible. The Rev. Mr. Wheelock relates how Mr. Occum, whom Sir William introduced to the Oneidas in 1761, sent him back three youths under the guidance of David and with Sir William's financial assistance. The Wheelock effort was assisted also from a fund which Sir Peter Warren, Johnson's uncle, left in his will to educate Mohawk youth, a provision which we suspect arose from a suggestion of Johnson's although he had nothing to do with the administration of the fund which proceeded from Boston. However, when Wheelock thought his enterprise was being discriminated against by the trustees of the fund, he appealed to Johnson and seems to have been aided by him.

[4] Johnny Johnson cut a dash on horseback. One of his saddles is described as follows: "With blue housings, elegant Stirrups English made . . . a handsome parade Saddle, and the Pistols can be nicely secreted (near the) Pommel, which rises according to the present mode."—*Johnson Papers,* Vol. III, p. 946.

[5] *Johnson Papers,* Vol. V, pp. 475-78.

[6] From an unpublished letter in the archives of the State Historian, Albany, N. Y.

CHAPTER XL (Pages 441-449)

[1] Stone's *Life of Johnson,* Vol. II, p. 340.

[2] Hale (ed. Brinton) in the *Iroquois Book of Rites,* published 1883 (p. 39), describes Sir William as one

"who exercised, perhaps, a greater influence on the destiny of the Iroquois than any other individual since the formation of their Confederacy. To him, indeed, may be ascribed the distinction, such as it is, of destroying the work which Hiawatha and Dekanawida had founded. But for his influence over the Indians which he had acquired and was able to transmit to others, it is probable that the Six Nations would have remained neutral during the Revolutionary War, and the disruption of the League would not have taken place. Yet there can be no doubt that he was supremely attached to them and desired their good. Unfortunately for them, they held, as was natural, only the second place in his affections. He was, by adoption, an Iroquois chief, but his first allegiance was due to his native country, to whose interests both in war with France and in the separation which he foresaw with between England and her colonies, he did not hesitate to sacrifice the welfare of his red brethren. Against his subtle arts and overmastering energy the wisest of their statesmen, worthy successors of the great founders of their Constitution, strove in vain on each occasion, to maintain that neutrality which was evidently the true policy of their people."

While accepting Brinton's estimate of Johnson's influence, it is necessary to point out several misstatements of fact in his argument. The League did, indeed, remain neutral at one stage in the Seven Years' War against France (see page 243). Johnson's loyalty ran less to his native Ireland or his adopted New York than to the British Crown with which the Iroquois were in ancient alliance, an alliance vastly useful to the more eastern of the Six Nations as tending to defend them from the French who had made war on them and burned their villages.

During Johnson's superintendency the British ministry pushed trade and empire in America rather than colonization. To keep Mid-America hunting ground producing furs for export to London and using large-profit Indian goods would have suited the British economic imperialism of the eighteenth century exactly as well as it would have suited the Iroquois. The threat to Iroquois existence came not from that quarter but from the land-hungry colonists, whom Sir William sought to keep within bounds. Revolution or no Revolution, they and their swiftly mutliplying descendants would have swept over Iroquois territory eventually. The Oneidas renounced the British connection and actively aided revolution; yet they have been able to retain only a fraction of their tribal lands. The whole history of American-Amerind treaty relations since the Revolution indicates that Iroquois control of the water level route to the West would soon have been wrested from them, and that then under any conditions the League of the Six Nations would have been greatly reduced in power, no matter if the Six Nations had remained neutral. The right of neutrals in the way of expansion are seldom respected by victors, especially when the neutral is on a lower cultural level. It is our opinion that the League of the Hodenosaunee is more alive today than it would have been if its Nations had remained neutral, or even had espoused the American cause. Canada's treatment of the migrated Nations has been somewhat more sympathetic than that of the United States toward those remaining on this side of the boundary.

CHAPTER XLI (Pages 450-457)

[1] *Johnson Papers*, Vol. VI, pp. 747-48.

[2] No mention in the extant Johnson correspondence of his journey to a medicinal spring in 1767 or 1768 indicates that he visited the Saratoga Springs,

though the tradition runs that Sir William, as the first white to test those healing waters, was carried thither by the Indians on a litter. He described the healing waters as a newly discovered spring on the border of New England. His mentions of the spring at which he stopped while on his journey home from New London in 1768, suggest that it was Lebanon Springs in present Columbia county. If, in returning from New London, he had made a circuit that embraces Saratoga Springs, this would appear in his letters. The route to New London took him by the way of Kinderhook Mills and Nobletown (see *Sir William Johnson Papers,* Vol. VI, p. 210). On his return he stopped at certain curative springs (*idem,* Vol. VI, p. 279). Lebanon Springs could have been reached without difficulty from either of those places. That the springs which he tried there in the hope of benefit were those which he visited in 1767 is shown by Daniel Campbell's letter of June 6, 1768, to Johnson. Campbell says: "I Expect Shortly to Set out with my Wife—for the Spring—which you was at last Summer, for the recovery of my health I hope we Shall have the (word burned away) of Seeing you there at your return."

[3] Stone's *Life of Johnson,* Vol. II, p. 374.

[4] Flick: *The American Revolution in New York,* p. 12.

[5] Stone's *Life of Johnson,* Vol. II, p. 354.

[6] Ibid., p. 375.

[7] Ibid., p. 378.

[8] Ibid., pp. 379-81.

[9] Ibid., Appendix XI. Some of the letters quoted by Stone in the last phase of Sir William's life are in manuscript form, as yet unpublished by the State of New York. Others have been destroyed by fire. A check of those still in existence indicates that Stone has been scrupulous in copying except in the minor details of spelling and punctuation; so it is likely those which cannot be checked are equally accurate.

[10] Johnson to Colden, January 26, 1769. Collections of the New York Historical Society: The Letters and Papers of Cadwallader Colden, Vol. 56, p. 150.

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